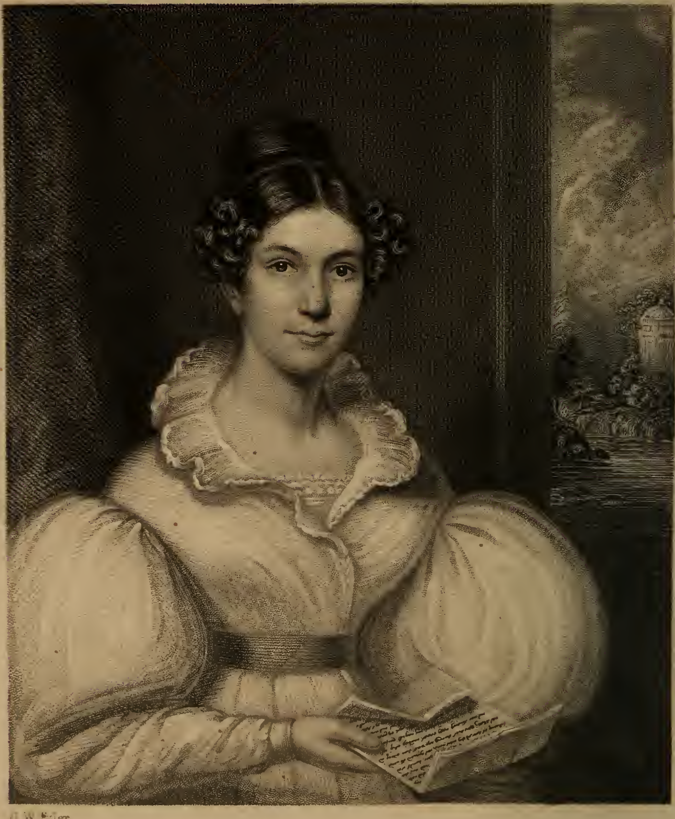
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800



G W Tyler.

Sarah Louisa Taylor

MEMOIR

OF

Mrs. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR.

"There everlasting spring abides
And fragrant flowers immortal bloom."

NEW-YORK
JOHN S TAYLOR
1838.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR;

OR

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, IN AWAKENING, RENEWING, AND SANCTIFYING THE HEART.

BY LOT JONES, A. M.
MISSIONARY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, IN CHARGE
OF THE MISSION CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.

"The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue ; the only lasting treasure, truth."

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. TAYLOR.
BOSTON :—WEEKS, JORDAN, AND CO.
PHILADELPHIA :—JOSEPH WHETHAM.

1838.

BR1725
.T33J6

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1838, by
John S. Taylor,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,
for the Southern District of New York.

31429

TO

MRS. ISAAC LAWRENCE,

THIS MEMOIR

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN

OF GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE,

AND

AFFECTIONATE REGARD,

BY HER

SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

A REGARD for established usage, seems to require of the writer, a statement of the reasons, which induced him to prepare this Memoir. When the request was first made, he unhesitatingly declined, supposing it impossible, that, in the midst of so many pressing engagements, he could find the necessary time. This difficulty could only be obviated, by increased economy in the employment of those " leisure moments which" it is said, "even the busiest may create."

The principal circumstance, which led to the proposal and its final acceptance, was the fact, that no other person enjoyed the same facilities for becoming acquainted with the views and feelings of Mrs. Taylor, the last year of her life. Having, by her request, regularly visited her as one of the sick under his care, he became familiar with her spiritual condition, her mode of regarding divine truth, and whatever pertained to the life of religion in the soul.

Had he persevered in declining the request, her friends would still have relied upon his aid, in furnishing the particulars of that year ; in a spiritual point of view, the most interesting in her history. To delineate this period in a proper manner, a reference to the early part of her life would be indispensable. He might also add, that he felt a deep interest in the subject, with a strong conviction, that if suitably prepared, it could not fail to be useful.

It may be expedient for the author to refer to one particular, in order to remove the possibility of an unfavorable inference. Mrs. Taylor was, for a long time, awake to the importance of religion, and in great distress of mind, before she derived comfort from the hope of the gospel. The continuance of her sufferings, arose from her resisting the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and refusing to yield her heart to the Lord. So fully did she afterwards embrace this view of the subject, that she earnestly entreated her young friends, not to follow her example. This caution seems necessary, lest any, from perusing the account of such *protracted* mental agony, should conclude, that it was essential to a work of divine grace.

Would all, who are awakened to a sense of their own sinfulness, and grieved, and burdened, on account of their sins, cast themselves with singleness of heart upon the merits of Jesus, looking to him alone for salvation, they would find peace and joy in believing. Their distress and darkness continue, because they are unwilling to bow to the sovereign will of Jehovah, and receive the Saviour as he is offered in the Bible;—when the spirit is truly broken and contrite, the consolations of the gospel will have a place in the heart.

The work is submitted to the public, with the fervent prayer, that it may subserve the interests of our holy religion, and be the means of leading many to the fountain of eternal truth.

New York, May 1, 1838.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Mrs. Taylor—Attachment to books—Connexion with the Sunday School—Removal to Colchester—Member of Bacon Academy—Sudden death of a former schoolmate—Filial duty—Early friendships—Religious impressions—Return to her parental home. 13

CHAPTER II.

Preparation for a new sphere—Journey to New York—Disappointment—Extract from her Journal—Pleasure in Teaching—Sympathy for the afflicted—Sickness—Letter to Mrs. S.—Death of her cousin—Correspondence—Letter from Miss M. E. C.—Spiritual condition—Obituary notice of Mrs. Vose. 25

CHAPTER III.

Visit to Connecticut—Strivings of the Holy Spirit—Harlan Page—Pastoral fidelity—Description of the Christian character—Peace and joy in believing—Letters to Miss N.—Important resolution. 51

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Taylor's baptism—Obligations of the christian covenant—Peculiar qualification for instructing—Unwearied efforts—Increase of the circle of her friends—Delightful scenery—Importance of daily studying the Bible—Correspondence—

Solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her relatives—Letter of consolation—Excursion up the Hudson—Religious enjoyment—Aged servant of God. 76

CHAPTER V.

Extract from Mrs. Taylor's diary—Severe trial—Affectionate entreaty—Resolutions at the commencement of a new year —Teacher's meeting—A family in eternity—Notice of Mrs. Judson—Desire for a missionary life—Rev. Mr. Clark's Bible class—Israelites entering into covenant with God—Ceasing of the manna—Sinful league with the Gibeonites. . 100

CHAPTER VI.

Painful sundering of ties—Visit to Saybrook—Beautiful landscape—Conversation with an unbeliever—Pleasing sketch—Persuasive letter to her sister—Value of christian society—Sense of responsibility—Comparison between Athens and New York—Fidelity in impressing divine truth upon her scholars—Memoirs of Mrs. Huntington—Spiritual conflicts—Increased endeavors after holiness. 127

CHAPTER. VII.

Self-examination—"Advice to a young christian"—Female biography—Arduous duties of her school—Dangerous illness of a sister—Interesting seasons with her pupils—Reflections at the close of the year—Bishop M'Ilvaine—Divine purposes in permitting some of the Canaanites to remain in the Holy Land—Tendency of afflictions to draw the heart to God—Affecting case of destitution and suffering—Letter from Rev. J. A. Clark. 154

CHAPTER. VIII.

Blessed result of faithful labors—Review of her past life—Devotional exercises—Sickness and death of a beloved sister—

Poetical tribute to her memory—Visit to Middle Haddam—A sister's grave—Removal to Paterson—Favorable circumstances attending the change—Words of comfort to a friend. 175

CHAPTER IX.

Sanctified afflictions—Renewed ardor in the performance of duty—Death regarded as near—Cheerful acquiescence in the divine will—Increase of strength—Return to the city—Gratitude for past mercies—Winter spent in retirement—Preparation for new duties—High estimate of missionary services. 193

CHAPTER X.

Marriage—Solicitude for divine guidance—Cholera—Death of Mrs. Tillotson—Adopted daughter—Family of the christian—Vicissitudes of life—Commencement of the author's acquaintance with Mrs Taylor. 210

CHAPTER XI.

Severe illness—Consolations of the gospel—Importance of maternal duties—Care of a family relinquished—Temporary separation from her children—Journey to Philadelphia—Summer residence in New Jersey—Correspondence—Advice to a candidate for the ministry—Continued indisposition—Trust in God. . . . . 221.

CHAPTER XII.

Consultation of Physicians—Hope of life relinquished—Final parting with her children—Letters written on the trying occasion—A mother's advice to her children—Depression of spirits—Importance of keeping the Saviour steadily in view. 235

CHAPTER XIII.

Renewal of enjoyment—Memento of a beloved friend—Duty of christians to live near to God—Value of Sympathy—Observance of the Lord's day—Gratifying exhibition of faith and love—Claims of the heathen. . , . . . 254

CHAPTER XIV.

Christian character as seen the last year of her life—Circulation of tracts—Foretaste of the happiness of the Redeemed—Death of her sister Mary—Lines addressed to her eldest son—To her youngest son on his birthday—To her adopted daughter—Parental solicitude—Utility of Sunday schools. 265

CHAPTER XV.

Power of the gospel—Deep interest in the condition of the sick and necessitous—Special instance of the benign effect of religion—Mrs. Taylor's last letter from New-York—Departure from the city—Comfortable situation with her relatives—Elevated state of her affections—Closing scene—Letter from Rev. A. L. 279

CHAPTER. XVI.

Review of Mrs. Taylor's Character.—Qualities as a Teacher—Admiration of the works of nature—Fervor and consistency of her piety and friendship, by Rev. C. H.—Letter from Dr. J. A. Mc V.—Her christian character, by Rev. O. W.—The mother taking leave of her children, by W. C.—The Missionary's Prayer—Sketch in miniature—Conclusion. . 301

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Mrs. Taylor—Attachment to Books—Connexion with the Sunday School—Removal to Colchester—Member of Bacon Academy—Sudden death of a former schoolmate—Filial duty — Early friendships — Religious impressions—Return to her parental home.

When we stand on the banks of a beautiful river, and behold its accumulated waters moving gently but with stately grandeur to the ocean; we would not repress the desire which naturally arises, to trace those waters to their distant source; to follow the rivulet as it winds along avoiding obstructions, receiving its tributary streams, acquiring additional force, and sweeping away the strongest barriers of nature. What more dissimilar than the humble rill and the majestic stream! yet we love to contemplate them together, to consider them as one and the same river, and to observe the successive gradations of its course.

With equal interest in the moral world, when we stand by the couch of the dying christian and perceive the immortal spirit gathering strength for its upward flight, see it triumphing over the weakness and sufferings of this mortal frame, and rejoicing, yea, glorying, in tribulation; we would learn by what process this wonderful achievement has been made, whence the agency that has been exerted, and how the undying spirit in this house of clay, may be transformed and prepared for the realms of glory.

An illustration of these particulars will be attempted in the following memoir.

Mrs. Sarah Louisa Taylor, third daughter of William and Mary Ann Foote, was born at East Haddam, Connecticut, January 18, 1809. The early years of her life were spent beneath the parental roof, in the enjoyment of that kindly intercourse by which members of the same family are strongly endeared to each other. Here her habits were formed, and those affections called into exercise, which constituted so powerful an attraction in subsequent years. While she was beloved by every member of the domestic circle, and was ever anxious to render herself useful, she evinced an ardent attachment to books. They had sufficient power over her to diminish her interest in childish amusements. She attended the district schools in the vicinity of her residence, and became familiar with the branches usually taught in them. In the tenth year of her age she was sent to a select school in Glastenbury, where she commended herself, by close attention to her studies, the propriety of her deportment, and especially the kindness of her feelings, to the favorable regard of all who knew her. Some of the intimacies here contracted were continued to the end of her days.

For several years, she attended the Sunday School of St. Luke's church in this town.—To those who knew her subsequently as the persevering and faithful teacher ; it will be interesting to think of her taking the first lessons in the capacity of a scholar. The truths then instilled into her mind were never forgotten. They were the germ, which eventually produced much fruit.

Her earliest writings evince a playfulness of fancy, a lively and vigorous conception of the various peculiarities in the character and disposition of her associates ; while they breathe so affectionate a spirit that none could take offence. She selected from her favourite authors those passages with which she was most delighted. It was her constant aim to turn her reading to some valuable account. That she often pursued a serious train of thought, is evident from the reflections she made on various subjects. In March, 1821, she expresses herself in an interesting and affecting manner on the passage, "Thou God seest me." The thought that the eye of God was continually upon her, seems to have been in some degree realized, and to have awakened for the time deep emotions of awe and reverence. Yet we are not permitted to rank her among the number of those, who, in the very morn and freshness of their lives, made an entire surrender of themselves to the service of God. At this period no member of her father's family was connected with "the household of faith;" and the opinions, she was accustomed to hear advanced on religious subjects, were materially different from those which she subsequently embraced.

In the winter of 1824, she became a member of Bacon Academy in the town of Colchester. At this institution she enjoyed excellent advantages for improving her mind and regulating her affections. None made greater proficiency in their studies, or secured in a higher degree the esteem and confidence of their teachers and associates. She was prompt to every call of duty and so demeaned herself as to be recommended for an example to others. Though diligently employed during the week, she was far from being indolent on the Lord's day. By the laws of the Academy, all the pupils were required to attend public worship and to hand to their instructers on Monday morning, an abstract of the sermons they had heard. Many regarded this exercise as a task, and devised expedients to relieve themselves from it. *She* found in it much to interest, and considered the results so beneficial, that she continued the practice the greater part of her life. She joined a Bible class connected with the Sunday School, and afterwards became a teacher in the school; in each situation, evincing an earnest desire to profit by her privileges, and to make them contribute to the most valuable purposes.

The dispensations of Providence always produced a powerful effect upon her. They induced her to recur to the truths of the Bible, and to realize the fleeting nature of all terrestrial objects. In the summer of this year one of her former schoolmates was called to make a sudden exchange of worlds. To the friend who conveyed the intelligence she thus writes:—

"COLCHESTER, July 6, 1824.

"My dear A.

"Yours of the 1st inst. was received with pleasure, but its contents filled my heart with the deepest sorrow. Can it be possible, I was ready to exclaim, that our valued friend is no more? When we last saw her, she was young, gay, and thoughtless, and probably put far off the evil day, but in an unexpected moment the 'fell destroyer' came, and triumphed over all that was lovely and amiable. How forcibly this event should impress us with a sense of the shortness of life, and the vanity of those things to which we are most attached. Every object to which we direct our thoughts, affords striking proof, that its duration is short. Its fluctuations and changes are often sudden. The transition from time to the untried scenes of eternity, may take place in the most unexpected moment.

"Perhaps while the individual is forming plans for future years, thoughtless of death and eternity, the summons comes, he is arrested in his course, his strong frame yields.—No mortal arm can avert the impending stroke. No power can rescue him from the embrace of death.

"If we look at the receptacle of the silent dead; will not our hearts acknowledge, that 'life's a dream,' a shadow that passeth quickly away? There we behold an end of all earthly distinctions. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, lie mouldering in the same native dust.

"Alluding to the dying scene of our friend, you say, 'death was indeed unexpected and unwelcome—an unlooked for visiter.' Are we not all liable to be called as suddenly? Do we not act unwisely, to place our whole affections on the transitory objects of time? We are young, and ardently desire to enjoy happiness; but if we imagine that *this world* alone can afford us enjoyment, we shall be sorely disappointed.

All the alluring forms of earth are deceptive; they are airy phantoms, which will soon vanish. Why do we so eagerly grasp at *these*, and seek not those pleasures, which flow from God's right hand forevermore? We must pass through the dark valley, and, like those who have gone before us, lie down in silence. Our names will be buried in oblivion. New generations will arise, and fill the places we now occupy. These will be succeeded by others, till the trump of the archangel shall proclaim 'that time shall be no longer.'

"That we may both realize the uncertainty and vanity of earthly things, and the necessity of being prepared for death, is the sincere desire of your affectionate friend,

"SARAH ———."

It is gratifying to perceive that while she was the most completely engrossed by the various duties of the Academy, she was ever mindful of those to whom she was bound by the ties of nature and affection. Though separated from her immediate relatives, her interest was not diminished in any thing that pertained to them. In November we find her engaged in the delightful employment of comforting her mother in the midst of severe trials. There are few situations in which a daughter appears to more advantage, than when attempting to pour the balm of consolation into a parent's heart. Her affectionate solicitude will naturally suggest, such topics as most effectually withdraw the mind from the sources of its sorrow, and lead it to dwell upon brighter and more cheering views. This was the course pursued by Miss Foote. Though she could not speak, from her own experience, of those joys which the Lord often grants to his children, in seasons of tribulation, yet she believed in their existence, and was fully persuaded, that the only substantial support which mortals can obtain in this vale of tears, must be derived from the Eternal Jehovah. Hence she desired that her afflicted parent might remember, that all events are ordered in Infinite Wisdom, that trials and afflictions are necessary to wean us from an undue attachment to the world, and reminded her of the promise "As our day is so shall our strength be." " You have never been forsaken in the time of trouble. Relief is often imparted in the way we least expect it." Children never have reason to regret such manifestations of filial regard. Were they more solicitious to be a comfort to those who watched over them in infancy, their path through life would be less rugged. They would be delivered from a frequent cause of anguish.

In the early part of 1825, Miss Foote spent several months in teaching a class of small children, in the Academy, and then resumed her situation as a pupil, and continued to the end of the year, with the same industry and perseverance for which she had previously been distinguished. Her attainments were, in every point of view, highly creditable. Mr. Vose, at that time the Principal of the Academy, gave the most ample testimony to the excellence of her character, the solidity and extent of her acquirements, and her general qualifications to make herself useful as a teacher. With his amiable and accomplished lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Q. Vose, she enjoyed much profitable intercourse, and after leaving Colchester, maintained a correspondence with her, fraught with sentiments of mutual attachment and affection, which was only interrupted by the death of her beloved Preceptress. Here she formed many friendships, which were destined to survive the passing hour. The influence they exerted upon her, so far as it can be ascertained from her own writings, or the letters of her correspondents, was salutary. The place itself was endeared to her by many powerful associations. She was comparatively free from care, deeply interested in whatever she engaged, alive to the comfort and happiness of others, greeted by the approving smile of her instructers, and a welcome companion in every circle.

It may be thought that, under such circumstances, she would be little inclined to reflect on the great purpose for which she was brought into the world; that the concerns of the immortal soul would be entirely banished from her mind. Such a conclusion respecting her would be unjust. She reflected much on religious subjects, and was solemnly impressed with the necessity of living to the glory of God. Advancing in divine knowledge,she gave the full assent of her understanding to those doctrines which are the most humbling to human pride. She saw the truth, admired its beauty, was at times affected by it, but remained a stranger to its renovating power. Her writings show most clearly, that she renounced every foundation of human hope, which the ingenuity of man has devised, and was convinced that salvation could only be obtained, by rich unmerited grace, through Jesus Christ. The Bible unfolded to her view that glorious plan, by which the law of Jehovah could be magnified and command universal respect, while the penitent sinner could have access to the Mercy Seat, and, trusting in the Saviour's merits, receive a comforting evidence of the forgiveness of his sins. Yet she dwelt with painful emotions on the condition of those, who reject the overtures of mercy, and treasure up wrath against the day of wrath.

Having spoken of the intestimable value of the Bible; she recurs, under date of Oct. 21., in a touching manner, to those who are unenlightened and unaffected by its truths, "No voice from the sacred desk makes known to them the glad tidings of salvation. No humble heartfelt prayer ascends to Him, who alone has power to forgive sin and to purify the heart. The blood of immortal beings marks the wheels of the car, which bears along the terrific object, before which thousands bow. Whose heart does not melt with compassion for such infatuated beings?—But will not the condemnation of those in christian lands be far more severe, who, with a knowledge of the way of salvation, pass heedlessly down to the grave? Suppose an individual of this description on the verge of eternity. When his offences appear in their true light, would he not gladly recall the time he has spent, it may be, in reviling the very truths, which now fill him with anguish. He is conscious that he must soon enter the presence of his God, and knows that he is unprepared. Where can he go for solace? This blessed book does indeed proclaim pardon to the repenting sinner, rest to the weary, and eternal life to those who continue faithful unto the end. But does it not, with equal clearness, proclaim tribulation and anguish to all who grow bold in iniquity? Has he time now to make his peace with an offended God? Who can give him the assurance that the day of mercy is not forever closed?"

Dec. 2, 1825, She thus writes: "How seldom we reflect on our obligations to love, reverence, and obey, our Creator. What blessing do we enjoy, that we have not received from him? When we consider the future happiness in reserve for the righteous, and the inevitable misery of those who love not God, neither obey his commandments, how can we refrain from yielding our hearts entirely to him? Did we realize the compassion of that Saviour, who, when 'There was no eye to pity, and no arm to save,' left the bosom of the Father in the realms of glory, and submitted to the ignominious death of the cross, that he might make atonement for our sins; could we withhold from him our best affections? Can we refuse to consecrate ourselves to his service, without being guilty of the basest ingratitude, and incurring the wrath of the Almighty which abideth forever?"

With these convictions of truth and duty, in a few weeks from this time, she took leave of her friends in Colchester, where she had spent two happy years, returned to the home of her childhood, and made arrangements for entering on a new sphere of action.

CHAPTER II.

Preparation for a new sphere—Journey to New York.—Disappointment—Extracts from her Journal—Pleasure in Teaching — Sympathy for the afflicted — Sickness — Letter to Mrs. S.—Death of a cousin—Correspondence—Letter from Miss. M. E. C.— Spiritual condition — Obituary notice of Mrs. Vose.

The period at which we have arrived in the life of Miss Foote, is one of deep interest to the young, being a transition from pupilage, to a condition in which it is necessary that they should act for themselves, form their own plans, rely upon their own judgment, and pursue a career of usefulness and respectability. They stand on a point, from which they look forward to the future, with buoyant hopes, and flattering expectations. The world is before them; and they often imagine that they have only to express the wish, and act accordingly, and every thing will transpire in conformity to that wish. Their intercourse having chiefly been with those of their own age, devoted to similar pursuits; a new, and, to them untrodden path, is to be entered. They find that the world, which their fancy had portrayed, is very different from that of real life. Their most confident expectations are frequently disappointed. They are constrained to take lessons in a school where they have never been disciplined, the school of experience. God in great mercy permits them to see the weakness of their own strength, the futility of many of their plans. He leads them in a way they have not known, by counsels they have never fathomed, that he may prepare them for the stations they are hereafter to occupy. Happy are they who early choose him for their portion, and in the midst of these vicissitudes, have an anchor to their souls sure and steadfast.

Miss Foote had for some time contemplated devoting herself to the instruction of youth, an employment which she had regarded as affording peculiar facilities for doing good. She knew that success in acquiring knowledge, is no sure evidence of an aptness to teach, and that obstacles might interfere, to prevent even an entrance on an employment fondly sought. Being prepared to make the trial, she left her father's house on the 3d of May, 1826, with the intention of opening a school in the city of New-York. Thus at the age of seventeen, she was going into the world, uncertain who would seek her friendship, or with what intent. She seemed, on taking leave of her connexions, to be parting from them for life. Her mother accompanied her to Norwich, where she went on board a packet, and with a pleasant circle of friends, after a passage of three days through the sound, "admiring the romantic and delightful scenery," arrived at New-York. She went directly to the residence of her cousin, Mrs. M. A. J., who gave her a "cordial reception." On this occasion she made the following entry in her journal. "I shall not soon forget the adventures of the past week, nor the friends who have added to my enjoyment. We have separated, it may be never to meet again on this side of eternity." In a few days she made herself familiar with the prominent objects of interest around her. Here was the field of her future labors, the sphere of duty marked out by the Providence of God. Here was her spiritual birth place, and here too, with the exception of an occasional absence of a few months, she passed the remainder of her days. The various circumstances by which she was affected, will claim our notice, so far as they develope the agency of that unseen Power, which controlleth all events. Incidents comparatively trifling may have an important influence upon us; or indicate the prevailing state of our minds. The disappointments and afflictions of life are not without their effect. We learn wisdom from experience, acquire a greater knowledge of ourselves, and become better qualified to perform aright our respective duties.

The endeavors of Miss Foote to engage in her favorite pursuit, were not crowned with immediate success. Weeks and months elapsed, seasons of doubt and apprehension, before the object she had so much at heart, seemed in a train of accomplishment. The anxiety necessarily attending a state of suspense, together with the uncertainty of the future, revived her serious impressions, and led her to perceive, with increasing clearness, that she was relying too much upon her own strength. On the first of June she writes, "Another month is numbered, with the 'years beyond the flood.' Since the commencement of the last month, how many scenes I have passed through. What hopes and fears have alternately filled my bosom! Is it not sinful for me to devote my mind so exclusively to terrestrial objects, without duly considering those things which concern not only my present, but eternal welfare? How vain are all human exertions without the blessing of heaven!"

Her conscience often reproved her for a neglect of duty, particularly for being deficient in a due observance of the Lord's day, not that she allowed herself to abstain from public worship, but that her thoughts were not suitably employed in meditating upon divine truth. She speaks in her journal of the improper manner in which she had spent these hallowed hours, and of the little effect, produced upon her by what she heard. On one occasion she observes with apparent emotion, "Oft I frequent God's holy house and hear almost in vain." "How little do I know of my own heart, of its proneness to deceive, and of its evil desires!"

At times she would recur to past scenes, call to mind the beloved friends from whom she was separated, the many pleasant hours they had spent together, and give expression to the desire that she might have one friend to whom she could "confide her little griefs and cares," "who would double the joys and divide the woes of life." Nor was she insensible to the kindness of many with whom she had recently become acquainted. "I have found," she says, "kind and sincere friends, but I cannot at once transfer to them that confidence I have reposed in those, with whom I have been acquainted for a longer period." Giving vent to her feelings with reference to them in the silent hours of the night, she breaks forth, "May they be kept in safety under the protection of the Almighty, and may absent, as well as present, friends, be alike the objects of his care."

She resumed her journal, Aug. 31st, after having omitted to record any thing in it for several months. Her allusions to the past convey a clear indication of the state of her mind, and the feelings she had cherished.—

" Many long days have passed away, and many sins have been sealed up for the judgment, since my pen was last employed in this journal.—Many hopes have filled my bosom—hopes destined to end in disappointment. But mine is not a solitary case. Others, within the limited sphere of my observation, are subjected, in a similar manner, to disappointment and misfortune. Compared with the lot of thousands, I have peculiar cause for thankfulness. I want for nothing, but the thought of the future often obtrudes and embitters every enjoyment. Now I am surrounded by friends, soon I may be in far different circumstances.—Now I have the prospect of a home, and of ultimately succeeding in a school, soon these, like all other earthly hopes, may be blasted. What may be in reserve for me I know not, for we are ignorant of the events which another hour may unfold. Whether prosperity or adversity be my portion, may I bear it with a right spirit, and ever consider who is the Ruler of all things, and how great is my unworthiness !—Tomorrow is the commencement of a new month, may its close, if I am in mercy permitted to see it, find me in possesion of the blessings I now enjoy! May my conduct evince my gratitude, and my heart bow to him through whose goodness they were given, and have been so long continued !"

Sept. 1. " Another busy day has past, and all the family have retired. After a day thus spent, I find relief in reading or writing, though it encroach upon the time usually devoted to rest. O that I could hear once more from Colchester, that dear spot, which contains so many of my best friends. It may be that they have forgotten me, or only think of me as a 'passing stranger.' Be that as it may, I there became acquainted with a *few* who will ever be remembered with affection, who gave such proofs of real regard for me, as to merit my highest and lasting esteem. May I not reasonably indulge the wish, to know what has transpired among them during our separation?"

Sunday, Sep. 3. "I have heard two excellent sermons from Mr. C. The text was 1 Cor. 6: 19, 20. 'Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.' He commenced by showing the nature of sin—the way it was introduced into the world—the value of the atonement made by Christ—and concluded with an earnest and affecting exhortation to the impenitent, to come and be made free through the merits of a crucified Redeemer. Were all ministers of the gospel equally active and zealous, were they excited by the same love for the souls of sinners, by which he appears to be influenced, would not more good be done by the preaching of the word!

"Tomorrow, should nothing unforeseen prevent, I shall commence school. How much I need divine assistance, and how earnestly I ought to implore it!

Great will be my responsibility, and great my obligations. May I be guided by Infinite wisdom, and keep in view my accountability, my frailty, and liability to err!"

Sept. 4, was to her a day of lively interest. She had anticipated it with pleasure, and could not enter on its duties without emotion. It seemed a consummation of all her desires, and opened before her a prospect of extensive and permanent usefulness. We can readily conceive, that when the little group, who were to be guided by her counsels, and made the daily subjects of her exertions, assembled around her, she would think of all the way in which she had been led, of the mercies that had attended her path, and mark, in a strong and indelible manner, the overruling Hand of a watchful Parent.

On the 24th of September, she offered her service as a teacher in the Sunday school, and was thankfully received. From her readiness to engage in this labor of love, it must not be inferred that she was a stranger to her own condition, or acted in a thoughtless manner. Her humiliating confession, recorded at the time, clearly expresses the state of her mind:—

"I feel that I am unqualified to be a spiritual teacher, even to the most ignorant and benighted, for I am myself in darkness, gross darkness. I trust however my motive is correct, though I cannot feel confident even of this, for my heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. When I examine the principles that govern my actions, I am amazed at the discovery. How can a heart which is wholly engrossed by the world and self; contain, ought else than feelings the most selfish, and motives the most unchristian!

Oct. 2. She writes in her journal, "Dr. D. has just informed me of the death of a dear friend. My feelings at the moment, I could not repress without difficulty. If such be *my* feelings, what must be those of his *young affectionate and devoted wife!* Dear R. My heart bleeds for her. I would write to her, did I know in what manner to address her. Could I but hear that reason was spared to him, that his feelings were changed, and his hopes renewed, I should not *mourn*. But if he died as when I last saw him, how doubly aggravated will be the affliction of his dear wife. May she trust in the widow's God, and the father of the fatherless. May his presence support her, and enable her to say, in perfect submission, *The will of Heaven be done*. Oh that her little babe may be spared to bless and comfort her, and supply, as far as possible, the loss she has sustained. ''Tis well—'tis wise'— that we cannot pierce the veil, which screens the events of futurity from our view; for then we should be continually distressed by the prospect of approaching calamity. Short indeed was the time of their union. But he has gone, I trust, to enjoy the favor of God forever. May his bereaved companion be enabled to look beyond the narrow space, that separates them, and rejoice in the hope of soon meeting him, where friends shall part no more forever."

Miss Foote, had been in school only a few months, when the feebleness of her health induced her to retire from its duties, and accept the invitation of her cousin, Mrs. T., to spend the winter in her family. This arrangement contributed greatly to her comfort. For several months she was unable to leave her room, and supposed to be on the borders of the grave. Relieved from anxiety on account of those entrusted to her care, and her thoughts withdrawn from surrounding objects, she meditated on that rest in reserve for the people of God. But the painful consciousness that she was unprepared for its enjoyment, often depressed her spirits, and produced deep anxiety for a personal interest in the great salvation. She arose from the bed of sickness,with her heart softened, and with renewed desires after holiness, and an entire consecration to the service of God.

Her feelings, at this period, will be best described by an extract from a letter to one of her dear friends in Colchester.

"New York, March 18, 1827.

"While recording my afflictions, my dear friend, let me not neglect to mention the many mercies that have sweetened my cup, and to thank the Author of those mercies for all his goodness. Why, when so many around me were cut off, was I spared? After suffering from a painful and dangerous illness, why was I restored to health, and its attendant blessings, while others were suddenly deprived of life?

* * * * *

"Can it indeed be true, that Colchester has become the seat of so much mirth and gaiety? Can those who were so earnestly engaged in seeking their soul's salvation, and apparently took so much delight in religious exercises, now seek for enjoyment in the unhallowed and unsatisfying pleasures of a sinful world? How changed:—how sadly changed!—But I trust the prayers of the true friends of Zion will not ascend to Heaven in vain. Soon, I hope your place will be again visited with the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit, and that those who are now so far estranged from the path of duty, will see the error of their ways, and through grace obtain everlasting life.—

"Your wishes for my eternal happiness were not read without emotion, and never, never, will your letters be *less* welcome, when religion shall be your theme. Would that I could sincerely tell you (for I know that it would give you pleasure,) that I live no more for the world, that I am daily advancing in holiness, and looking forward, with joy, to the time when I shall be free from these earthly tabernacles, and clothed with the robes of immortality! *But such is not my case.* I dare not indulge the most trembling hope. And why should I, when giving no evidence that my heart is changed?—It is true my feelings are in some degree altered, and I no longer find enjoyment in many things which once gave me pleasure. When I can with penitence and devotion, lift up my heart to Heaven's Mercy seat—a peace and serenity steal over my mind, which at other times, I seek in vain to enjoy.

" At times, I am deeply sensible of the uncertainty of life, and the awful realities attending a dying hour. —But oh the deceitfulness and hardness of my heart. —*I do not, cannot feel* as I would or as I ought. My dear R, will you not remember me in your intercessions at the throne of mercy? And whenever a prayer ascends for the well being of Margaretta, let the name of her friend mingle in your aspirations, and may He, who turns not a deaf ear to the suppliant, answer and bless you.

" Your sincere and affectionate

SARAH LOUISA."

No language could convey a more vivid conception of her spiritual state. With the utmost frankness, she gives expression to the deep emotions of her soul. A conflict was evidently going on within. Two opposing principles seem to be contending for the ascendency. She knew the right, was fully persuaded of its inestimable value, yet was unwilling to loose her hold of the other. She looked upon the valley of death, when uncheered by the bright rays of the everlasting Gospel, as a dreary scene ; while the natural alienation of her heart was such, that she refused to cast herself unreservedly upon God. On the first of May, her health was so far restored that she again entered school, as an associate teacher ; where she continued two years, diligent in the performance of her duties, and greeted with the approbation of those who entrusted their children to her care.—

Miss Foote had for a long time been fully convinced, of the supreme value of religion, and of the necessity of becoming a new creature in Christ Jesus. Her conscience had been enlightened and often powerfully affected, but those precious seasons of solemn and touching interest had passed away, leaving her destitute of pure and elevated enjoyment. Yet the great Shepherd of Israel, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, kept her under his watchful care, preserved her from numerous temptations, and, in a way that she little anticipated, brought her to a saving knowledge of himself.

During her residence in New York, she had found in her cousin, Mr. T., a valuable friend and counsellor. He took a lively interest in her welfare, and was ever ready to afford her any assistance that might be requisite. She went to him as to a father, sought his advice in all trying cases,and literally made his house her home. On the 11th of December, in the 34th year of his age, he was suddenly called from the scenes of earth. This was to Miss Foote one of those severely afflictive dispensations, which withdraws the soul from sublunary objects, and gives a new impress to the character. The aspect of every thing around her was changed, and though she could not address her Heavenly Father as a reconciled God, she recognized his hand in the event, was solicitous to hear his voice, and be directed in his holy ways.

Her correspondence at this period, bears ample testimony to the manner in which she was affected by the visitation—her attachment to her departed friend, and deep sympathy, with his surviving partner. Writing to her mother, Jan. 25, 1828, she says, " Death has visited our family, and torn from us one of its dearest and most valued members. Yes, our beloved cousin, Lewis, is a tenant of the cold grave. I need not tell you how deeply his loss has been felt by his family and friends. All who knew him, loved him. His memory will long be cherished with affection, respect,and gratitude. He sat up and conversed freely the evening before he died. How little did I think, that I was listening, for the last time, to that voice, which had so often afforded me delight, and given me the most affectionate advice.—I could not have gazed calmly on his much loved countenance, had I thought those expressive features were so soon to bear the stamp of the king of terors. On taking leave I gave him my hand, he pressed it affectionately, and looked me full in the face—His last emphatic '*good night*' still rings in my ears. Before the dawn of another morning, he was in the eternal world. We have the unspeakable satisfaction of believing that he sleeps in Jesus. He has left a circle of friends, whose hearts were bound to him by the strongest ties, for the society of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect; a world of sin, sorrow, and disappointment, for one of infinite happiness, and unfading glory. During his illness, a great change took place in his views and feelings. He was led to believe, and rejoice, in the blessed Jesus. Never was there a more upright, moral, or charitable man, but he did not found his hopes of salvation on his own good works—He trusted solely in the merits of the Redeemer, and, I doubt not, was supported through the dark valley of the shadow of death, by that Almighty Friend, who will be his portion forever. I trust that this afflicting event will teach us all, the uncertainty of life, and its fairest prospects; and the great importance of living in constant readiness for our last great change. Truly in the midst of life we are in death!"

In a letter to her sister, dated Feb. 15, she dwells on the same subject, and gives some additional particulars. "On Monday, Dec. 3, cousin Lewis walked twice to his office—the last time he was unable to reach home without assistance. He said to cousin Mary that evening, 'I am impressed with the idea that this is to be my last sickness. Should this be the case, bear it with all possible fortitude,—prepare yourself for the event. As for me I have sufficient to do, to make my peace with my Maker.' He read much in the Bible, and engaged frequently and fervently in prayer. The leading subject of his petitions, was,—that his heart might be changed, and made fit for the residence of the Holy Spirit. After an affecting season of religious conversation and prayer, he retired, and the Lord in great mercy lifted the light of his countenance upon him. Cousin Mary approached his bedside, and asked him how he felt? With every feature of his pale countenance beaming *celestial radiance*, he said, 'I am rejoicing every moment.' 'In what, she said, are you rejoicing'? 'In the hope that through Christ, I have found pardon of sin, and acceptance with God.' To this she remarked, 'I hope that you are not deceived.' 'Oh no, he replied, I trust I am not deceived—I feel that I am a new man in Christ Jesus.'

To one already awakened to the painful consciousness of her own perilous condition, without an interest in the Saviour, a close view of death and eternity, could not fail to produce thrilling emotions. Some of her absent friends improved the occasion, by directing her thoughts to the source of everlasting consolation. The following letter from a young lady with whom she had been intimate at the Academy, gives pleasing evidence of the writer's solicitude, that her friend should enjoy richer blessings than earth can ever bestow.

"Colchester, January 14, 1828.

"I do, my dear S., most truly and affectionately, sympathize with you in your recent affliction. I can easily conceive, that all the tender susceptibilities of your heart have been moved, by the death of this friend to whom you looked as to a father.—When the grave has closed forever upon one of those dear as life to our souls, and we feel that his society can no longer enliven, nor his kindness smooth our rough passage through this world of sorrow;—when we recollect the ten thousand instances of his undissembled love, and at the same time reflect, that, where we are he can never come; that 'he is not,' for God has taken him, our hearts are ready to burst within us, our souls are in anguish at the affecting recollections. Still, my friend, would we, if it were in our power, recall our departed friends, who have died in the Lord, to this state of suffering, to sigh and groan with us, to have their hearts rent with our sorrows as well as their own. Oh no, we rather rejoice that they have entered on a state of endless and uninterrupted enjoyment,—that they have gone to be forever with the Lord, and fervently pray that we may be prepared to join them, 'though it be by fire.'

"This event, you tell me, has stamped vanity upon every earthly enjoyment. I trust the remembrance of it will always be vivid before you. Yes, Sarah, it is painfully true, that this world is a state of sorrow and suffering. All earthly hopes and prospects may fade in a moment. We cling to one object after another, and, until compelled by sad experience, do not realize that there is but one object worthy of our love.—I can look back to days of joy and of grief. I have basked in the sunshine of prosperity, and felt the keen rude blasts of adversity. I have enjoyed friends, true and tried, and have trusted to those whom, a winter's storm has driven from me. I have mingled in the gay and giddy circle, and have stood and watched by the bed of sickness and of death. I have tasted the most unalloyed earthly pleasures, and my heart has been broken and rent asunder. May I not then be credited in declaring, that religion alone can support us in life, comfort us in death, and render us eternally happy beyond the grave. Try it, my Sarah, and you will have no cause for regret.

"Your affectionate Mary E."

Those may be regarded as blessed with a distinguished privilege, who, in the time of affliction, have such a friend to suggest to their minds the inestimable value of divine truth, and by the soothing power of friendship, to aid in preparing for permanent and unalloyed felicity. Miss Foote was not insensible to the kindness which prompted these suggestions, nor to the solicitude for her immortal welfare, manifest in every line. It will be a subject of regret to all who peruse this memoir, that her reply, together with other valuable letters to the same friend, was a short time since accidentally consumed.—To another friend and former school-mate, she communicated on the 14th of April, an interesting account of her personal history, with the various aspects in which the dispensations of Providence were unfolded to her view.

"My ever dear E.

"How many fond recollections of the 'days of other times' did the perusal of your letter awaken! Those were indeed 'halcyon days' 'free from care and free from strife.' In those days I formed many attachments, some of which I firmly believe will never weaken. No, though time, absence, and adversity combine, they will never give place to acquaintances of a day—The friends whom I then loved still retain the same place, in my heart. You must not suppose I have since formed no friendships; that would be unlike me. You are aware that I cannot reside long in any place, without becoming interested in those with whom I have intercourse.

" You bid me give my history for the past year— It will recall many hours of pleasure, and a greater number of bitterness. When I say of pleasure, I refer to the pleasure of friendship, with one who had proved worthy of my gratitude and my love, who, from my first coming here, had manifested the regard and attention of the most affectionate brother—who has been my guide, my counsellor, *my confidant in every thing*, my—friend.

" When I mention hours of anguish, I allude to the feelings experienced, when I looked upon this friend and saw his features without expression—his form without animation, and clad in the habiliments of the grave—I allude to the sensations which pervaded every nerve, when I cast the last look upon his altered countenance, just before he was consigned to the narrow house appointed for all the living

"At that time, dear E., I felt the vanity, and realized the uncertainty, of every earthly good, and was astonished, that I could ever have been so strongly attached to objects unworthy of my regard, that I could ever have planned with confidence scenes of future happiness, when I ought to have remembered, that the events of one hour often frustrate the schemes of many years —when I ought to have reflected that we know not what a day may bring forth. In view of such considerations, I have felt, that nothing but religion was worth seeking or possessing—What else can heal the lacerated heart, or produce calmness and holy acquiescence in the midst of overwhelming sorrow?—What scene can be more melting, than to see the strongest ties dissolved by death—a most fond and indulgent husband and father torn from the embrace of those he loved, and committed to the silent grave! What but religion can enable us to take a consoling view of these heart rending events?—can point us to a meeting with the followers of the Lamb, a meeting blissful and eternal?—Thanks be to the giver of every good, with reference to our departed friend, 'we sorrow not as those without hope.' The sting of death was removed, he triumphed in view of the glories that awaited him, and we doubt not is uniting with the spirits of just men made perfect, in ascribing thanksgiving and praises to that Saviour, who redeemed him by his own precious blood.

" Tuesday Evening.

" I have often thought of you my beloved E. since I read your letter, and became acquainted with your feelings and resolutions on the most important of all concerns, the interests of your immortal soul. Oh that I could see you, and unite with you in seeking salvation, in imploring forgiveness of sin, and supplicating strength to persevere and grace to humble. I am more and more convinced of the realities of religion, and am striving, by divine assistance, to lay hold of that hope, that blessed hope, which the Gospel inspires. Would that I could be with you to be encouraged by your example, strengthened by unreserved intercourse, that we might walk hand in hand, and heart united with heart, in the narrow path that leads to eternal blessedness.—What is life? What are all the splendor, the gaiety, the *apparent* enjoyment which we observe around us? All is vanity. What is the end of the same, but sorrow, lamentation and mourning? How soon the cold grave will encircle these votaries of earthly things! We need more forcibly to realize, that 'In the midst of life we are in death.'

"You speak of our dear Mrs. V. I heard of her death from my valued correspondent M. E. C., and received from her an obituary notice. When you think of the close of her existence, of the brightness of her hope, and the strength of her faith, does it not encourage you to persevere? Does not your heart burn within you, to imitate her example, to tread in her footsteps? Could I be assured that my peace was made with heaven, I would be content to spend my days in the humblest station.—Were the Saviour indeed my friend, oh transporting thought! what would be all the sorrows, the disappointments, the trials of this vain world?—Though separated in body, let us, my dear friend, be united in spirit. We have the assurance that where two or three are agreed together respecting any thing, and ask it of their Heavenly Father, it shall be granted. Let us take encouragement and daily supplicate for each other, that we may through divine grace overcome every obstacle, that the time may soon arrive, when we shall be united not only by the bonds of friendship, but by the stronger ties of christian love, when we shall have one heart, one hope, one heaven.

"Your truly affectionate, SARAH L.——"

Mrs. Vose, to whom allusion is made in the preceding letter, was a favorite instructer and christian friend of Miss Foote. She died at the residence of her father, the Hon. John Vose, in Pembroke, N.H. February 5, 1828. "Few females have lived more justly respected, or died more deeply lamented. Blest with pious parents and a religious education, she was early the subject of serious impressions, but the charms of literature, the pleasures of taste and imagination, and the allurements of fashionable society, took such hold of her mind as to prevent her for a long time, from yielding to the self-denying influence of our holy religion.

"In 1821, while presiding over a group of young ladies in Pembroke Academy, she felt her responsibility as she had never done before. She saw her own guilt and the danger of her beloved pupils while out of Christ. But if she exhorted them to flee from the coming wrath, she feared they might justly reply, Physician heal thyself! By the transforming influence of the Holy Spirit, she was led in deep humility to the Saviour's cross, and to an entire consecration of all her powers to the service of her Lord and Master.—In 1823, she was married to Mr. Francis Vose, and passed the remainder of her days, until the failure of her health, at Colchester, Conn., and Charlestown, Mass., associated with him in the business of instruction. By the faithful discharge of her duty, her condescending and affectionate treatment of her pupils, and her deep solicitude for their future welfare, she was strongly endeared to their hearts. Her friends were cheered in her sickness by her christian submission, heavenly calmness, and pious conversation. As the night of death drew near, her countenance evidently brightened, assuming a placid and smiling aspect, which seemed to tell of joys to come. The parting scene was melting, was overwhelming to all but the dying saint. With a full conviction that the termination of her life was at hand, she spoke of 'the comfort of a trust in the Saviour,' and observing her sisters in tears, requested them 'not to weep for *her*, but to prepare to die.' "

Miss Foote may be ranked among the number of those, who, through much tribulation, are brought to a just apprehension of divine things. She watched and sympathized with others when her own heart was in heaviness. Yet beams of mercy were visible in all her trials. Joy and sorrow were mingled in her cup. About this time she received the gratifying information, that a beloved sister, bound to her heart by those endearing ties, which no separation, no diversity of sentiment can diminish, was strengthened to cast herself unreservedly upon the Lord, and embrace with animated faith the precious promises. No intelligence of worldly prosperity could have awakened in her mind such emotions. "Her feelings of joy were indescribable." Who does not perceive that the Lord was mercifully preparing her, for those communications of his grace, by which her subsequent life was cheered? This sister, the only one that now survives, was extremely solicitous that she should fully realize the exceeding riches of the divine compassion, and participate in the blessings of the gospel. She placed in her hands a Tract of the most persuasive and awakenening kind, and called her attention in an especial manner to its contents. Sarah, in acknowledging its receipt, remarks, "I thank you for the Tract that you sent me. I read it attentively and I trust prayerfully. I do not think that I have indeed chosen the good part, but feel more and more my need of it, and am deeply affected in view of my lost state by nature, and the necessity of applying to the only fountain that can cleanse me from my guilt. —I long to spend a larger portion of my time in solitude.—Very frequently I am obliged to hear and join in conversation in which my heart cannot participate. I hope and pray that I may be truly penitent, that my heart may be broken on account of sin, that it may be subdued and weaned from the world.—I am persuaded that religion is all that is worth living for. It is my first and highest wish that I may experience its consolations and perform its duties."

CHAPTER III.

Visit to Connecticut—Strivings of the Holy Spirit—Harlan Page—Pastoral Fidelity—Description of the Christian character—Peace and joy in believing—Letters to Miss N.—Important resolution.

In August Miss Foote visited her beloved home, and once more mingled her feelings with those who surrounded her father's table. The trials, vicissitudes and afflictions of the past year would naturally pass in review. She often recurred to the religious anxiety she had cherished, recognized the kind hand of an overruling Providence, and expressed the strong conviction that she should yet rejoice in God her Saviour.

It will be seen from the tenor of the preceding remarks, that the concerns of her soul had acquired a firmer hold of her attention, that she could no longer remain at ease, without a well grounded confidence that her peace was made with God. The autumn of 1828, and following winter, beheld in her one of the severest conflicts in which a mortal has engaged. To those who have never felt the renewing power of divine grace, or the exceeding sinfulness of the human heart it will doubtless appear strange, that one so amiable and endowed with so many lovely qualities, should need that decided and thorough change of which the Bible speaks. Indeed previous to this time, she seems not to have been fully conscious, how far she was from the kingdom of God. By the energy of the Holy Spirit, a new view of her character was unfolded, one from which she could not turn away. The light of eternal truth broke in upon her. She saw the vileness of her heart, and wept in secret places. Her conviction of the heinousness of her sins became truly agonizing. She knew not whence to obtain relief. Under the influence of these feelings the following lines were addressed to her sister:—

"NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1828.

"Oh my dear sister, it would be a comfort to me, if I could see you, and tell you what I passed through the last week—I will not attempt to describe with my pen what have been my sensations. There have been times when had you been with me, you would have mingled your tears and your prayers with mine. —With trembling hand and with tearful eyes do I assure you, that I have experienced feelings which I never knew before, and yet I seem as far from the Saviour as ever. If conversation with christians, if their prayers or my own could afford relief, I should not remain in my present state. But my proud rebellious heart refuses to bow. Let me engage in whatever I will I cannot escape from myself, I am unhappy, yes miserable. * * *

"Whatever may be the result of the present conflict, and however widely we may differ in sentiment, it will be my fervent prayer that *you* may be happy, happy in the only way in which true happiness can be found, an humble trust in the Saviour. When these things occupy my mind, a gleam of joy will sometimes dart through it, from the thought that nothing will divide us in another world; that there we shall see clearly and *alike.* No doubt or division will ever enter those blessed mansions.—Presumptuous as it may seem, even in my greatest distress, I have, as I told you last summer, a secret hope, a hope that nothing will overcome, that I shall yet rejoice in God my Saviour. Pray for me that such may be the case, that I may persevere, and overcome every obstacle.

"Your affectionate sister,

SARAH——."

I find among the papers of Miss Foote, a note without date, evidently addressed to Mrs. T., and enclosing some of her husband's hair. From an allusion, which it contains to the period that had elapsed since his death, it was probably written about this time.

"When I gaze upon the contents of the enclosed paper, my dearest cousin, it causes emotions to swell my breast, and gives rise to thoughts which I cannot express. One short year ago, who would have thought of this! and yet *almost a year* has passed away since we cast a last, a lingering look upon his clay cold features, or heard the sound of his much loved voice. How often have my fingers passed through these locks, when they covered his throbbing temples. How often have I listened with attention, and almost with reverence, while he gave me the most affectionate advice. Never shall I forget his counsel or his kindness. Though years should roll away and leave me still on the shores of time, they will never efface from my mind his form or his friendship. One look at these dear *relics* is sufficient to revive every recollection in all its force. But when I think of him as he was, and as he *is*, my thoughts do not follow him to the grave and then leave him. Oh, no, my mind insensibly soars above all transitory things, and dwells with delight on the glorious hope, he has left us.—At such times, my dear cousin, not even his bereaved family can claim a thought—earth and its concerns are trifles.—To think of his release from *them all*, of his infinite happiness and unfading glory, and then turn again to the objects that surround me, my heart sickens. I do sincerely desire to be prepared to meet him; to be assured of an inheritance in a better world. Then earth should disturb me no more, I would look forward with joy to my final release. May the time soon come when we shall both have that assurance; when we shall anticipate the hour of death, as one that will release us from sin and sorrow, and unite us to those we have loved, to be separated from them no more forever."

The wish expressed in the conclusion of the preceeding note, appears to have been soon gratified, so far as it related to Mrs. T. A letter from Miss Foote to her sister, dated the third of January, 1829, contains the pleasing information. "Let me add one thing which will give you joy. Cousin Mary has found peace in believing. She now can say that 'she is Christ's and Christ is her's.'"

That period in the life of individuals, in which the vain allurements of earth are relinquished, and a relish acquired for the enjoyment of holy beings, cannot be recurred to without the most affecting interest. It is often marked by circumstances which fix the recollection of it deep in the mind. The impression made is solemn and powerful. It is the commencement of a new era in their existence, in which the soul is released from the bondage of sin, and admitted to the glorious liberty of the sons of God. The light of God's countenance is lifted upon them. They know from blessed experience what it is to pass from death unto life, and how great is the happiness of that man whose sins are forgiven. Yet such is the waywardness of the human heart, and so great the reluctance to make a full surrender to the Lord, that the transition from nature to grace, frequently unfolds a scene which calls for the liveliest commiseration. The soul bowed down in anguish seems to ask of all that are moving on thoughtlessly in a sinful career, "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!" "May not you be involved in the same danger which stares me in the face? *I* have present evidence of my guilt. I feel its keenest pangs. Is it certain that you will always be exempt? Think it not strange that I have hung my harp upon the willows, that I have forsaken those paths in which I formerly walked. The terrors of the Almighty laid hold upon me. I no longer love the ways in which my heart delighted, and which once seemed right. The end thereof are the ways of death. Is not the same true of your ways? Can you be uninterested or unfeeling spectators when the Lord's hand is upon me?"

In this manner the Lord wounds that he may heal. He softens the hard and flinty heart that it may become a fit residence for the Holy Spirit. He humbles awakened sinners in the dust, by a deep and painful consciousness of the enormity of sin, shows them the disorder they have produced in the best of governments, convinces them that remaining in their present condition, they will be banished eternally from his presence. They read their condemnation in every page of the sacred volume. Gladly would they conceal themselves from the piercing glance of Jehovah, but they cannot flee even from themselves. The irreversible sentence of their final judge seems to ring in their ears. Cut off from hope—their peace destroyed—death and destruction before them, they water their couch with their tears. There is no sorrow like unto that of a troubled conscience—No danger so appalling, as that awakened by the fear of falling into the hands of an offended God. They mourn for the loss of God—the loss of holiness—the loss of heaven—These all united in one thought—the loss of their souls.

The reader will perceive the bearing of these remarks with reference to Miss Foote. They were suggested from a contemplation of the developement of her feelings and character at the period to which we have arrived. Their application to her experience will appear the more striking, when the previous state of her mind is considered. She had long been interested in conversation about divine things; her letters give no slight indications that religion was a favorite topic, that she appreciated its claims, rejoiced in witnessing its influence, and was solicitous to make a wise improvement of each afflictive event. She seemed to all her acquaintance destined to be a gem in the Redeemer's crown.—Who can form an adequate conception of the deceitfulness of the human heart? This amiable and affectionate individual was extremely reluctant to humble herself before the cross. The opposition of the carnal mind to the requisitions of the gospel was clearly displayed. Yes, strange as it may appear, when the holiness of the divine character, the sovereignty of Jehovah, and her absolute dependence for every thing upon free unmerited grace, were distinctly unfolded, she would fain have turned from the contemplation, and obtained relief in her distress from other sources. When the Holy Spirit arrayed before her in a conspicuous manner, all that is affecting in the ingratitude and hardness of heart by which the offers of mercy are rejected, she still clung to her selfish idols. Yet she could not endure the thought of being considered opposed to the divine government, and wished, that her intimate friends should not know how severe a conflict was going on within. For a while she indulged herself in gay society, to banish if possible her overwhelming convictions of the enormity of sin, and her alienation from God. This expedient, however it might avail for the passing moment, left her in a more deplorable state than ever. She was miserable wherever she went, and even formed the determination to decline all intercourse with religious people.—"I could not bear the idea," she says in writing to her sister, "of conversing with any person respecting my feelings. I considered them sacred, and resolved to confine them to my own bosom."

To this resolution, though as she afterwards thought to her own injury, she faithfully adhered, until, in an unexpected and providential manner, she was drawn into conversation, and induced to disclose the movements of her mind, on the most important of all subjects. In alluding to her former reserve, she thus writes: "Why is it, my dear sister, that while nearly all will acknowledge the importance of religion over every thing else, yet when they have a conviction of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, they shrink from an avowal of their feelings, and even seek to conceal them as though they were degrading? Why is it, that a feeling of shame is expressed by the *countenance*, if not *felt* when addressed on the subject?"

The person, to whom she communicated her feelings, and who manifested so lively an interest in her eternal welfare, was the devoted and indefatigable Harlan Page. He visited her frequently, and described, in a vivid and touching manner, the danger of her continuing impenitent, and the greatness of the Saviour's compassion. He urged the necessity of her giving her heart to the Lord, engaging actively in duty, and living with habitual reference to the glory of God. Perceiving that she possessed qualities, admirably adapted for enlisting the affections of others, and guiding them in the most desirable channel, he directed her thoughts to the salvation of those within the sphere of her influence. "Can you not says he, think of dear friends, who you are anxious should become sharers in the blessings of the gospel? Does not your mind rest on many whom you can warn of their danger and urge to attend to the salvation of their souls?" Few have been more persevering in efforts for the spiritual benefit of others, than this faithful individual. His spirit has already taken its flight to the Paradise of God; but his memory is embalmed in many a grateful heart. He left his friends, the comforting, dying testimony, "I commend myself to thee, Jesus, Saviour of sinners. O the infinite love of Christ: I may stop my mouth and lie in the dust."

From a letter of a later date than the preceding interviews, we find Miss Foote still a stranger to that peace which the Lord only can bestow.

"When I am left by myself, my mind dwells with such intense interest on the solemn concerns of my immortal soul, that nothing appears so strange, as that even the most important of the things of earth, should engross my attention. It is indeed an awful infatuation—I know not a moment's peace. Formerly I thought it was an easy thing to be a Christian, and believed that I should, at some future day, experience that change of which I had heard others speak. Now that hope is swept away, not a vestige remains. If I had been really desirous of a reconciliation with God, why did I not years ago become his servant?

Will not the light that has been shed upon my mind, and the instruction that I have received, aggravate my guilt? I have been more solicitous to pry into the mysteries of Providence, and become acquainted with the secret purposes of Jehovah, than to follow the path of duty."

About this time the Rev. Mr. Fraser took charge of the congregation, to which she was attached, in whom she found a pastor well qualified to direct her mind on spiritual subjects. She considered him a man of deep religious experience, intimately acquainted with the movements of the human heart, and able to speak a word in season, adapted to the condition of those with whom he conversed. At first she declined an interview with him, determining if possible not to increase her condemnation by receiving additional religious light. She afterwards met him, by appointment, at the house of her cousin Mrs. T., and freely unfolded to him the rebellious state of her heart. He was much affected by the disclosure, and addressed her in a most solemn and pathetic manner, reminding her of her awfully perilous condition, and of the reason there was to apprehend, that if she persisted in her present career, lamentable consequences would ensue. He portrayed by the strong light of eternal truth, the aggravated guilt of those, who seemed at war with Heaven, opposing the counsels of Jehovah, and rushing heedlessly in the path to ruin. Her heart was broken on account of sin. She resorted with increased confidence to a throne of grace, and sought continually for strength to yield herself entirely to the Lord, and be resigned to his holy will. " The Lord" she observes, "in boundless mercy, convinced me that secret things belong to the Most High, but revealed things to us for our belief, submission, and obedience."—In subsequent communications to her sister, she speaks in strong terms of the faithfulness of her pastor, his diligence in visiting from house to house, and her regard for him as the chief instrument employed by the Holy Spirit, in conducting her to the paths of peace. At his request, she communicated to him in writing her views of the christian character. They are here presented, from the belief that they afford evidence of her advancement in divine knowledge, and contain many thoughts on which individuals in the early stages of a religious life, may dwell with profit.

" A christian is one who exercises repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is indeed a new creature. Not that his natural powers and faculties are changed, but a new principle of action is implanted in his heart by the Holy Ghost, which transforms the affections, motives and desires, from sin to holiness.—He has an abiding sense of his own weakness, and continual dependence upon his Heavenly Parent. In every object and event he recognizes an Almighty hand. Does he observe the wild commotion of the elements? He refers it to the power of Him who maketh the clouds his chariot, and rideth upon the wings of the wind. Does he gaze upon the murmuring rivulet? there too he traces the finger of the Creator, and 'looks through nature up to nature's God.' Is he prosperous in his worldly affairs? He gratefully adores a bountiful Providence, and endeavors to use his possessions as not abusing them. Are his earthly comforts removed? Is he bereft of tender and beloved friends? He acknowledges the hand of God in every dispensation; and remembers that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

"The christian is humble, ever solicitous not to think of himself more highly then he ought. He assumes no borrowed appearance, but desires to be taken for what he really is. He will often practice self-examination, and scrutinize the motives by which he is actuated. When in the eyes of the world he appears upright and consistent, he will see in his own heart much to deplore. Yes, when retired from the observation of every earthly being, he will humble himself in the dust, and implore forgiveness for those sins which are known only to God.—His prevailing temper is heavenly, and opportunities for communion with his God and Saviour, will be cherished with delight. These holy exercises will be accompanied by corresponding actions. Sin will be abhorred, not only because it brought death into the world and all our woe, but because it is dishonorable to God, and odious in his sight. Hence the christian will seek, through divine assistance, to subdue those natural passions and inclinations, which so often lead him astray. He is convinced that he cannot serve two masters, and feels the necessity of living above the world, and striving to be no longer conformed to its spirit, governed by its precepts, or intimidated by its frowns. He is not satisfied with merely endeavoring to refrain from sin, but will seek to perform every christian duty. His fervent prayer will be, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And when convinced of the course marked out by Infinite Wisdom, he will commence it with vigor, and proceed with unwearied diligence; willing to spend and be spent in his master's service, and desiring that in all things God may be glorified through Jesus Christ. He is persuaded, that it is not for his happiness alone, that the Lord has had mercy upon him, and granted him the consoling hope, of having passed from death unto life. He deeply feels for the immortal souls of those, with whom he has daily intercourse, and not for them only, but for a world lying in wickedness. His compassionate regard will be evinced by constant exertions to promote their spiritual welfare.

"The conversation of a christian is holy. No one has a claim to the name or privileges of a child of God, whose thoughts do not dwell with lively interest upon things spiritual and divine. And if from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, can he be silent on those heavenly themes? When addressed upon them, a glow of shame will not suffuse his cheek, nor will he, by impatience or inattention, give reason for inferring that the subject is irksome or unpleasant.—Love is the prevailing spirit of his heart. He is connected with his christian brethren by a bond of union and sympathy, far stronger, than that which unites the nearest earthly relatives, who are strangers to the love of God. Sensible of his own proneness to err, he cannot be severe or unfeeling in noticing the imperfections of others. Has he received an injury from a fellow being? he will forgive as he desires to be forgiven. Nor can he withhold his christian sympathy from those, who do not agree with him in every point of doctrine, if he sees reason to believe, that they are experimentally acquainted with the great truths of the gospel. He looks forward to the time, when they shall be alike freed from the mists of ignorance, and error, from the influence of prejudice, and unhallowed feeling; when they shall unite together with the countless multitude, in ascribing thanksgiving and praise, to him who loved them and gave himself a ransom for them.—Though here his knowledge is limited, and he sees only through a glass darkly, yet he enjoys a foretaste of that blessedness, which God has prepared for those that love him. Death is divested of its sting. The grave has no terrors. To the one he looks forward as a release from sin, and a prelude to an eternal union with his Redeemer; to the other, as a quiet resting place, until this corruptible shall put on incorruption; this mortal shall put on immortality, and Death be swallowed up in victory. "March 8, 1828.— S. L. F."

We are now to contemplate Miss Foote, as possessing some of the lineaments of that character, which she so beautifully describes. She had been down in the vale of sorrow. Her tears had been her meat day and night. The Lord in tender compassion brought her to the foot of the cross, melted her soul into contrition, and afforded her his gracious assistance, to lay hold of the precious promise of eternal life, through faith in his beloved Son. The first notice of this change found in her writings, is contained in a letter to her sister, dated April 5, 1829.

"I tremblingly hope, that I have found peace in believing. Rejoice with, and pray for me, and for all who are dear to us. O, my sister, can we believe, that all who are not born of the Spirit will not see life, and yet make no exertion to arrest the progress, and turn the course of those associated with us, who are in the path to ruin? When I reflect on the subject, I long to be engaged in doing something for their benefit, and pray that the path of duty may be made plain, and that I may have a zeal according to knowledge. I would gladly spend the time of my sojourning here in the service of God. Pray for me that I may persevere, and through divine assistance, conquer every evil propensity, and glorify in life and death the Saviour who died for us."

These lines though written under the impulse of newly awakened feelings, and while her thoughts would naturally rest with peculiar vividness, on the scenes through which she had recently passed, discover a mind intent on the future, alive to the welfare of others, and resolved to spend its strength in the best of causes. Her prevailing desire was to know the will of God, and to walk conformably to its dictates.—She could not endure the thought of being an idle loiterer in the vineyard of Jehovah, but looked around her, as if a new world had burst upon her view, to ascertain where she could exert the most salutary influence. Every step was taken in a cautious manner, and accompanied with prayer for divine guidance, lest her efforts should be injurious rather than beneficial. Her attention was directed first to one friend, and then to another, whom she might hope to aid in preparing for a better world. After some hesitation, she addressed a beloved cousin, with whom she had previously corresponded, and who was anxiously enquiring, what she should do to be saved.

"New York, April 10, 1829.

"My dear E.

"Within the last week, I have several times felt *constrained* to address you, but a feeling which I could not, or did not overcome, induced me to delay; and now my pen is resumed, what shall I say? Shall I assure you, that you still retain the same place as formerly in my affection, though no communication has for a long time passed between us? Such an assurance is unnecessary. But I do hope, we shall be enabled henceforward, to call each other by a more endearing name, than friend or cousin, even sisters in Christ.—I know not how to express my feelings; sister H. has only said sufficient for me to infer that your attention is again called to your eternal interests. Perhaps my beloved E., you are now rejoicing in Redeeming love, and are ready to declare to all around you, what you trust the Lord by his Holy Spirit, has done for you. Or it may be, that you are still tasting the wormwood and the gall; if the latter be the case, I can from past experience sympathize with you. But at the same time would *point*, yea *lead* you to the Lamb of God, to Him who is stooping to embrace you, and unfold to you the unspeakable riches of his grace—I would as by force, detain you from doing as I have done—I would in *love* ask you, if you are not looking for something more, than the simplicity of the gospel. You think you are willing to give up all the world for an interest in Christ, and desire that every idol to which you cling, though dear to you as a right eye, may be banished from your heart. Would you hesitate to go to Christ, if you could yourself pay your ransom, or even palliate your guilt? Would you refrain from going to him, and acknowledging your transgressions, if you believed that thereby you would be accepted, and become reconciled to him?

"Dear E. we must feel our helplessness as well as our sinfulness, or we can never come in a right manner. If we could receive pardon without an entire renunciation of every merit of our own, we should not feel as we ought, we could not give God the glory, and rest without fear or doubt, on his faithfulness and compassion. Is it not astonishing that after such displays of divine love and goodness, we can doubt either the ability or willingness of Christ to receive us? Are you never pierced, like an arrow to the heart, when you think of the privileges you have enjoyed, of the instructions you have received, of the mercy you have slighted, and especially the forbearance of your God? When you reflect on these things, and know that they must increase your condemnation, are you not overwhelmed?—Look away from yourself to the great Physician, he will make you whole. Pray for confidence in God, and that he will grant you the aid of the Holy Spirit, convince you of sin, righteousness, and judgment; show you your true state, and lead you to the Lord of life and glory. It is only in the path of duty, that we can expect peace, or the light of God's countenance. If we neglect it, darkness and doubt will invariably follow."

To the same friend she wrote again on the 23d of April:—

"My dear E.

"The perusal of your letter, especially the part of it which related to your own feelings, excited my warmest sympathy. How exactly do your feelings correspond with mine, with what mine formerly were, *yes, recently*, for it is but a short time, since I indulged a trembling hope, that I had indeed fled to the only Refuge, that I had surrendered myself unreservedly to Him, who has declared, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'—I assure you that from my heart I rejoiced in your resolution—'*I am determined to be a christian.*' Press forward, my dear cousin, persevere, and He, who has begun a good work in your heart, will carry it on, until the day of redemption—Now let me ask you, why you have not peace? I will venture to answer from my own experience—There is something in your heart, which has never yet been given up, a certain indescribable feeling, at variance with God, which, however humbly and impassionately, you may say, 'Here, Lord, I give myself to thee, 'tis all that I can do,' still remains. I well know what this feeling is, though I cannot find language to express it, and am constrained to say, O that I could see you. But if I have rightly apprehended your case, go again and again, and pray for assistance to overcome that reluctant heart. Endeavor to adopt and feel the words of the poet:—

> 'Here Lord to thee I all resign;
> To draw, redeem, and *seal is thine.*'

"Have you not prayed dear E., that you might never rest, until you found peace in believing? that the evil of your heart, and the heinousness of your sins in the sight of God, might be spread before you? Have you not asked that every sinful desire might be suppressed, and you made willing to be Christ's, in his own way—upon his own terms? If you have felt a transient peace, for which you could not account, did you not wish for all your fears again, and tremble lest the Spirit had left you? When your prayer has been answered, and your sins spread before you; have you not felt that they could never be overcome? and been ready to exclaim, 'who is sufficient for these things'—forgetting that there is One, who can enable us to come off more than conquerors? If such have been, or are now your feelings, do not wait in the hope of feeling differently. Go, with all your sins upon you, with all your ingratitude, hardness of heart, and unbelief—confessing your helplessness and need of mercy—go to him, who alone can pardon, and strengthen you, and leave yourself there;—and if you feel any risings of heart, do it again, and you will be accepted and permitted to rejoice.

"I seem to hear you say, 'All this is plain to my mind. I see it clearly, and could point out the way to others—but I *feel so little*—it is this that distresses me—that amidst so much light and knowledge, and with so clear views of truth, my heart should be *so little* affected.'—Is not this after all the point of difficulty? If so, let me assure you, that you are waiting for something, and desirous of experiencing something, for which you will seek in vain. It is *submission* that is necessary—simply trust in the promises of God, which are yea, and amen in Christ Jesus.—When you read his invitations and entreaties—his expressions of love and mercy, to lost sinners; remember that He is the *same* yesterday, to-day, and forever.—Go to Him in faith, and he will graciously receive you, and strengthen you, to become all that he would have you to be.

"With regard to myself, I can only say that on the approaching Sunday, I expect to profess my faith in Christ, to renounce the world as the supreme object of my affections, to take the Lord to be my God, to enter into covenant with Him, and choose Him as my everlasting portion.

" Solemn and awful are the transactions before me. May I ever feel them to be so. Pray much for me, that I may from the heart, renounce the world and its follies, and be more and more conformed to the image and temper of Him, the emblems of whose body and blood, I am so soon to receive. I hope shortly to hear, that you too have found that peace which passeth understanding, and have come out from the world, and declared yourself on the Lord's side.

" Your truly affectionate cousin,

"Sarah Louisa."

Those who have noticed the developement of her religious feelings, the acuteness of her sensibilities, and the cautious manner in which she was accustomed to proceed, will be interested in knowing how she was affected, when her obligation to observe the ordinances of the gospel, was exhibited to her view. Ever prone to distrust herself, she would not be likely to enter thoughtlessly, on the performance of sacred duty. The institutions of religion were, in her estimate, hallowed by too affecting associations, and established by too high authority, to be lightly regarded. But in proportion to the earnestness, and sincerity, with which she yielded to the sway of holy principles, were the difficulties she felt in taking a decided stand on the Lord's side. When the subject was first proposed to her, by her pastor, she felt, that she was so liable to be deceived, that it would be most prudent to delay. Having called her attention to the various considerations by which the obligation is enforced, he said to her on taking leave, "The path of duty is the path of peace—it is plainly marked before you; if you neglect duty, you must expect to walk in darkness." Left to her own reflections she was greatly distressed, and knew not to what cause to ascribe her feelings; being often burdened with an oppressive load, and even tempted to relinquish all thoughts of holiness and heaven. Every thing appeared so dark within, that she feared it would be presumption, for her to enter into a covenant relation with God. While in this situation, at the time of morning prayer, her attention was fixed on a passage in Isaiah, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not, and I will lead them in paths, that they have not known;—I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.—These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Striking as these words appeared, they relieved her only for a moment, when her distress recurred with increasing force.

She devoted much time to the study of the Bible, with prayer for divine guidance, and had repeated conversations with her pastor, and other christian friends, "who had proved," she says, "by many month's patience, and perseverance with her, their tender regard for her eternal welfare." But much as she valued the advice of these friends, she was not unmindful of her individual accountability, to the Judge of quick and dead, for the conclusions at which she arrived, and the course she pursued. At one of the seasons appointed for an interview with her pastor, being disappointed of a visit by the inclemency of the weather, she thus writes, "Deprived of human consolation, I trust I was enabled to seek it, from a higher and surer source, and I sought it not in vain." The path of duty became so clear, that, on the next day, she presented a request that her name might be enrolled among the followers of Christ.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Taylor's baptism—Obligations of the christian covenant—Peculiar qualifications for instructing—Unwearied efforts—Increase of the circle of her friends—Delightful scenery—Importance of daily studying the Bible—Correspondence—Solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her relatives—Letter of consolation—Excursion up the Hudson—Religious enjoyment—Aged servant of God.

On the 25th of April, Miss Foote was baptized, and on the same day received the emblems of a Saviour's dying love. Alluding to the occasion she says, "I knelt before the altar, and took upon me the baptismal vow. Before God, angels, and men, I professed my faith in Christ, and joined myself to him in a perpetual covenant, well ordered in all things and sure. I cannot describe my feelings, when that sacred ordinance was administered. It was to me a momentous and solemn hour. Most fervently do I pray that its transactions may ever be engraven on my mind, and influence every action of my future life."

The writer could not pass lightly over this period of her history, without doing injustice to the motives by which she was influenced, and the responsible nature of the obligations she assumed. Though every human being is sacredly bound to observe the commandments and ordinances of the Lord; there is a feeling peculiarly solemn and affecting, connected with the public acknowledgment of these obligations. The step is one of the most important that mortals can take, during their residence on earth. Their whole future character will be affected, by the feelings they then cherish. This will be a point in their existence, from which they will press forward with continually increasing light and knowledge, or from which they will sink into apathy, and become cumberers of the ground. Entering into a new relation with God, receiving the seal of the everlasting covenant, and a pledge of unnumbered blessings, they must, if they realize these things, deeply feel, that the pomp of a vain world, and the sinful desires of the flesh, must be renounced; that holiness to the Lord must be inscribed on all their thoughts, words and actions. Have they entered the vineyard of Jehovah? *Shall* they, *can* they forget, whose they are? and whom they are bound to serve? Redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb of God, adopted into the christian family, will they not deem it their inestimable privilege to walk worthy of their high vocation?

To Miss Foote these sentiments were familiar. They were associated with her holiest feelings, and seemed inwrought with all her plans and resolutions for the future. Her heart expanding with love to God, she sought to become an instrument of usefulness to others. In uniting herself with the visible company of believers, she did not cherish the delusive opinion, that, thereby the great object of her existence was accomplished. She believed that God had established a church in the world, for the glorious purpose of converting the world unto himself, and that all the members of the church were bound, in their respective spheres of action, to exert themselves for the salvation of souls. Hence she entered with renewed zeal upon every department of duty.

On the first of May, she opened a school on her own responsibility, and devoted to it the best energies of her mind, and the affections of her heart. The exercises of each day were commenced, and closed, with the reading of the Scriptures, and prayer. Her course was that of a christian teacher, to whom interests of incalculable importance were entrusted. No individual was ever more fully prepared, for entire devotedness to the duties of her station. Other cares did not interfere, to divert her from this single absorbing employment. She loved to contemplate the immortal mind in the incipient states of its developement, and to apply her plastic hand in training it for happiness here, and hereafter.

These humble efforts, often irksome to others, were her delight. She seemed to be watching some favorite plants, and was especially solicitous that they should take a right direction. It was her earnest endeavor to throw her soul into theirs, to enlist their feelings, direct their thoughts, expand their powers, and prepare them for the scenes in life, through which they must pass. By these means she secured and retained their affections, and diligently exerted herself, to make them whatever God had qualified them to become. That such unwearied and well directed efforts, were crowned with abundant success, none will be slow in believing. The impress of her character was indelibly fixed on many who enjoyed the benefit of her instructions.—Some of them completed their pilgrimage before her, and departed hence, rejoicing in the hope of a blessed immortality. These results however belong more appropriately to a later period of her life.

This year, the circle of her friends was enlarged, and new intimacies formed, which had an important bearing on all her future movements. While her feelings were drawn out in affectionate regard, for all who bore the impress of her Saviour ; there were a chosen few, with whom, in a more especial manner, she held "sweet converse," and who possessed the power of touching the secret springs of her heart. Among this number there was one, who surrounded the same hallowed table, and who was "in Christ' before her, to whom, with more than ordinary freedom, she unbosomed her feelings, and maintained for years, a frequent and pleasing correspondence. The following letter, the first of the series, was written during her absence from New York on a visit to her parents.

"Saturday evening, 9 o'clock, Aug. 15, 1829.

"My dear Catharine,

"Since parting with you, I have passed up and down the North river, across the Sound, and am now sailing up the Connecticut. You have become so familiar with the scenery along the banks of the Hudson, that I presume it has lost its novelty. I cannot describe to you my feelings, when, for the first time, I gazed upon 'the Highlands;' indeed I think the scenery for many miles grand and sublime, and calculated to inspire sentiments of awe and solemnity.—The banks of the Connecticut form a striking contrast. They do not rise to a great height above the surface of the river, but afford a rich and pleasing variety. *Here* may be seen a beautiful grove — *there* a hill covered with shrubbery, or waving grain—*occasionally* a lofty rock overspread with verdure, rising gradually, and then breaking off abruptly, with a rough perpendicular front—*then* a long flat of meadow, whose smooth velvet surface does not appear to have been trodden or disturbed by man.—I was this afternoon gazing upon scenery such as I have attempted to describe, when on turning a point, a pleasant little village was full in view before us. It was situated on the side of a gentle eminence. Two neat churches, with their 'heaven ascending spires,' adorned the summit; beyond this, rose a still higher hill, covered with trees of the darkest green, affording a rich back ground to the picture.—The sun was just setting behind a beautiful white cloud, by which it was soon entirely concealed; and shortly, the floating clouds around were tinged with a thousand brilliant and ever varying hues. It was an enchanting scene, but, like every earthly delight, it quickly began to fade, and tint after tint disappeared, until all were gone; and the consecrated hour of twilight approached.—Twilight gave place to the shades of evening, and I gazed upon the lengthened and indistinct shadows, thinking earnestly of *you*, my dear C., and wishing you were by my side, until I became lost to all around me.—At that instant, the chiming of a church bell broke the silence, and aroused me from my reverie; when suddenly turning round, I perceived that the full moon had risen, and was gleaming brightly upon the glassy surface of the lovely river.—Not a sound was now to be heard, save the rippling of the waves, as parted for a moment by the vessel, they met again. Once more I gazed, admired, and heartily wished you here, but knowing that this could not be, I resolved to begin a letter to you, and you have before you the result.

"And now, dear C., what further shall I add, ere I lay aside my pen and seek repose? Shall I tell you that I have *sometimes* looked through nature up to nature's God?—Oh! my friend, would that I had not to tell you, how frequently I am cold and unmoved.—The innumerable mercies which crown my every hour, excite so little gratitude; and the goodness and forbearance of God, so little love, that, when I reflect, I am lost in astonishment.—I have, I trust, been enabled to commit my way unto the Lord, believing, that he will be faithful to his promise, and direct my steps.—This has given me peace and confidence. But oh! my unbelieving, distrustful heart.

"Tuesday evening, 10 o'clock, Aug. 18—

"I have to-day, dear C., for a little time, been enabled to rise above the world, and to see its vanities in something of their true light. When blest with such feelings, I long to lay down this body of sin, and rise where I can see my Saviour as he is, and love him as I ought;—but very soon I find myself grovelling here below, pursuing some vain plan, or setting my affections too entirely upon some earthly object. Often when I scan the motives which influence my conduct, I find them such, that I shrink from the investigation, and am unwilling to acknowledge even to myself, the deceit and depravity so deeply seated in this heart.

> 'Oh could I find some peaceful bower,
> Where *sin* has neither place, nor power.'

"Pray for me, my friend, that I may be faithful, and strengthened to wage a perpetual war with sin, until it is subdued, and my heart made a temple meet for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Pray that I may be taught when to speak, and what to say, to each of my very dear friends, that I may be watchful, circumspect, and consistent, and so live, that they may be convinced of the reality and sincerity of my professions.

"Please tell my Sunday scholars that I have not forgotten them—but hope to see them soon.

"Your ever affectionate friend,

"SARAH LOUISA."

Miss Foote attached great importance to the daily study of the Word of God, and earnestly recommended the practice to all her acquaintance. After her return to New York, she wrote to a young friend, who, at her solicitation, had engaged to devote a portion of each day to this blessed employment.

"Thursday, Sept. 3d.

"Let us, my dear M., unitedly supplicate the throne of grace, that our minds may be enlightened by the influences of the Holy Spirit, that we may understand the truths of the Bible, and *practice* them in our lives. The habit of reading the Scriptures, frequently, attentively, and prayerfully, has often, unaccompanied by any other religious instruction, been the means, not only of enlightening the mind, but of convincing the understanding, awakening the conscience, and bringing the once stubborn sinner, broken-hearted to the Saviour. I have only time to add, that we may, if we thus read, expect to receive lasting benefit, even a knowledge of the way of life and salvation.

"With affectionate regard,
"Your friend, SARAH ——.

"Remember your promise."

About this time, one of that "dear circle in Colchester," accompanied her husband to his residence, in one of the Southern States. Before her departure, she received the following token of the continued sympathy and affection of her beloved friend.

"Sept. 5.

"Dear Margaretta,

"I am extremely anxious to see you, that I may converse with you on a subject of great importance to us both, and yet, were that privilege granted us, it might, like many others, be misimproved, and we instead of speaking and thinking of our soul's best interests, might be entirely engrossed with the vanities of the world, or what we might term the cares and realities of life.—I would gladly accompany you to your distant home, and sympathize with you as a friend and a sister. But it cannot be.—I need not tell you, that I think much of you, and earnestly pray that you may secure for yourself the blessing of Heaven. Make the Lord your refuge. Flee to Him ; for He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Need I urge this upon you ? You know, you sometimes feel, your want of this unfailing friend. In your letter you say 'you desire, to feel willing to give up the unsatisfying, fleeting objects of time.'—Dear M., religion requires no sacrifice of *true pleasure* ; but it heightens every rational enjoyment.—Confess and forsake your sins ; receive Christ as your Saviour, and he will be forever yours. —If you really desire to have the support of the gospel, that hope, which will be a comfort to you in *every trial* of life, which will smooth the bed of death, and secure a crown of celestial glory ; seek the Lord with your whole heart, be encouraged by the promise, they who seek shall find. Prayer, frequent and earnest prayer, is the first step in the right path. You know that 'praying breath was never spent in vain.' Let not the ever ready tempter keep you from a throne of grace, by raising difficulties, or referring you to a more convenient season. Never will you be able to give yourself to God with less difficulty than at the present time ; and of another hour, how uncertain the possession. Cast not this aside, dear M., as too urgent, or as something out of place from a friend—from me. But pause in your present course, resolve that you will secure the salvation of your immortal soul, that from this hour you will begin the great work. If you seek assistance and strength, will you not find it ? go then, and may the Holy Spirit be with you.

"Your true friend,
Sarah Louisa."

The affectionate spirit of Miss F. and the breathings of her soul to God for the spiritual benefit of others, were never more apparent, than when her thoughts rested on her dear relatives. Her soul was then full to overflowing ; she felt that no sacrifices would be too great for her to make, if thereby she might be permitted to welcome them to the fold of the Redeemer. Alluding to some of this number, bound to her heart by the strongest of earthly ties, she says, "When I look upon them, and see their kindness and affection continually manifested towards me, and think, that they are living without any well grounded evidence, that their peace is made with God, it gives rise to feelings, which can find no utterance. Could I indulge the joyful hope that they were the friends of the Redeemer, I should be willing to be separated from them while on earth. What is earth, with all its changes and revolutions, compared to eternity? Does not the thought swell beyond expression? And yet how prone we are to descend from such lofty thoughts and feelings, and mix with the world, and almost forget the existence of those amazing realities. Well may it be said that the christian race is a warfare. Dangers beset us on every side. We are not safe for a moment, without habitual watchfulness and fervent prayer."

In a note to her cousin E. dated Sept. 12, she thus writes: "I have felt to-day at peace with myself, with the world, and with Heaven. When I say at peace with myself, I do not mean satisfied, far from it: but when I feel that my heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and can go and acknowledge all, and cast myself unreservedly upon the Saviour's mercy, there is a peace that earth can never give. Dear E., look to Jesus, contemplate the height and depth and breadth of his love; think of his sufferings, the great sacrifice that he offered. It was for you and me, and all who will come and partake freely of the salvation he alone can bestow. Can you withhold your heart? Why will you not, forsaking every thing else, cast yourself upon him who died to save you? I feel that if I could once more see you, I would never leave you until you could tell me, that you were indeed Christ's, and Christ yours forever.

"I am entirely alone in my room. Here after the exercises of the day, I can sit and meditate undisturbed; and hold 'sweet converse' with my Saviour and my God.

"Give love to all, and believe me your true friend, and affectionate cousin,

"Sarah ——."

Miss Foote was susceptible to all the tender emotions inspired by friendship, and remarkably formed for the enjoyment of its holiest and purest pleasures. Entertaining a low opinion of her own attainments, she sought to make her intercourse with others, the means of advancement in the divine life. Her sentiments on this subject are alluded to in a letter to her intimate friend.

"Wednesday noon, Sept. 23, 1829.

"My dear Catharine,

"I have so much to learn, and am such a babe in knowledge and practice, that I greatly feel the need of a friend, to whom I can unreservedly communicate all my feelings and tell all my doubts, my hopes, my comforts. This friend I believe I have found in you. But when I think of our intimacy, the thought sometimes occurs, that we may not long have this enjoyment. Be it so, I find consolation in reflecting, that our *friendship* will survive, even 'the wreck of nature and the crash of worlds.' Have we not one hope in the same Saviour? Have we not the same heaven in view? May we not, as friends, and christian pilgrims, animate, and encourage each other, while passing through this vale of tears? Even when we have sought guidance and direction from God, we may need the sympathy and confiding tenderness of friendship.

" Yesterday, at our consecrated hour, I forgot all save the duty, or rather the enjoyment, before me. What a blessed privilege, to have a covenant God, to whom we may go at all times, and under all circumstances, and make known our wants and difficulties, and freely confess our sins. Yet I sometimes feel a heaviness, an insensibility, which is truly distressing. When shall I act under the constant influence of the thought, that the eye of my Saviour, my judge, is upon me?"

In sympathy for the afflicted, Miss Foote has rarely been excelled. She could not hear of suffering without desiring to administer relief. Even strangers elicited her feelings, and found in her a friend, who could point to the source of everlasting consolation. This trait in her character is happily exemplified, in a letter to a young lady, to whom she was personally unknown.

"New York, Sept. 27.

"My dear sister in Christ,

"At the request of our dear friend Catharine, who has kindly favored me with a perusal of your letter, I take the liberty of addressing you. When this was first proposed to me, I felt a degree of reluctance, for I thought 'we are stangers,' but the remembrance, that we *are one in Christ*, (and, if we are indeed united to Him, we *shall* one day 'see eye to eye,' 'know as we are known,' and *together* join in an eternal song of praise to Him, who hath redeemed us by his own precious blood,—the remembrance of this,) induced me to waive formality, and ceremony, and comply at once with the wishes of her, whom I love to oblige.

"From what she has related to me of yourself and family, and from the bereavement, of which you have given us an account in your letter, I feel a great degree of interest in regard to you already;—your peculiar affliction gives you a claim to my sympathy, I feel that I can *mourn* with you over your loss, and still more *rejoice* with you in the glorious hope of a happy immortality, with which your beloved sister left you. You may indeed feel it a very heavy stroke, for which you were unprepared, and though in this dispensation there may be to you darkness and mystery, and you can now *only* *in part*, answer the enquiry of your aching heart, why, why is it so? by saying, the Lord hath done it, yet, may I not with confidence assure you, the time *will come*, when you will say, I am fully satisfied, yes, when you will feel, that it was right and necessary?

"You have now much to console you;—you have hope in her death; and would you dear friend, would you recall her from her blissful sphere, to grovel again in this vale of tears,—again to struggle with sin, again to die? Oh no, she is free forever, from all that can pain or distress, from all that can defile or pollute, and above all, she is forever free from all those doubts and despondencies, which so often cloud the mind, and obstruct the view of the pilgrim here;—yes, she is gone to be *forever with the Lord.*

"Though it hath not entered into the heart of man, to conceive the joys, which God has prepared for those who love Him; how consoling it must be to the bereaved, to follow the departed spirit, to 'trace its wonderous way' until with the eye of faith, we behold it among the spirits of the just made perfect, and in possession of that crown of glory, which can never fade.—And oh! the thought of meeting them there,—where sin and suffering, death and separation, are unknown.

"You remark, that we ought to pray, that our afflictions may be *sanctified*, rather than *removed.* Our reason shows us that trials are necessary, and the experience of the Christian teaches, that sanctified afflictions are indeed blessings.—Unsatisfactory as the pleasures of the world are, they are still too apt to engross our thoughts, and enchain our affections. Even over those, who profess to be strangers and pilgrims; how dangerous an ascendency do they frequently gain.—'If with all the troubles of earth, we are in danger of being too much attached to it, how entirely would it enlist our affections, if no sorrows were mingled with its pleasures.'

" But in the midst of afflictions, and under the most painful bereavements, we have many sources of unspeakable consolation. How seldom is any earthly tie broken, or any earthly delight removed, which does not cause us to rise more above the world, and to look more entirely to the only source of true enjoyment. How often is an aching void in the heart of a bereaved christian, filled by the blissful presence of the Lord, by nearness of communion with Him.

" The removal of friends to the abodes of glory, leads us more frequently to contemplate the happiness of the blessed, makes us more anxious to hold converse with the world unseen, and more reconciled to the thought of laying aside this earthly tabernacle, and entering upon the untried scenes of a future state. How short, how uncertain, is time compared with eternity! How do even three-score years and ten, dwindle into a moment—a mere point!

"The fading light of day compels me to close; but not without giving you the assurance, that a letter from you will be peculiarly gratifying.—With the heartfelt desire, that we may daily live with our lamps trimmed and burning, and be ready to follow your departed Catharine; that, though we may not meet on earth, we may meet in heaven, I subscribe myself your affectionate friend,

Sarah Louisa Foote."

The next letter from Miss Foote that has been preserved, exhibits her in a cheerful frame, participating largely in the kindness of friends, grateful for the enjoyment they conferred, and desirous of acting with fidelity in the performance of every duty.

"New York, Oct. 15, 1829.

"My dear sister,

"Notwithstanding the labor and confinement of my school, my health is unusually good. Truly my cup runneth over with blessings. May they lead me to live nearer to the unfailing fountain whence they all flow. But I have really feared, they, might prove a snare to me, and that while enjoying the gifts, I should forget the giver. I know that the goodness of God is designed to lead to repentance, but such is the depravity of the human heart, that the greatest displays of it, often appear to render individuals more insensible to the Divine Hand, and to encourage them to grow bold in iniquity.

"Last week, I accompanied my friend Catharine in a visit to her father's family, at New Windsor, about 7 miles from Newburg. When I sailed up the Hudson in August, every thing looked green and beautiful; now, nothing can exceed the variety of colors, from the pale yellow and green, to the deepest orange and scarlet. The lofty rugged rocks, the gentle hills, and the level shore, are alike covered with beautifully variegated shrubbery.—I cannot tell you the feelings of delight, which a sail, of sixty miles through scenery like this, awakened, after having been, enclosed by brick walls. It gladdened my eyes to behold once more the face of nature. The day was lovely, and every object around seemed to smile.—When we look abroad upon the works of creation, and descend from the most noble and important, to the trembling leaf, if we can trace the hand of God, and feel, 'My Father made them all,' then it is, that we can be *rationally* happy.

"I told you something of Miss S. when at home, since my return I have seen her frequently, and have become more closely attached to her. Do not tremble for me, lest 'I have been forming a girlish intimacy, from which I *expect much*, but shall in the end meet with bitter disappointment.' I trust that our friendship has for its basis *christian love*, 'our fears, our hopes, *our aims* are one, our comforts and our cares.' I do indeed love her dearly, and feel that I ought to be watchful and pray much, that this apparent blessing, may not be a snare to our souls.

"As usual, she enjoyed with me whatever a kind Providence placed within our reach; and with her, it was to me doubly pleasant. Her friends at Newburg, received us with the greatest cordiality, we dined there, and after strolling over the place, visiting the graveyard, &c., we left about 5 o'clock, with her father, (who came in town for us,) for *Mount Airy*. We rode through a beautiful valley, called 'the Vale of Avoca,' stopped at sunset, took tea with a relative; then performed the remainder of our ride, by clear moonlight, through a very romantic, and to me *noiseless* country, and reached the place of our destination about 10 o'clock. Catharine's grand parents are still living near her father's —they are on the verge of heaven. I have never before seen people, who *lived religion* as they do. I could always enjoy such a circle. Do not think, however, that new friends have effaced the recollection of nearer and dearer ones, from my mind and heart. This is not the case. I have very often thought of you, and all the family, and can hardly realize, that I have so recently seen you.

"Pray for me dear sister, that I may be faithful, and as my school increases, that my diligence may also be increased.

"Your affectionate sister.

SARAH ——."

The few days which she passed at "Mount Airy," and its vicinity, were ever recurred to with grateful emotion. All know, how the full heart loves to vent itself. The recipient of new mercies feels a glow, such as earth cannot long sustain. It is at any time a delightful privilege, to be with a beloved friend. The value of the privilege will be enhanced, and the pleasure increased; when permitted to accompany that friend to the dear home of her parents, and to find every thing in unison with the state of our hearts. The subject of our narrative fully realized, and exquisitely enjoyed, all this happiness. She was in the midst of a circle that won every feeling of her heart. The time she spent there, seemed hardly to belong to the number of her earthly days. To her quick perception, and tender susceptibilities, the place itself seemed "a Paradise below." Ever alive to the beauties of nature, she seemed conversing with her God, when her eye rested on the works of his hands.

The landscape presented much, on which she dwelt with pleasure. The horizon was skirted on every side with mountains. The eastern bank of the Hudson, and the narrow pass through the Highlands, were distinctly seen. A large undulating valley, in a high state of cultivation, lay before her, —nor could she pass unnoticed, the retired cottage, the parental home of her friend. It seemed with its walls of stone, destined for the benefit of generations to come. "Nearly the whole of its front was covered with rich vines. The jessamine, and strawberry creeper mingled, and formed beautiful festoons, over either window, while a tall white rose had woven its way through them, almost to the roof."—But her recollections of the visit, chiefly pertained to the communings of heart with heart, on those ennobling themes, from which the christian derives his highest joy. She thought of the aged servants of God, then bending beneath the weight of years, and expecting deliverance from this house of clay, and admission to the mansions of the blessed. The writer feels at liberty to allude to these eminently pious individuals, for they are already beyond the reach of human praise; and surviving friends are cheered by the belief, that the temporary inmate of their family, who thought, that she "could always enjoy such a circle," now enjoys that very circle, in a condition of far greater purity, than earth has ever produced.

For sixty years, the grandfather, to whom she alludes, occupied the highest official station, that can be filled by a layman, in the church to which he belonged. He was distinguished for the holiness, and consistency of his life, the value of his counsel, and his devotedness to the temporal and spiritual welfare of all around him. His family altar was hallowed by numerous affecting associations. It warmed other hearts than his own, into holy love, and cast a heavenly radiance over all the transactions of the day. None, who were privileged to unite with him, though but for a few times, in these services, could soon forget the impression they made. He had four children, who early dedicated themselves to the God of their father; and, before his death, every grandchild, over the age of 12 years, had received the holy communion. In the decline of life there was one power of his soul, which retained all its wonted vigor, yes, increased in strength. This was strong confidence in God. When the depressed state of the church was unfolded to his view, his vigorous faith seemed to lay hold of the pillars of the Eternal Throne, and to hear the soft whispers of mercy, "She shall arise," or the cheering voice of the Saviour, "I have redeemed her to God through my blood." After the death of his beloved companion, which occurred less than a year before his own; he fixed his thoughts on his heavenly home, and appeared continually to feel, that this was not his abiding place. When enquired of respecting his health, he would answer; "Feeble, very feeble. I would not live alway."

"Even yet," says the friend, to whom I am indebted for these particulars, "as I contemplate the pleasant landscape, which 'Mount Airy' commands, as I stand on an elevation, presenting a view of the richly cultivated fields, surrounding the old farm house, in which this aged saint lived and died, I find myself unconsciously straining my eye, for the bent figure and feeble steps of him, who, if not the most prominent, was, at least, the most interesting object in the picture."

CHAPTER V.

Extracts from Mrs. Taylor's diary—Severe trial—Affectionate entreaty—Resolutions at the commencement of a new year—Teacher's meeting—A family in eternity—Notice of Mrs. Judson—Desire for a missionary life—Rev. Mr. Clark's Bible Class—Israelites entering into covenant with God—Ceasing of the manna—Sinful league with the Gibeonites.

In a private memorandum, bearing date Oct. 25, 1829, Miss Foote writes, "Six months ago this day, I publicly entered into covenant with God. During this time, how different has my course been from what I anticipated. How little do I find in my conduct, on which a God of infinite purity can look with approbation. But the thought, which grieves me most, is, that I have done so little, by my daily walk and conversation, to recommend the gospel of our Saviour. Why, if I have any title to the name of christian, am I so bound by the maxims of the world? I fear my religion has more to do with the head, than the heart. Oh Lord, who knowest the secrets of my heart, teach me myself. Impress thy truth upon my mind, and help me to exercise, unfeigned trust in thee."

Having alluded to a previous acknowledgment of her deficiency in religious attainments; she proceeds, "In the stillness of this solemn hour, in the presence of the Searcher of hearts, I would ask myself; if I am a child of God, why is all this? God is unchangeable. The cause certainly exists in my own breast. May I not trace it to a *neglect* of duty; or to the want of a proper spirit in the performance of duty? Of both I have been guilty; and though I have ever maintained the form of prayer, I have often been destitute of its life giving, soul reviving spirit. If my heart was truly staid on God, should I not run with untiring zeal the christian race? Should I not desire to follow Christ, through evil as well as through good report? May I be enabled to relinquish every feeling, every thought, every pursuit, which has a tendency to retard my progress in divine grace. Lord help me to walk by faith, renewedly to give myself to thee, that I may henceforth live more to thine honor and glory."

Not far from this time, she experienced a severe trial, in the removal of her devoted pastor. His labors had proved a blessing to her; and she would have felt it a distinguished privilege to have continued in the enjoyment of them. Her feelings on the occasion will best be described in her own language.

"Sunday evening, Nov. 22, 10 o'clock.

"My dear friend M.

"Our beloved pastor has taken leave of us for the present, perhaps *forever*. Circumstances require his presence in Edinburgh. His ministry among us closed this evening. You will believe me, when I tell you, that I deeply feel his loss. He is a very impressive, earnest, and faithful preacher. For this I highly esteem him. But you will more readily conceive my feelings in view of this separation, when I tell you; he has been to me a *spiritual guide* and *father*. Yes, under God, it is owing to his faithfulness, that your friend is as she tremblingly hopes, a humble believer in Jesus. From him I received warning and reproof, counsel and instruction. He cleared away, to my apprehension, the *mystery*, in which the truths of revelation were shrouded, and light dawned upon my darkened understanding. His reward is in heaven.—He must leave us, but he will be associated with the most painful, as well as the most delightful, recollections. I have lately felt in view of his anticipated absence, that I have thought too much of the creature, and have not sought sufficiently to give the entire glory to Him, who makes use of mortals to bring about his own purposes of love and mercy.—I trust the removal of our earthly teacher, our shepherd, will unite us more closely to the Almighty Bishop and Shepherd of our souls. Will not my dear M., pray that this may be the case, and that her friends, C. and S., may be driven from every earthly reliance, and build only upon the rock Christ Jesus."

"Believe me, as ever, your affectionate friend,

Sarah——."

An extract from a letter to one of her sisters, will show the earnestness of her desire, that this sister might participate in the rich blessings of the gospel.

"Dec. 24. 1829.

"You probably sometimes think, my dear sister, that I have forgotten you, or at least have become indifferent to your welfare. But I can assure you that your temporal and eternal interests are near my heart.—Oh, that I could tell you, what I have felt, and still feel concerning you!—When I think of the time, *you* thought and felt too, when you were 'almost persuaded' to become a christian; and then revert to your present state of feeling, a kind of despondency fills my mind, and I have not faith to look forward, without fear, lest you will never again experience the blessed influences of the Spirit of Truth, upon your heart and conscience. As iron which has been once heated and suffered to cool, becomes harder, so the heart of man, if once affected by a sense of sin, righteousness and judgment, and then swayed by opposite feelings, becomes more callous to every good impression; and I am sure that this is in proportion to the means of light and knowledge enjoyed.

"If I knew what other motive to urge, what new inducement to offer, I would gladly exert all my powers, all my influence;—but what will it avail? It may excite a momentary, transient feeling, which will be succeeded by hardened indifference. Alas, must this be the case? No. I will hope that you will once more listen not only to me, but to the voice of your own conscience, whose whispers, I trust, are not entirely silenced. I will hope that you may be persuaded to awake out of your fearful lethargy, and arise and call upon the Lord to the salvation of your soul.

"Jan. 2, 1830.

"One year ago, this evening, you were with me at Mrs. P.'s. It seems but as yesterday; yet how many, in that time, have seen sorrow and affliction;—how many have sunk in vice, disgrace, and misery;—and how many might be named, who *then* were gay in health, and strong in youthful hope, who *now* are tenants of the silent grave? Some there are, who *then* were enemies to God, opposed to his righteous government, and unwilling to yield him that submission which he requires, who now are among the professed followers of Jesus, and whose only regret is, that they so long delayed entering upon the path of duty, happiness, and safety, and that they live so far short of the requirements of the Lord. And there are some, who, within that time, have felt the worth of their immortal souls, have seen their danger, and 'resolved and re-resolved,' to know the joys of religion; and yet, can this new year testify that they have indeed entered into 'the narrow gate?' Oh, Jerusha, what a year *to us* has been the one which has now closed! Its unnumbered and oft-abused blessings are fled forever—its precious privileges, too, can never be recalled;—but its increased responsibilities, its renewed obligations, still rest upon us. May they be felt by us both, and may the close of the year, which has just commenced, find us acting from a sense of duty—from a principle of love to God. If this be our condition, it will be comparatively of small moment, whether our days on earth are few or many. Give my best love to all our family and friends.

"Your ever affectionate sister,
SARAH LOUISA."

Her reflections at this period were peculiarly touching. The year that had just closed was associated, in her mind, with events of deep and thrilling interest. She had been to the holy altar, and, with a heart softened by divine grace, dedicated herself to the Lord. She felt that the hand of Jehovah was upon her, and that wherever she might go, or whatever other connexions she might form, an indissoluble tie bound her to the eternal throne. Yet she saw much in her own heart, that filled her with sorrow. " I once thought," she says, " if I had the hope of a christian, what would earth be to me! It seemed so inconsistent for one whose hope, whose home, is heaven, to have heart or affection centered in any degree on a terrestrial object. My feelings are different, widely different, from what they formerly were; but I come so far short of the standard of the gospel, that I sometimes fear that I have never passed from death to life.

" Grant me, O Lord, an abiding sense of thy love, and of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Help me to begin this year with new resolutions, depending solely on thy grace to enable me to live according to them. Suffer me not to deceive myself, but impart to me the aid of the Holy Spirit, to make thy image more apparent. I would humbly renew the dedication of myself to thee, praying that, should my life be prolonged another year, every grace may be increased and strengthened;—that I may be more faithful in the performance of duty, holy in all manner of conversation, and instrumental, in doing good in the sphere where Providence has placed me. Guide me, O God; direct, sustain, and bless me, for Jesus' sake.

If Miss Foote had seasons of darkness and anxiety, she was not destitute of elevated enjoyment. If she knew, from sad experience, what is meant by the hiding of Jehovah's face, she also knew the preciousness of the light of his countenance. Her private journal furnishes satisfactory evidence on this subject, and also of the ardent desire of her soul to be entirely the Lord's, to labour in whatever part of his vineyard, he might prepare the way.

"Feb. 21, 1830.

"I would, in the presence of God, thankfully acknowledge the enjoyment I have had this evening in private devotion. The consecrated twilight hour has been a precious one;—oh! that the feelings, then excited within me, may never pass away. May they continue to fill my heart and influence me through life! In all my intercourse with the world, I would have the fear of God before my eyes, that I may obtain from Him strength and grace, to walk worthy of my high vocation. I desire more steadiness of principle, more sobriety of conduct, more energy and decision.

"I sometimes cherish the hope of being permitted to labor for God among the heathen. The requisite self-denial may appear less difficult, when the period for its exercise is remote. But unless I am deceived, no obstacle of this kind would deter me if the way was clearly opened. True, my heart is treacherous, and my most fervent feelings are an unsafe criterion. Can a person, so prone to consult ease in daily and common duties, so little accustomed to sorrows or crosses, to perils or sacrifices, be qualified to engage in such a cause, or to assume such responsibilities?

"But I would leave this, with every other concern, where alone it can be committed with safety; believing that if my Heavenly Father should condescend to honor me as an instrument in His hands, for doing good to others, he will make plain the course of duty, and impart all needed grace.

"To-morrow is appointed for the monthly meeting of our Sunday School teachers. I shall have to perform the duties of superintendent. My age and inexperience render me incompetent to the task, and yet our school is so situated, that I know not how to decline. O Thou, who hast often taken the weak things of the world to accomplish thy purposes, be pleased to make use of me to promote thy cause. Thou knowest what we all need. Oh! grant us a sense of our wants, and do Thou supply them through Christ our Lord.

"I have, the past week, stood by the bed of death, and witnessed the undying spirit struggling to be free,—free from this earthly tabernacle, and to soar to regions of eternal light. Death and eternity were brought near to me—I could not but ask myself,—*Am I prepared to die?* Oh! that I may live more in the exercise of a vigorous faith—more in view of the solemn realities of a future state."

Another affecting instance of the movement of an unseen Hand, is referred to in a letter to her friend, Miss B.

"New-York, March 16, 1830.

"How has my friend M. passed the long winter?—amidst friends and social comforts, and above all in the enjoyment of that favor which is life, and that loving kindness, which is better than life? No doubt you have often, with an aching heart, looked at the seat, so lately filled by her, who was dear to you, and have increased the bitterness of your feelings, by the thought of the grave;—but there you have not rested,—following the departed spirit to the skies, meditating upon the change in feeling, and employment—the enlarged capacity for happiness—the entire change from mortal to immortality, you have almost 'longed to go.'—After pursuing contemplations like these, how trivial do the mightest concerns of earth appear! how puerile its most important projects!—and yet how soon these high and holy feelings are disturbed by 'earth-born schemes,' by worldly cares, and we again 'cleave to the dust!'

"I have been much struck with the dealings of Providence towards the family of a clergyman of this city. One year since he was in the midst of domestic enjoyment. A wife and two children composed his family. The children were first called by death—then the wife,—while the husband was spared, *apparently* for extensive usefulness. But He who cannot err had otherwise determined. Last Sunday morning, after an illness of three days, at the age of 27, he closed his earthly labors. How mysterious the dispensations of the Almighty!—Hereafter their design will fully appear.

"In extreme haste, your affectionate friend,

SARAH."

In writing to her sister, she again alludes to a missionary life, and dwells with delightful interest on the suggested thought.

"NEW-YORK, March 26, 1830.

"Friday, P. M. 5 o'clock. I have completed the labors of another week, and have resolved to devote the remainder of the day in answering my dear sister's letter, which I received on Wednesday, and which I hardly need add was truly welcome.

"All without is dreary, dark, and stormy, but within there is peace. Surely that heart must be cold and insensible, which cannot, and which does not, rise in gratitude to Him who kindly bestows so many mercies.

"Few things have interested me more, the past winter, than the 'Memoir of Mrs. Judson.' I trust the perusal of it has been profitable. Never before was I so sensible of the real condition of the heathen. It seems to me that I could calmly, yes, joyfully, leave home and all its endearments, and spend my days amongst them, should the Lord in His providence prepare the way. You may think that I suppose the missionary life, one of ease, unattended with perils or sacrifices. It is impossible to read the work, to which I have referred, and retain such an impression. The sufferings of Mrs. J. were severe. Perhaps no other missionary in modern times, has endured such a complication of trials and afflictions. If she had not possessed a large share of fortitude, perseverance, and submission to the will of Heaven; she must have yielded to the oppressive weight of her sufferings. What an example to the follower of Christ! Though he may not be required to visit distant countries, he may in his proper sphere, evince the same spirit, and essentially aid in extending the influence of the blessed Gospel.

"Wherever we go, may we enjoy the presence of that friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and when our wanderings are over, may He be our portion forever.

"Your affectionate sister,

SARAH."

In the early part of this year, she joined the Bible Class, under the care of Rev. John A. Clark, at that time Assistant Minister of Christ Church in this city. The members of the Class were required to present written answers, to the questions assigned to them. The hours Miss Foote spent in preparation, were taken from those usually allotted to sleep. She transcribed a copy of these exercises for her own use. During a single year they filled a large volume. That she should have accomplished so much, will appear surprising, when we consider the exhausting nature of her daily duties. She had the sole charge of more than forty pupils. In the letter from which the last extract was taken, she says, "I leave home at 8 o'clock in the morning, have an intermission of half an hour at noon, and frequently continue with the scholars until dark. This has been my general course through the winter."

It was no unusual circumstance, for Thursday evening, to be the only one during the week, in which she had not some stated religious engagement. Her duties on Sunday, she informs her sister, were if possible still more arduous. "I often spend an hour, traversing the streets for scholars, officiate as Superintendent in the school, and sit with the scholars during public worship.—Yesterday, on my return from the evening service, I really felt, that there *is such* a thing as being 'religiously dissipated,' and that too, to the great injury of one's spiritual enjoyment and advancement."

Much to the regret of the friends of Miss Foote, the manuscript volume, containing her exercises at the Bible Class, is we fear irrecoverably lost. A few leaves, on which she made the first draught of several of them, are all that are known to be preserved. They will be inserted in the order of their respective dates.

"DEUT. CHAP. 29.

"Who are represented as entering into covenant with God in this chapter?

"For a direct answer to this question we need only refer to verses 10, 11, 14, and 15, where we read, 'Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord your God; your captains of your tribes, your elders and your officers, with all the men of Israel; your little ones, your wives, and thy stranger that is in thy camp, from the hewer of thy wood unto the drawer of thy water. Neither with *you only* do I make this oath and this covenant, but with him that standeth here with us this day before the Lord our God, and also with him that *is not* here with us this day.'

"From this we learn, that none were too high in office, or too great in power, to enter into this covenant; neither were any too humble or too mean to be admitted. Their little ones were included to teach us, that children can enter into covenant with God, or rather that they may be *made the subjects of a covenant*; *bound to obey it, and entitled to its blessings.*

" The 'stranger' is mentioned, referring probably to such of the idolatrous nations through which the twelve tribes had passed, who might have been influenced by the wonderful manifestations of Israel's God, to join his people and become interested in the engagements, by which they were bound to the 'King of kings and Lord of lords.' 'Neither with you only do I make this covenant, and this oath, nor with those only who stand here this day, but with those who are not here,' those who were unavoidably prevented from meeting with them ; and may we not suppose that future generations were also included ? 'To thee and thy seed after thee,' is the promise given. The Israelites did not enter into covenant with a being like themselves, but the unchangeable Jehovah, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'

" If we consider this as a type of the covenant of grace, it will naturally suggest to the reflecting mind, many profitable inferences and conclusions. We are led to contemplate the goodness of Him, 'who is no respecter of persons,' who 'died for the chief of sinners,' and still declares, 'whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.' When we contrast the prosperity, opulence, and splendor of some, with the poverty and wretchedness of others of our fellow creatures, how vastly does one rise above the other in our estimation! Yet what are *these* things in the sight of Him, who looks upon the heart, and stoops to dwell with all who are of a contrite spirit? He has said, 'not many noble, not many wise, or mighty are called;' but he has 'chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him.' Whosoever worketh righteousness, whether the Israelite, or the Gentile stranger, is accepted by him. The innumerable multitude who stand before the throne, will be of all nations, and kindred, and tongues, and people.

" Christian parents find here recorded that, which may lead them to dedicate their offspring to him, who is a faithful covenant keeping God, who remembers mercy from fathers to children, towards those 'who love him and keep his commandments.' And have not those who have joined themselves to the Lord 'in a perpetual covenant, well ordered in all things and sure,' unspeakable reason to rejoice, and adore the height and depth, the length and breadth, of the riches of divine grace? Is it not strange that we can ever be forgetful of our covenant engagements;—that we do not bind them with the law of God upon our hearts, engrave them upon our minds, and live continually in view of them?

" When these considerations have a proper weight with us, things unseen and eternal rise to our view by faith, and things seen and temporal sink into their real nothingness. Oh, how false then appears earth's most alluring vanities,—how empty her highest honors, how trivial her most important concerns! But ah! the next hour is likely to find us busily engaged, pursuing after them with the same eagerness, as though our hopes of happiness centered exclusively *here.* Well may we lament our inconsistency. But we have consolation in the promise, that though *we* may forget, our Heavenly Father *will remember*, and though we wander, he will not utterly withdraw his loving kindness, or suffer his faithfulness to fail.

" If such is the state of those who 'have hope through grace,' what must be the case of those who stand afar off, and refuse to take upon them that 'yoke which is easy, and that burden which is light?' To such, can only be said, come and enter into covenant with your Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer, while it is 'an accepted time and a day of salvation, and ye shall find rest to your souls.' Come, for he hath never said to any of the seed of Jacob, '*Seek ye me in vain.*'

May 11, 1830."

Her desire was so ardent for the salvation of her friends, that it seemed as if she could never cease pleading with them to be reconciled to God. In all her letters she endeavors to seize upon some circumstance, by which a salutary impression may be made upon their minds. Though she had often written to her youngest sister on this subject, yet her efforts were not relinquished, when appearances were the most discouraging.

"June 1, 1830.

" My dear sister,

" What shall I tell you for your comfort? You say you are lonely. Oh, that I could hope your hours of solitude are spent with Him 'who seeth in secret!'—that I could point out to you in an effectual manner, the precious promises which are made to all who believe! You say nothing by which I can judge of the present state of your feelings upon the one all important subject. For what purpose, Jerusha, do you live? Have you ever asked yourself this question? not in gloomy despair, but to learn what is the end of your being? Do you reflect seriously, and judge yourself impartially? Or is reflection irksome, and when such thoughts and interrogatories cross your mind, do you banish them;—and have recourse to something which conscience condemns?

"Oh, my dear sister, the course of the christian may well be called 'a warfare.' He has often to exclaim, when 'I would do good, evil is present with me?' Yet he can look to an Almighty Saviour for strength, and can say with humble confidence in God, 'I shall come off more than conqueror.' The conflict is indeed so fierce at times, that he is almost overcome. But is it to be compared to the incessant strivings against an alarmed and upbraiding conscience? A mind once awakened, as yours has been, cannot soon be lost to all sense of duty;—no, even though it strives to have no regard for God, and casts off fear, and restrains prayer,—yet all will not answer. A thorn is implanted in the breast, which will pierce through with many sorrows. Who can doubt the solemn and awful declaration of God? 'My spirit shall not always strive with man.' Does not the thought of this make you tremble? May it lead you to cry unto the Lord, and beseech him to continue the aid of his Holy Spirit, and never leave you, until you are his own penitent and submissive child.

"Your affectionate sister,
SARAH."

When she was engaged in perusing the sacred volume, delightful trains of reflection presented themselves to her mind. She saw, and admired the hand of God in his dealings with his chosen people in ancient times, and glanced from thence to the support, which in every age, he grants to those who are devoted to his service. She loved to contemplate him, as the eternal source of spiritual nourishment, and to derive from every portion of his word, incentives to draw near to the throne of grace. These remarks are happily illustrated in the answers she prepared to the questions given her in the Bible Class. They show the use she was accustomed to make of divine truth, and the influence she wished it to exert on her heart. The incident to which the following question alludes, is recorded in the fifth chapter of Joshua.

" On what occasion did the manna cease ?

" After passing over Jordan, the children of Israel encamped in Gilgal, and kept the passover on the 14th of the month, at even, in the plains of Jericho ; and they did eat of the old corn of the land on the morrow after the passover, unleavened bread and parched corn in the self same day. And the manna ceased on the morrow, neither had they manna any more, but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year.

" We learn from Exodus 16th, that the Israelites had journeyed one month, before they were fed with manna, and from the time it was first given them, until the expiration of the forty years, they received daily supplies.

"How full of instruction is this one providence of God! How practical the lesson it affords! The Israel of God are wandering in 'a dry and desert land,' a wilderness which yields them no supply! and are they not daily fed with spiritual food? If not, it is because they neglect to seek and gather it; for he who is from everlasting to everlasting, the unchangeable Jehovah, is as ready to bestow upon us all the needed blessings, which we ask of him, as he was to grant 'angel's food' to the rebellious and ungrateful Israelites. During their wanderings this was their sustenance; and so will the influence of his grace, if we desire it, be *our* support through our journey, our comfort under trials, our light in darkness, and above all, our strength to sustain us in the conflict, with the combined powers of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"When in our closets we have near access to the throne of grace through our glorious Mediator,—when in the sanctuary we can exclaim, this is to me the house of God, and the very gate of heaven,—when in times of earthly distress, or peculiarly afflictive bereavements, we can, with the eye of faith, see the hand of God in every dispensation,—when we can, at such times, say it is the Lord, let him do as seemeth to him good—though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;—do we not then receive the *hidden manna*, the comforts of the spirit? Oh, why, when we can have this spiritual meat, why should we ever prefer feeding on the husks of earthly vanities? When we receive nourishment from 'the bread that cometh down from heaven,' like the disciples, we are inclined to cry, 'Lord, evermore give us this bread.' But how soon do we loathe it, as did the Israelites the manna, and as they asked for meat, so do we rashly ask for that, which, if granted, brings a curse with it. We provoke the Most High by our sins, yet he exercises forbearance, restores us from our wanderings, 'forgives us graciously and loves us freely.' Each instance of this, brings us under new and more binding obligations to live near to God, to use more diligently the means which he has provided for our strength and comfort,—means which he has engaged to grant us 'all our journey through.'

" After the Israelites entered the promised land, and commemorated their deliverance from bondage by celebrating the passover, and ate of the corn of the land, which was soon to be theirs for a possession, the manna ceased, neither did it any more descend. Though the food they had so long eaten,was not to be complained of nor despised, yet that which they now partook, must have been truly grateful to their taste, and they must, (it would seem) have thankfully enjoyed this gift, as a proof that greater good was yet in store for them.

"May we not expect that the support, which our Heavenly Father grants us through prayer, his holy word, and the ordinances of the sanctuary, will in like manner be continued to us, until we cross the Jordan of death, enter the promised rest, and with 'the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles,' commemorate our redemption from sin, and celebrate the marriage supper of the Lamb in the New Jerusalem? While in this vale of tears, we 'see through a glass darkly, and know only in part,' but there 'we shall see God as he is, and know even as we are known.' How changed, how wonderfully changed must be our *natures* and *capacities*, before we can participate in, and enjoy, such scenes! *Here* by continual prayer and watchfulness, we may go on from grace to grace, in the hope that grace will soon be perfected in glory;—but *there*, what continual progression shall we make in knowledge and enjoyment! In the language of inspiration, 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the joys which God has prepared for those that love him.'

"Let us then strive manfully for the prize of our high calling; let us be mindful of the recompense of reward in store for the faithful, and count all things but loss, that we may win Christ, and be found in him, having full confidence in the declaration, that 'we shall come off conquerors, and more than conquerors, through him, who loved us, and gave himself a ransom for us, to whom be glory forever.'

"June, 10, 1830."

"JOSHUA, 9th Chapter.

"What was the sin of the Israelites, in entering into a league with the Gibeonites?

"When the Gibeonites appeared at the camp, we find the Israelites listening to their story; and, (*though hesitatingly*,) giving credit to it, and entering into covenant with them;—but their 'great sin' was that 'they asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord.' The first sensations excited by this account, are those of surprise at their insensibility;—especially when we remember that Eleazer had been expressly appointed by God, as his mouth to the people, and to enquire at all times his will concerning them.

"The consequences that attended their omission of duty, lead us to reflect on the unspeakable privilege of being permitted to seek direction from on high. With only our own benighted minds, our own perverse dispositions, to guide us, where, where, would our course tend? Deified reason has not power to control and restrain us, even under ordinary circumstances; much less can she give direction in times of difficulty and danger, or impart comfort in seasons of gloom and distress. 'Tis only the hope of the Christian, which can support and animate to exertion, in scenes where unassisted human fortitude would entirely fail. Never is the value of this hope more felt, than when, in seasons of darkness and uncertainty, we can ask and obtain counsel of the Lord; or when every earthly refuge and solace fail, we seek, and gain, rich and precious consolation. Well may we exclaim,

> ‘Who, who that knows the worth of prayer,
> But wishes to be often there.’

"In this incident, recorded of Israel, it would seem they entirely neglected this duty;—and do not many who profess godliness, enter in a manner equally unguarded, into league with those who are the enemies of God, and not subject to His law?—Do not many *real* Christians, so far depart from the path of duty, as to compromise, if not to confederate, and *covenant*, with the world?—Never, never, are our eternal interests more in jeopardy, than when we are inclined to act in this manner. There is no concord between Christ and Belial, no fellowship between light and darkness,—and he who has once drank at the fountain of living waters, can neither slake his thirst, nor receive nourishment from the mixed and polluted streams, of mere earthly enjoyment. Should they like the Gibeonites, present themselves under a deceptive form, and strongly allure us, then is our time to flee, lest they ensnare us;—to flee and ask counsel and help of Him who is mighty to save.

"How often do we pretend to seek direction from God, and yet act exactly as our own minds inclined us before we consulted him, just as we sometimes ask the opinion of a friend upon a subject, concerning which we are already fully determined. While pilgrims and sojourners here, there is no enjoyment equal to that we receive, when we can divest ourselves of worldly cares; or if we are burdened with these, when we can lay them and ourselves before the footstool of sovereign mercy,—and humbly enter into the presence chamber of the Lord, and hold converse with the 'Father of Spirits.'—When are our anticipations of heavenly and eternal felicity, more bright and strong than at such seasons?—And there is a peace which passeth understanding, a peace to which the world are indeed strangers, in lying low, abased before God; and in the place thus rendered solemn, yea awful, by his presence, to confess and deplore our most secret sins.

"The more knowledge a person has of his own heart, the more he realizes the extent of its deceitfulness; the longer he travels in the narrow path, the more sensible he is of his own entire helplessness; and the more frequently and earnestly he seeks counsel and direction from Him, who has said he will perfect his strength in the weakness of mortals, the more will he feel that 'only while he prays he lives.' In the language of Montgomery,

> 'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
> The Christian's native air;
> The watchword at the gates of death—
> *He enters Heaven with prayer.*'

"July 2, 1830."

CHAPTER VI.

Painful sundering of ties—Visit to Saybrook—Beautiful landscape—Conversation with an unbeliever—Value of christian society—Sense of responsibility—Comparison between Athens and New-York—Fidelity in impressing divine truth upon her scholars—Memoirs of Mrs. Huntington—Spiritual conflicts—Increased endeavors after holiness.

The Rev. Mr. Fraser having returned from Scotland, resumed the pastoral care of the 'Tabernacle.' The joy of Miss Foote on the occasion was soon changed to sorrow. On the last Sunday in July, he took a final leave, and she was compelled to witness the dissolution of the Church and Sunday School, with which she had been connected.

Writing to her friend, under the date of Aug. 1, she says, "Our little 'Tabernacle' no longer exists as a Church, yes, that *tie is broken*—need I add, the thought of it almost broke my heart. Our Sunday School, too, is dispersed. Oh ! had you seen the dear children, you would have felt too. I knew not the intention of Mr. F. until he stated at the close of his subject, 'This is probably the last time I shall ever address you from this sacred desk.' He then referred to providential circumstances, that would induce him to pass the remainder of his days in his native land.—He spoke of the few, who, he could humbly hope, were the fruits of his ministry *here.* He reminded such of the circumstances, attending their conversion, and public dedication to God; and pointed to the spot, where, in the 'presence of God, angels, and men,' they entered into a perpetual covenant. He urged them by these sacred recollections, to walk ever mindful of their high vocation. How my mind rested on these things as he referred to them! Well did I recollect the time, the place,—I stood and vowed,—I knelt, and water from the baptismal font was poured upon me—the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were uttered in a voice I can never forget.

"The children were requested to stop after service. Mr. F. addressed them in an affecting manner and retired.—We were taken so much by surprise, that it was with difficulty we could suppress our feelings, or give such directions to the scholars as seemed necessary."

To these sources of anxiety, was added the removal of her friend C.[*] to an adjoining state. Alluding to this in the letter from which our last extract was taken, she asks, "Can it be? where are our plans, our anticipated pleasures, our uninterrupted intercourse? 'Truly man sees not through the thin partition of an hour.'

---

[*] She opened a school at Paterson, N. J.

"Monday, A. M., 7 o'clock. The morning has at length come, when my dear C. is to assume new duties and new responsibilities. It is a lovely, delightful morning. I have prayed, and will pray, that your strength fail not, or rather, that strength may be given you for the performance of every duty. Tell me, in your next, how you succeed.—I closed school on Friday, and intend leaving on Wednesday afternoon for Saybrook. Should it be fair weather, I shall have a delightful sail. Think of me as you gaze on Luna. Think of me as you plead at *twilight.*"

The manner in which her time was employed, during the vacation, may be gathered from the following letters:

"SAYBROOK, Aug. 6, 1830.

"Well, my dear Catharine, my plans and expectations are so far realized, that I have left the city, the bustling, noisy city, and, as you will see by the date of this, am in the land of steady habits. Imagine me in a very ancient house, the first built in the place—(you recollect the commencement and progress of this settlement—the object of its name, &c.)—imagine me in this antique place—in a room so spacious and hollow, as to remind me of some deserted castle. The sun is shining with all its morning brightness. But the scene from the windows, between which I am sitting, I cannot attempt to describe—I will only tell you some of the features in this widely extended, variegated, and to me beautiful landscape.

"In the front of the house, which is situated in that part of the town called the '*Point*,' the river widens sufficiently to form a bay.—The opposite shore is level for a short distance, and then one little hill rises after another, some covered with shrubbery, and others presenting a smooth velvet surface, without a single bush. Then, a more lofty eminence, consisting apparently of rocks, but covered with brown and yellow moss, so as to form a good contrast with the surrounding scenery.—If I turn my eye on the other side, I see a narrow stream whose surface, smooth as glass, reflects the rays of the sun with an almost dazzling splendor. Beyond this, is a meadow of yellow green ;—and farther still, hills and valleys, smooth surfaces, and dark green foliage, follow each other in rapid succession, until the view is bounded by the distant horizon.

"My aunt's family met me with open arms, and a hearty welcome. They say now they have me here, they shall use their power over me, as long as they please. I am disposed to stay a week or ten days, and hope to get that rest, refreshment, and strength, I so much need.

"All the objects around, remind me continually that 'God is near.' I have found a throne of grace accessible, and plead, with some degree of faith and earnestness, for the special object of our prayers, our dear friend H. When I thought of his situation, of the prospect of death without hope in Christ, I was enabled to commend him to God, and beg that he would hear the prayers, that were offered in his behalf.

"Yours as ever, SARAH L——."

"CHATHAM, Ct. Aug. 13, 1830.

"My dear C.

I left Saybrook yesterday morning and met H. on board the boat. His health evidently requires a change of air. But his spiritual state is like Egyptian darkness. Yesterday, I felt bold to speak, though not in my own strength, and told him, I had often thought of him, since leaving N. Y., and as often felt, that if he only had hope in Christ, I should have no further wish concerning his health. Though life and health were desirable, yet his eternal interests rose in my estimation beyond every thing else.—He was solemn and attentive; I proceeded, 'How do death and eternity appear to you?' 'All is darkness and uncertainty,' was his reply.

After further conversation, I enquired, 'do you not believe that you, and every created being, are dependent, for the continuation of life, on the Great First Cause of all things?' 'No, I do not believe it, if I did, I should act differently; yes, my whole belief would be very different from what it now is.' 'How does this grass grow?' said I. He was silent. I was full to overflowing, and could only exclaim, 'God of mercy, give him light.'

"After an interval of silence, I said, 'it would seem that our love of self would lead us to seek an increase of our happiness *here*, by securing the consolations of religion, which the gospel of Jesus only can bestow. You know nothing of the comfort of having a God for a refuge,—a throne of grace to flee to in trouble, where every feeling and desire may be spread without reserve, and in full assurance that the Lord will graciously hear your petitions.' 'No, I know nothing like it.'—I added, 'Even if existence ends with this life, and all beyond is —— Oh! it is not so—it is real; religion brings clearly to view, life and immortality beyond the grave,—it is built on the rock of ages,—it will never fail.' 'I cannot see it so,' he said. 'Did you ever ask that you *might?*' 'No, not with a right disposition.' 'Ask and you shall receive,—seek and you shall find.' 'I do hope, Sarah,' said he, 'that I shall yet be brought to see and feel all this—*if I am not right now.*'

'If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find the better way.'

"May that God, whom we profess to love, and who has the hearts of all in his hands, turn him from the error, the gross darkness of his ways, shed the light of the Sun of righteousness upon his mind, and lead him in the way everlasting.

"When I think of returning to New York, the late changes there, rise before me and fill my heart with sadness. But the thought comes home with interest and force, though all others are away, though all else change, God is ever *present*, *ever the same.* May I be kept from idols, and seek my all, *in him and from him.*

"Ever your own,
SARAH."

"CHATHAM, Aug. 17, 1830.

"Where would our course tend, were we permitted to order our own steps? Who is not convinced that ruin would ensue?—and yet knowing this, how can we hesitate yielding up our all, our temporal and eternal interests, into his hands who cannot err. How often is good brought from apparent evil,—light from darkness,—and still we cling to our own plans, and desire their accomplishment with just as much earnestness as though we could bring them all to pass. Shall our own petty concerns claim all our thoughts, all our exertions, when we are in the midst of a world lying in wickedness,—surrounded by those endeared to us by the ties of nature, who are still in the bondage of sin? Is not our enjoyment just in proportion to our spiritual mindedness, and our efforts to promote the cause of Christ? Oh, for the spirit of a missionary,—for the spirit of Christ my Saviour! When will this evil disposition be subdued, and my whole mind be brought into subjection to the law of Christ. If we were to look more frequently into our own hearts,—if we were to study ourselves more, should we not be more humble, and live more like Christians?"

This temporary release from the care of her school, the bracing air of the country, and the kindness of friends, had a salutary influence upon her health and spirits. She looked with cheerfulness on the face of nature, and loved to trace in every object and event, the benevolent regard of her Heavenly Father. A few days before her return to the city, writing to a friend, she gives a pleasing sketch of some of her excursions.

"CHATHAM, Aug. 23, 7 o'clock, A. M.

"I have just returned from my morning walk, which led me to the eminence east of the 'New House.' As I was ascending the hill, I almost unconsciously exclaimed, 'see, yonder comes the powerful king of day rejoicing in the east.' The sun appearing in glory, soon dissipated the blue mist, which was slowly rising from the verdant hills, and the unruffled river. My walk was solitary, but by no means dreary; for who can be lonely amid such a scene? Still, my enjoyment, at such times, is always *enhanced* when *shared.*

"The view of M——, of the river,—the scenery above and below, is from that spot fair and extensive. You have been near it, therefore I shall not attempt description, but of my Saturday's delights, you shall have some account. My good sister H. and myself, started at an early hour for B——, about nine miles to the west of us. Our ride lay along the bank of a beautiful stream, bordered with velvet green flats,—groves of willows 'melancholy waving,'—clusters of other trees,—cottages,—and all the variety and simplicity, which, when combined, are so pleasing. Sometimes might be seen a lofty distant hill, entirely covered with shrubbery,—while nearer appeared a verdant spot surrounded by trees. These reminded me forcibly of the green sunny spots, which memory now and then meets with in her review of the past.

"We commenced our homeward ride at six P. M., and all that had so delighted me in the morning, was rendered still more beautiful by the softness and richness, which the full rays of the declining sun cast over it. 'Twas a feast to the eyes,—'twas refreshing to the mind. Who, thought I, can gaze on nature here, and not acknowledge and adore 'nature's God.' The sunset was cloudless,—it was glorious,—and yet it inspired me with feelings so pensive, as to amount almost to sadness. 'Twilight had in her sober livery all things clad,' before we reached M——. Do you know that the hour of twilight is, with C., and myself, a consecrated season? Oh, cousin H., would that you, from experience, could testify to the rational, soul satisfying enjoyment, there is to be found in calling upon God.

"Tuesday, 1 o'clock, P. M.

"This is the last hour I spend at home. There is something strangely affecting to me in that word 'last.' I am not given to gloomy forebodings, and yet when I think—the last,—it reaches my heart. I have just heard, through Mrs. T., that you are *very unwell*, and feared another attack of bleeding. Why did you not tell me so? I took encouragement, from your silence on the subject, and as you closed 'in haste,' supposed you did not think to mention it. I would again,(would that I could do it effectually,) plead with you to attend with all diligence to the interests of your immortal soul.

" Your sincere friend,
SARAH."

The first letter she wrote after resuming her duties in the city, was to her sister Jerusha, who, as yet, gave no evidence of having chosen that good part, which can never be taken away.

" New York, Sept. 4,1830.

" My dear sister,

" The recollection that this night completes your twentieth year, has given rise to a variety of thoughts, and awakened many desires for your happiness. My neglecting to say much on this subject when at home, was not because I did not then think or feel concerning your case. I can never cease to feel most deeply for you. But how shall I induce you to feel for yourself? Shall I ask you to review the past,—to look back as far as your memory extends, and trace the merciful dealings of the Lord?

" Will not many blessings and privileges rise to your mind? You will remember when you were indifferent, entirely unconcerned about the great and all important subject. You will recollect the time when you embraced the doctrine, which is so pleasing to the carnal mind, the unchanged heart;—nor can you forget the season, when you were brought to see the fallacy of that belief,—the need of a new heart,—of forgiveness of sin through Christ, of repentance and faith. You felt then, that there was little in time worth living for, compared with eternal realities. You felt the emptiness of earth, and its insufficiency to give enjoyment without the consolations of religion. And why did you feel this? Why were your eyes opened, to see things in this, their true light? It was by the influence of that blessed Spirit, whom we are commanded not to grieve; and of whom, it is declared, 'He shall not always strive with man.'

"Were you not often invited to come to Jesus,—to seek that peace, which he alone can give? You thought you desired to be a Christian, and were willing to give up the world, to secure an inheritance in the realms of bliss. Do you feel that you have given up the world entirely? I fear not; but if you have, it would not purchase heaven for you. It is the surrender of your heart, of yourself, that God requires. And why delay this act? Why longer grieve the spirit, and put off that, which, by deferring, becomes more difficult. Perhaps you are waiting for deeper convictions of sin; or for something, you hardly know what. It may be you are trying by your own unaided exertions, to recommend yourself to Christ, and are not willing to come with all your sins upon you. But if you tarry till you are better, you will *never* come."

"Sunday morning.

"My thoughts have rested, this morning, on my dear friends, with more than ordinary interest. Oh, that I could look beyond this vale of tears, in the confident expectation of meeting them, and spending an eternal sabbath with them, in that world, of which this bright and beautiful morning, and these cloudless skies, may give us some faint idea. But the chief beauty and excellence of that state will be, that God himself shall be there,—and the Lamb in the midst. Sin and pollution shall never disturb or distress ;—all,—all *there*, will be what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived. To secure this, how plain is the way! how reasonable the conditions! and yet how *difficult* for the sinner to accept! What a clinging there is to earthly idols! But my dear sister, difficult as it appears, it is only 'look and live'; confess and heartily forsake sin, and it shall be forgiven you; yea more, cast yourself upon the mercy of him who died to redeem you, and not only pardon, but eternal life is yours. And is not this the safest course? If you refuse to give yourself to the Lord, the word of inspiration says, you must be eternally miserable.

"Read the 30th chapter of Deuteronomy,—and choose, even this day, whom you will serve. Let this be a new era in your life. Resolve, humbly, and in the strength of the Lord, that whatever others may do, you will serve him. Do you shrink in view of difficulties,—put your trust wholly in the Lord, and he will never permit you to be overcome or confounded. There is no time for delay. Not only resolve, but *act.* Begin, by unceasing prayer for light to see the way of duty, and for strength to walk therein. Shrink not from the requirements of the gospel, but seek to be actuated by right motives. Ask for zeal according to knowledge. Let your first efforts be to secure the approbation of your God, and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

"Feebly as I have expressed myself, you will not, my dear Jerusha, despise the course I recommend. You will not reject it, I know you will not. Do not then defer complying,—not with *my advice,* and *my terms,* but with the terms of the gospel. Take that as your guide. Read it much, and with prayer. Resist the tempter, and he will flee from you.

"Your deeply interested, and affectionate sister,

SARAH."

Though Miss Foote could plead earnestly with others to be reconciled to God, and describe with glowing feelings the happiness, to be found in the paths of religion ; yet she was no stranger to seasons of doubt and darkness. Her confessions of sin, of the wandering of her heart, and the divided state of her affections, were often so touching, as powerfully to elicit the sympathy of her friends. She loved the society of those, who had chosen the Saviour for their portion. Her intercourse with them revived her spirits, and excited her to engage, with renewed zeal, in the christian warfare. The thought that these conflicts were not peculiar to herself, that they were often experienced by the children of God; while it did not induce her to relax her vigilance, aided in keeping her from despondency. In her darkest hours she could look beyond this transitory scene, and hold communion with an ever present and Eternal Friend.

"Sept. 8.

"My eyes never fill, but with tears of gratitude, in thinking of the way in which the Lord has led me, and of his merciful dealings towards me. When retracing these, his hand is so plainly seen, that I can only adore, and weep. These reviews strengthen my confidence; and inspire me with firmer hope. Yet when reflecting on the glorious inheritance to which the child of God is heir beyond this probationary state ; I cannot, at times, believe, that all this is in store for a being so unworthy and useless.

"I realized my responsibility more than usual last week, and strongly desired to be more faithful, more consistent in my conduct, and to keep nearer to the throne of grace. I would awake, though burdened, and arise, and cast myself upon God. How necessary to have such a view of earth, and all its concerns, as shall lead me to place a just estimate upon them; to look upon every object in the light of eternity, and with reference to the final judgment! O, Lord, help me to follow Christ, through evil as well as good report; and to cherish an abiding sense of the value of immortal souls."

In a letter to a friend, on the 16th of Sept. she transcribed the following hymn, and remarked, "This is a favourite of mine. I love to dwell on the sentiments which it contains."

"I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin ;
Temptation without, and corruption within.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!"

"Sunday evening, Sept. 27, 1830.

"Another Sunday, with its exalted privileges, has passed away. The review only of this one day, is enough, considered in reference to the dread tribunal, to depress my spirits. Why do I not strive more earnestly and continually, to be conformed to the spirit of my Lord and Master? How can I believe myself an accountable being, accountable for the improvement or abuse, of time, talents, and influence, without making an effort to divest myself of the unholy influences, which keep me in bondage to the world? Why do I not awake and put on the whole armor of God, and live as a child of the light?

"I listened, this afternoon, to an awakening discourse. The preacher instituted a comparison between idolatrous Athens, and New York. The former had more temples than all the rest of Greece. It had an altar for every human passion,—for gods of other nations,—for the *Unknown* God. All this was, when science was in the acme of its glory. But, professing themselves wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into an image made like to corruptible man.

"This great city is professedly enlightened, and christianized; but does not the eagerness with which a great majority of the inhabitants seek wealth and honor, or devote themselves to sinful indulgences, amount to idolatry? All this is done amidst the full blaze of gospel light. Are we then very far behind Athens, in folly, or in guilt? How many here are destitute of religious knowledge, and never come within the sound of the gospel! Surely the worth of the soul, has never yet been impressed on our minds, or we should be vigilant, persevering, unwearied, in exertions.

"I called on all my Sunday scholars yesterday. Their eyes brightened with joy, when they saw me. They are a hopeful little band. My interest in them continually increases. May I be taught of God, and should I be privileged to continue with them, be more faithful, circumspect, and consistent.

"Your ever affectionate,

SARAH."

The mental conflicts of Miss Foote, induced her to ask the advice of a clerical friend. The result appears to have been salutary. She was enabled to look away from herself, and fix her thoughts on the Saviour. The Lord was evidently preparing her, by a severe discipline, for increasing usefulness. Her conscience was tenderly alive to every neglect of duty. The spiritual welfare of her pupils acquired a stronger hold of her affections. She found renewed pleasure in placing before them, Jesus Christ, as the only Saviour of guilty men. Her prayers, and her instructions, were accompanied with a blessing. Several of them became anxious to obtain an interest in the great salvation.

" Fully sensible of her dependence upon the influence of the Holy Spirit, and deeply affected with a sense of her personal guilt, she implored the Lord to aid her by his holy counsels, to keep her in that frame, which would be most acceptable in his sight; —to cleanse her heart from all iniquity, and to make her the honored instrument in his hands, of conducting these dear children, in the path of peace and holiness. Those who have been in similar situations, and felt the weight of their responsibility, will readily conceive, how painful must have been her solicitude. They know too, from heartfelt experience, how comforting it is, to be able to go to a throne of grace, and cast all their cares upon him, who careth for them, and will never be unmindful of the importunate supplications of his devoted children."

In a letter to her friend, on the 9th of Oct., she thus writes: "Though I have not recently had that light and joy which many experience; yet I have felt it a privilege to cast myself at the foot of the cross, with the determination to live henceforth by faith in the Son of God. Oh, for grace! Surely, if any person ever needed a double portion of the Spirit, it is your weak, erring friend. May we both ever keep near the Saviour, and, remembering our weakness, and our entire dependence, be more watchful,—more zealously engaged in the cause of our divine master."

"Nov. 14, 1830.

"My ever dear C.,

"In reading the life of Mrs. Huntington, I have been greatly struck, with the similarity between many of her feelings and my own. I find her expressing doubts, as to her ever having had correct views of the character of God, and his attributes, and of the odiousness of sin in his sight. She doubted, but did not despair. I had, for several days previous to commencing it, earnestly longed for right views of God—of sin—and of Christ, as the Redeemer and Mediator. At times, if this sinful heart did not deceive me, I realized that God was on the throne of the universe, ‘swaying the sceptre of universal dominion.’ The enquiry was suggested, who am I, to rebel against him? Why do I not humble myself more, and exercise more hearty repentance on account of sin? Unless even the appearance of evil is avoided, and every avenue to the heart strictly guarded, sinful thoughts will gain admittance.

“In referring to Mrs. H., I do not mean to compare myself with her, in attainments, experience, or any of the christian graces; I may admire, and so far as she followed Jesus, seek to imitate her example. It is a continual source of grief to me, that pride has such a place in my heart, and is so frequently manifested in my words and actions. But I can more freely than formerly, pour out my soul to God, and ask him to purify me from everything that is offensive to him.

“At these seasons, it seems to me, that no suffering, or sacrifice, would be unwelcome, that had a tendency, to weaken my love to the world, and make me more heavenly minded. At other times, I shrink from the thought, and ask myself, how could I endure the fiery trials, through which some of the Lord's servants have been required to pass! Yet with all my weakness, may I not confidently believe, that the promise will be verified, ‘as thy days so shall thy strength be?’

"Nov. 21. I have again been reading in Mrs. H's memoirs. Few persons have exhibited more conformity to the image of the blessed Saviour, or more entire submission to the will of God. His glory seemed to be the great *all*, with her. ‘God knows best,’ was her reply to every murmuring thought, or rebellious feeling. Why am I so easily discouraged? I fear I am too anxious to arrive at particular *frames of feeling*, instead of acting, as though I believed, that it is the general tenor of our desires, and the usual state of our hearts and affections, by which we should judge of our spiritual condition. My unworthy name is enrolled among the disciples of Jesus in the records of the church on earth, can I rationally hope it is written in the Lamb's book of life? Oh, for divine assistance, in the performance of every duty!

"May I not indulge the hope, that we shall be permitted to enjoy again, personal intercourse, and take sweet counsel together? Let us ever remember that we are not our own; that we, and all those things most dear to us, are at the disposal of an all wise Being. I would sit at Jesus' feet, and hang upon the promises. Though I have not such a sense of God's presence, or that enjoyment in prayer, which I desire; yet I sometimes find relief at a throne of grace, and can hope, that my Father will lend a listening ear to my supplications, and grant me those things, which are asked according to his will.

" How happy must they be, whose wills are swallowed up in the divine will!—who see the hand of the Lord in every event, and, in all their ways, acknowledge him ; who do indeed love him supremely, and live by faith in his dear Son! I would love the Bible more, and understand it better. I feel the need of having clearer views of holiness and heaven, and of seeking more constantly, to leave myself entirely in the Lord's hands, trusting that he will teach and guide,—own and bless. Pray for me, that I may ever live to his glory.

" Your affectionate, but unworthy friend,

SARAH."

"To MISS B., SCOTCHTOWN, N. J.

" NEW-YORK, Nov. 22, 1830.

" Well, dear Mehitabel, the month of November is almost gone, and where are you? Must I be disappointed in the pleasing, cherished anticipation, of again enjoying personal intercourse with you? Oh, time, time!—who can reckon its rapid flight? Six months have fled since we met ; and what is the ' report they've borne to heaven ?' The first enquiry, which it becomes us to make is, what has been our progress in the divine life ? Alas, my dear friend, a history of all my feelings, of my resolutions to forsake sin—and again transgressing, while it would *interest you,* because it *concerns me*, would be of little benefit. Do not think I am averse to free and unreserved communications. I have often been relieved and comforted by them. Yet there are seasons, when it is almost impossible to give expression to my feelings.

" Though my conflicts have been peculiarly severe, I have no cause for complaint. ' Our God is unchangeable,' ' the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' If we forsake him, must we not expect to walk in spiritual darkness ? What strange inconsistency, for those who have found that happiness, which is produced by the blessed truths of the gospel, to turn to this fallacious, unsatisfying world !

" Are not persons of an ardent temperament—whose sensibility is acute and strong, in more danger of being overcome by temptation, than those of a contrary disposition ? Surely such need a ' double portion' of grace. They must indeed 'pray and never faint,' if they would press forward in the narrow way.

" Would not a more frequent contemplation of the divine perfections—especially of the *holiness of God*, lessen our love of self, and increase our hatred of sin ? Are there not many *professed* Christians, whose comfort respecting the future, is drawn much more from the thought, that their eternal happiness will then be secured; than that they shall be permitted to dwell in the blissful presence of God, free from imperfection, beholding the Saviour in all the brightness of his glory?

"Your ever affectionate,

Sarah ——."

Conscious of many imperfections, she made unceasing endeavors to advance in the Christian race. Each new discovery of unsubdued sin, increased her watchfulness, and excited her to persevere with unremitted diligence. She felt, that the period for effort was short, and the requisitions of the gospel imperative. Slothfulness in her Master's vineyard was highly criminal. These thoughts pressed upon her heart; she gave expression to them when writing to her friend.

"Nov. 27, 1830.

"My own dear Catharine, what shall I say? You know the strength of my attachment to you—but as Mrs. H. says, 'God loves you better than I do.' Why have we so little confidence in Him? How can we wander so frequently from him, who careth continually for us, and constantly upholds us! If we ever reach the 'shore of blest eternity,' what shall we then think, what shall we then feel, in view of our present unbelief?

"Let us call to mind all the way our God has led us—let us thank him and take courage, laying hold upon his strength, and rejoicing that we are to walk by faith and not by sight. My dear C., why are our souls so languid? Can we not plead that we may be quickened in the divine life—strengthened anew for the conflict?"

Alluding to the memoirs of two females, eminent for their piety, she remarks, "some of their characteristics I think are very dissimilar—but I love them both; no doubt they now see eye to eye, and walk together in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. They have entered into rest—but they toiled, and watched, and prayed. Shall we yield to discouragement, when assured that if faithful, we shall come off more than conquerors;—yea, that we shall receive a crown of life?

"May we be zealous followers of those, who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises.—Oh! what is the longest life, compared with eternity? It is nothing;—and when we can look beyond the bounds of time, all the things by which we are now surrounded, seem as nothing; but we live by minutes, and are creatures of feeling; hence we are affected by the every day occurrences of life.

"How common is the petition, 'Help me to live as I shall wish I had done, when I come to die;'—and yet how little do we strive for this, or seek to live each day as if it were our last. Oh! let us desire, that our future plans may be left with God—let us ask, that one principle may ever constrain us—*love to God!* and that we may have the attainment of one end, continually in view—the glory of God! May we do this, desiring to leave all at his disposal. His way is best. He will direct our steps, if we trust in him, and prepare us for the joy of his everlasting kingdom.

"Yours affectionately,
SARAH."

CHAPTER VII.

Self-examination—"Advice to a young christian"—Female biography—Arduous duties of her school—Dangerous illness of a sister—Interesting seasons with her pupils—Reflections at the close of the year—Bishop M'Ilvaine—Divine purpose in permitting some of the Canaanites to remain in the Holy Land—Tendency of afflictions to draw the heart to God—Affecting case of destitution and suffering—Letter from Rev. J. A. Clark.

Miss Foote employed much time in the examination of her own heart, and fervently prayed for the illumination of the Holy Spirit, that she might see her defects, be cleansed from all iniquity, and engage, with elevated faith, in every department of duty. It is pleasing to perceive, that, though surrounded by many temptations, she was aspiring after greater deadness to the world, with her eye fixed on the atonement of Jesus, as the only ground of her confidence.

"Sunday Eve, Dec. 5, 1830.

"As an accountable and immortal being, as a professing christian, I have many duties to perform.

Duties to God, to myself, and to the world. If I hope or desire to perform these aright, it is necessary that my own heart should be right. Yes, it is necessary that this seat of iniquity should be cleansed, and made meet for the residence of the Holy Spirit. As a christian, I cannot be satisfied with present attainments, but should earnestly and continually desire, to employ those means, which will aid in producing a conformity to the will and image of the blessed Jesus.

" Believing that frequent self-examination is one of the greatest helps, to a knowledge of our own true state ; and having found myself greatly assisted in this, by occasionally recording the exercises of my mind ; the resolutions formed, and the mercies enjoyed, I have resumed the practice.

" Enable me, O Lord, to act from a clear sense of duty in forming resolutions ; and preserve me from abusing thy manifold mercies. May I judge myself impartially, and steadfastly resist the unhallowed influence, of a desire for the approbation of the world. Help me to keep a conscience void of offence, and tenderly alive to thy requirements. Above all, may I seek to glorify thee, and ever feel that I am not my own, but wholly and voluntarily thine. Make me more holy, and more devoted to the great concerns of my soul. Preserve me from sinful desires and motives. Teach me, in infinite mercy, more of myself, of my offences, and my helplessness, that I may love thee more, and rest entirely upon Christ as my Saviour. May I not only see, but feel; may I have that faith, which works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world.

"Have this evening finished the perusal of 'Advice to a Young Christian,' and hope I can sincerely thank God, that it was placed in my hand. Rarely have I read any thing on the subject, so clear, so full of feeling. It is just what I need. May the advice be received, and loved, and followed. In pursuance of the recommendation of the writer, and with humble confidence in divine aid; I resolve that at the close of each day, I will examine myself, scrutinize my motives of action, 'analyze my feelings,' see what duties have been performed, and what have been left undone, or carelessly and superficially attended to. Lord thou knowest me altogether, thou canst not be deceived, thou wilt not be mocked. May this thought lead me to flee every approach to deception, may it urge me to duty, and may I in the performance of duty be accepted through Christ."

She alludes to the same subject at a later period, in a letter to her friend C., and expresses her surprise that the duty had received so small a share of her attention.

"Yesterday, I endeavored to ascertain, whether my affections were really placed upon the Lord.

But I could only appeal to Him who knows all things, and beg, yea implore, with bitter tears, that I might be delivered from hypocrisy, and self-delusion. Dear C. how much we have to do! Without stepping beyond the boundaries of the 'little world within,' we have enough to occupy our time, and engage our thoughts. Add to this, the duty we owe to God and to our fellow creatures;—can we be idle?

"You speak of the necessity of self-examination; Is it not surprising that, until recently, my attention has been very little directed to the subject? This will account for my deficiency in self-knowledge. I hope, by the blessing of God, and the assistance of the Holy Spirit, to attend daily to this duty. Do you not think there is great danger of performing it superficially? Often, when I have been pursuing the examination, the iniquity of my heart has appeared in such a light, that I have shrunk from the view, and turned my thoughts to another subject. May a sense of my deficiency humble me in the dust, and lead me to exalt Him who can teach and enlighten.

"You ask my opinion of religious biography, and of the emulation it excites. It certainly has a powerful effect. I think the perusal of well written narratives, and especially memoirs of females, has a happy influence, and is calculated to inspire with confidence, on the one hand, and humility, on the other.

" Mrs. H. appears to have had very little unreserved intercourse with her friends,—that christian communion,—that interchange of feelings, which has a tendency, when properly regulated, to promote our comfort, and increase our affection for each other. But perhaps those parts of her correspondence were omitted. Do not imagine that my opinion of her is less favorable, than when I alluded to her before. My deep interest in the subject, has led to this expression of my views."

Miss Foote's school having become so large, as to render it impossible for her to perform its duties without assistance, she had, for some time, been solicitous to have a person associated with her, who would diminish her cares and responsibility. This was the more necessary, from repeated indications of disease, and an inability to use her voice without much suffering. Arrangements were accordingly made for her sister J. to assume a portion of the labor. At the time her arrival was expected, Sarah received the painful intelligence, that this sister, for whose welfare, she had cherished the deepest solicitude, was dangerously ill. Her feelings, on the occasion, will be seen by an extract from a letter to her beloved C.

"New York, Dec. 14, 1830.

"Did you receive my line, with the Middletown letter? If so, you are anxious to learn how my friends are. My dear mother is recovering,—but oh, how shall I tell you,—how can I think of it? My dear Jerusha is, in all probability, rapidly hastening to the grave. Yes, she, who a few short weeks since, was so blooming, so full of life, hope, and animation, is now past exertion,—pale,—emaciated, and daily declining. Her disease is a rapid consumption. You start. Where are my plans?—Where my promised enjoyment? Oh, Catharine, you will sympathize with me,—you know my affection for her. Yet it is all right;—God, who cannot err, has done it. Though the visitation has been so sudden, that it seems a Providence shrouded in darkness.

"Dear C., plead with God, not for her life,—but for her soul? Pray that she may indeed be renewed in the temper and spirit of her mind,—that she may not be permitted to go into eternity unprepared. I expect to hear from her again this week, and, should she be no more comfortable, the day on which I have anticipated folding you to my heart, will probably see me on the way to my sorrowful home."

Allusions to her scholars, in different letters, evince the fervor of her soul in their behalf. Speaking of the responsibility of a teacher, she says, "How many anxieties rest upon the mind! What a variety of feelings fill the breast! and, yet, 'tis a delightful task. Who, who can tell the destiny, the varied features, of the lives of the dear ones, now joyful, and light-hearted around us? What a change among them, will a few, a very few, short years effect!—and eternity,—oh, who can tell?

"We need to receive constant supplies of grace. Let us then, dear M., plead for each other, that we may be faithful in the trust committed to us, and at last enter into the joy of our Lord.

"Have you read Pollok's 'Course of Time?' If so, I think you will agree with me in admiring not only the sublimity of the style, but the loftiness and originality of many of the ideas. Let me know your opinion of it in your next letter."

Ennobling views of the divine character, and perfections, were sometimes suggested to her mind, when earnestly engaged in imparting instruction.—"To-day in school, I was speaking of the celestial system to my little scholars, and endeavoring to explain to them, how the stars hung in 'boundless space,' and were suns to other worlds. In attempting to lead their minds to the contemplation of the greatness and power, and at the same time to the goodness and condescension of God, I was really filled with the thought, and with unusual vividness, saw in God a being worthy of our love, confidence, and adoration ; and felt that the knowledge of such a being, is calculated to dignify and exalt."

On another occasion, she says, " I have this afternoon been endeavoring to impress on the minds of my scholars, the uncertainty and brevity of life, and the glorious hope, which the christian has, in view of death. I was insensibly led into this strain, and you know how every thought must, as it were, be *simplified*, that they may comprehend it. While conversing with them, I thought I could bid earth, and all its pleasures, cares, and pains, a glad adieu. And oh, I felt the responsibility of my charge, and looking upon the little group around me, earnestly desired so to walk before them, as to lead them to believe, that I am indeed influenced by the principles I inculcate. Oh, dear C., how watchful, how prayerful, how unwearied in our exertions ought we to be."

" Friday eve, Dec. 31, 1830.

" Well, my dear C.. the *last* hour in another year is nearly spent. Yes, another year is mingled with those already gone. What a season for reflection ! Blessings unmerited, privileges misimproved, changes in the circle of our friends,—oh, how many things rush upon the mind. You have I trust, spent the day as you contemplated, and received benefit from it. I have had more time than usual for retirement.

"Read some portions of Scott's Commentary. His notes and practical observations on the 15th chapter of John; how true they are! I felt a desire to be united, as a living branch, to Christ, the living vine, and to feed upon his fulness, and to draw from thence strength, to bring forth more and more, yea, abundant fruit to his glory. If I have gained more knowledge of myself the past year, there is too much cause to fear that I have profited but little by the dear bought experience; and that the avenues to temptation, and unbelief, have not been suitably guarded.

"A sentence in the Commentary, reminded me of what had been my own condition. 'Christians find by experience, that any interruption in the exercise of faith, abates the vigor of every holy affection, makes way, for the renewed energy of carnal inclination, and thus robs them of all enjoyment.'

"I have reason to cry, in sincerity and bitterness of soul, 'create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' Now what shall be our resolutions? Have we indeed renewedly, and unreservedly, given ourselves to Him whose we are?—then let us live to him, by walking circumspectly, redeeming the time,—*no more our own!* Oh, to be actuated continually by this thought!—a constant recollection of it would surely be a powerful incentive to the performance of those duties, and the cherishing of those feelings, that are acceptable in the sight of God.

"May He, in whose sight a thousand years are as one day, He, who is able to keep you from falling, and present you before the throne with exceeding joy, watch over, guide, and strengthen you, and supply you with every needed grace and blessing; prays your ever affectionate,

SARAH."

"Jan. 1.

"Heard the Rev. Mr. M'Ilvaine, from the 90th Psalm, 12th verse,—'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' In an eloquent, impressive, and affectionate manner, he entreated the people of his charge, to number their days according to the principles of Scripture;—to judge of the future from the past, and look for aid to the only source of true wisdom. He reminded them, that their days were not to be numbered by the seasons they had past, but by the manner in which they had lived. He pointed to the necessity of an experimental change of heart, the pleasure of a life of piety, and the importance of daily cherishing thoughts of death; that when he comes, we may meet him as a friend, with whom we are familiarly acquainted, and welcome him as the harbinger of peace. What time more suitable to commence this work than a new year? I felt the truth and force of the sentiments, and trust, I may be profited by them."

"Jan. 3, 1831.

"My school room was very solemn this morning. May it become more and more so, to me, and my dear scholars. May this be a year in which the Lord will appear by his spirit in our midst."

She scrupulously watched over her heart, lest any feelings should have place there, at variance with those which the gospel enjoined. Every subject on which she reflected, seemed to shed light, on the interior movements of the soul, or to suggest considerations of practical importance. She knew how to point the arrow of divine truth, at what was perverse in human action; and was ever a severe judge of herself. When writing for the Bible Class, she always proceeded from the general view unfolded by the subject, to the influence, it should exert on the lives and consciences of individuals. The only remaining exercises of this kind, that have come into the possession of the writer, belong to this period of her life. It is believed they will be read with profit, by all who desire to walk in the path of holiness.

" For what purpose did God leave the Canaanitsh nations among the Israelites, and not hastily drive them out? Judges, Chapter, II.

" Had the ten tribes been permitted to enter, unmolested, into the promised land, and to retain undisputed possession of the ' goodly heritage,' we may suppose they would neverthérless have forgotten Him, who delivered them ' with a mighty hand, and a stretched out arm;' for their idolatrous disposition was clearly manifested, when, in full view of Sinai, they made, and worshipped, a golden calf. And not only then, but from the time the waves were divided for them, the more signal their mercies, the more flagrant was their ingratitude. Even the covenant so solemnly made, and so sacredly confirmed, was ' transgressed,' and the posterity of those who had served the Lord, followed after other gods, and ' ceased not from their own doings, and their stubborn way.' Well might the anger of the Lord wax hot against them, and induce him to declare, ' Because this people have transgressed my covenant, which I commanded their fathers, and have not hearkened unto my voice, I also will not henceforth drive out from before them, any of the nations, which Joshua left, when he died, that through them I may prove Israel, whether they will keep the way of the Lord, to walk therein, as their fathers did keep it, or not.'

" If, in the wanderings of the chosen people through the wilderness, the christian can trace his own way, he will, in their subsequent course, find a delineation of the same. How often, after detecting secret sins, and being deeply affected by them, making confession of guilt, and forming resolutions of amendment; yea, after renewedly entering into covenant with the Lord, and subscribing with his own hand to be the servant of the God of Jacob;—how often, does he find himself, again enshrining idols in his heart, and giving to them that homage, which God alone can claim. By this, he, as was Israel, is tried, whether he will keep the way of the Lord and walk therein. He is shown, more and more of his own weakness, and led to feel that his sufficiency is entirely of God.

"If all our enemies were overcome at our entrance into the family of Christ, and all our evil propensities subdued, how different would be our course! Our allegiance would not then be tested, as it now is, nor should we so often feel, that if we would dispossess the 'Canaanites,' 'we must be watchful *every hour*, and pray, but never faint.'

"The experience of every day shows us, if we but watch the 'little world within,' that

'Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
Too oft divide our wavering minds,
And leave but *half* for God.'

"Knowing this, the heartfelt language of the christian will be,

'The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And *worship only thee.*'

"He will desire the removal of every thing, which hinders the course of a Saviour's love in his heart, 'though dear to him as a right eye.' The greatest earthly blessings may be so unduly estimated, as to become our idols, and we may be as much ensnared by them, as endangered by our spiritual foes. A little reflection on the slightness of the tenure, by which we possess our temporal enjoyments, is sufficient to convince us, that we ought to hold them with a loose grasp—to 'use them as not abusing them,' that we may prove ourselves good stewards, 'faithful over a few things,' and worthy through Him, whom we seek to honor, to be 'made rulers over many things in his heavenly kingdom.'

"Jan. 13, 1831."

"To what did the oppression of the Midianites lead the Israelites?

"Reduced to a distressing extremity, the Israelites cried unto the Lord. They doubtless felt inclined, from the heart, to make the appeal, Help, Lord! for vain is the help of man. They were, from experience convinced, that deliverance must be wrought by a more powerful arm than their own. They had been overcome, and were now oppressed by that very nation, who had in the time of Moses, been nearly extirpated. Their own efforts to release themselves were unavailing: their refuge in the mountains was no security against evil; and troubles were thickening around them, on every side.

"They cried unto the Lord, and, true to his promise, their covenant keeping God, though he had visited their iniquities with stripes, now proved, that he had not utterly withdrawn his loving kindness, nor suffered his faithfulness to fail.

"The situation of many a child of God, has been exactly similar to that of the chosen people at this time. The christian, after fierce conflicts, may obtain rest from his enemies round about, and thinking the victory won, he may at ease, sit down, and ceasing to watch, be led into, and overcome by, temptation.

"In this whirlpool of trouble, where is his help? He has laid aside his armor, and if he flees for refuge to the strongest fortress his own wisdom can devise, or his own strength erect, it will prove a weak defence. If he looks to himself, he is straitened on every side. His only resource will be that of the oppressed Israelites, crying unto the Lord. Alas, that it should so often, by experience be proved that this is the *last resort.*

"How frequently, at such times, will Egyptian darkness surround him! Yea, the very heavens will seem as brass over his head. He cannot 'glance a thought half way to God.' Though pleading with a penitent heart, for forgiveness of past sins, and for assistance to prevail against the warring and oppressing tribes within; he will feel that his doom is just, if his plea is rejected. Still, he will supplicate as did David, 'Hear me, O Lord! when I cry with my voice; have mercy upon me and answer me. Hide not thy face from me; put not away thy servant in anger; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God, of my salvation.'

"Happy would it be, if the christian's experience, of all this bitterness of soul, should lead him to be wary, to obey the voice of the Lord, and diligently to follow the path of duty. Surely our hearts, like those of the Israelites, must be fully set in us to do evil, or we should continually delight to do the will of God, counting it our highest honor to be found in his service, and verifying the truth, that his commandments are not grievous, and that in keeping them, there is, even in this life, a great reward.

"Jan. 30, 1831."

Arduous as were the daily duties of Mrs. Taylor, she felt that the sick and destitute had claims, which could not be disregarded. When her own health was feeble, she would fly to the chamber of disease and suffering, and spare no efforts in administering relief and consolation. An account, of one of these visits, is furnished in a letter to a friend.

" On Thursday of last week, C.— D.— called, and, informing me of the extreme illness of her brother, requested me to go immediately to see him. I found him in a large room on a cot, in the most destitute condition. A wife of nineteen, and his feeble sister were the only persons present. He said he knew that he was a sinner, and hoped God would show him mercy, but of the plan of salvation through a Redeemer, he seemed to have little or no idea. I urged him to use his remaining strength, in seeking mercy through Jesus Christ, by casting himself upon him for salvation.

" On Friday, I invited several religious friends to call, but the poor invalid was so exhausted by being raised from his bed, that he was unable to converse. They generously contributed to his temporal necessities and left him. Towards evening, I called again. An affecting scene was presented. He was in severe agony. His poor wife and sister were endeavoring to suppress their feelings, and, by every means in their power, to afford him relief. I assisted them, until I perceived he was fainting, and then enquired, if there were no neighbors, to whom we could apply for help? No—all were strangers. I went across the street, and stated the case; but could not procure assistance; all were busy. I returned to the bedside, and rendered all the service in my power. The paroxysm returned. I then succeeded in finding a person, who left all, and accompanied me. He instantly took the place of the worn out females. Hastening to the vicinity of my residence, I soon found an excellent man, (one of my patrons,) who consented to take care of him for the night. In the mean time, medicines were administered, which afforded temporary relief. Early on Saturday morning, I was requested to invite a clergyman to visit him. The poor sufferer was now comparatively easy in body, and expressed a desire to attend to his soul.

"My Bible Class teacher, Mr. Clark, seemed a proper person on whom to call. He did not hesitate, and was soon at the bedside of the dying man. Oh! that I could give you a just conception of the interesting, solemn conversation, that ensued. Mr. C. is a faithful minister, and an experienced one, too. He drew forth all the feelings of the heart, and then adapted his conversation to the case. Beginning with the first principles of religion, he explained, why we need a Saviour, and how we may be interested in his death and atonement. Again and again did he hold up Christ to him as our only hope and refuge, and showed the office of the blessed Spirit.

He concluded with a very appropriate prayer. His pious heart seemed raised to the mercy seat. I could only think of 'man in audience with the Deity.' He pleaded with an earnestness, and fervor, that almost carried with it, an assurance of being heard and answered.

"After this, the sick man called his wife to him, and urged her to make God her friend, and to look to Jesus for consolation. Before I left, he said, 'I feel greatly relieved in my mind.' In the evening he was more comfortable, his mind evidently absorbed by the great truths, that had been unfolded to his view, and before 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, he was in eternity.

"You recollect how stormy last Sunday was; yet, being well prepared for the weather, I went to Sunday School, but was called from thence to visit the afflicted family by the same gentleman, who promptly complied with my request on Friday. He has proved himself a friend to them in their sufferings. I endeavored to direct their thoughts to the consolations of the Gospel, and cannot but hope, that this painful visitation, will be the means of drawing them near to God."

In addition to the particulars here recorded, I have the pleasure of introducing an extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Clark, written in reply to some enquiries I had made on the subject.

"PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 21, 1837.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,

"You are aware, I suppose, that Miss Foote was not one of my parishioners. My acquaintance with her was comparatively slight. I recollect, however, being impressed with the idea, that she was a young lady of very clear and vigorous intellect, and of deep and ardent piety. She had a most benevolent heart, and felt, that she ought to make personal efforts, for the salvation of those around her.

"I have a distinct remembrance of the visit to which you allude. It was on Saturday that she called, and requested me to go, and see a young man who was very ill. I had such engagements upon my hands, that I felt strongly tempted to excuse myself. But her countenance, at that moment, assumed such an imploring aspect—and she spoke so feelingly of the ignorance and unpreparedness of the sick man to meet his judge, that I felt constrained to throw aside all my other engagements, and accompany her quite to the other end of the city. I recollect very well that this interview was of such a character, as to lead me to form the solemn determination, that whatever might be my engagements at any time, they should all give way when I was called to visit the sick.

"I presume you have a record of the principal circumstances of this interview, and of the family of the young man. It was a scene which I can never forget. While I tried to direct the darkened and benighted sinner to Christ, Miss Foote, like an angel of mercy, stood near the bed, the tear occasionally stealing down her cheek, and her countenance plainly indicating, that her heart was lifted up in earnest prayer, that the instruction might not be lost.

"As she has now gone to her rest, I am happy to learn, that her friends intend to bless the world, by recording, what God wrought in her to the praise of his glory.

"Your affectionate brother,

JOHN A. CLARK."

CHAPTER VIII.

Blessed result of faithful labors—Review of her past life—Devotional exercises—Sickness and death of a beloved sister—Poetical tribute to her memory—Visit to Middle Haddam—A sister's grave—Removal to Paterson—Favorable circumstances attending the change—Words of comfort to a friend.

REFERENCE has already been made, to an increase of seriousness among the scholars of Miss Foote. The desire of her heart was realized. She was permitted to rejoice over several of them, as the hopeful subjects of divine grace. In alluding to what had transpired, she says, " It is the power of God's truth, made effectual by the operation of his spirit." Nothing can be more gratifying to the faithful, conscientious teacher, than to see the blessing of the Lord crowning her exertions. She feels a new incentive to prayer, humility, and gratitude.

It has been the privilege of the writer to converse with several, who were pupils of Miss Foote at this period. They uniformly speak of her in the most grateful and affectionate manner. One of them remarked,—" I think it would be impossible for me to feel so strong an attachment to any other person."

Another observed, "though I have not seen her for six years, I can never forget her. We all felt that she considered it a privilege to impart instruction; and on no subject did she more powerfully touch the sensibilities of our hearts, that when adverting to our religious obligations. She lived, prayed, and conversed, in view of the eternal world."

Many recur to the season, in which they were connected with her class, as the commencement of their religious life. Three of them closed their eyes on the things of earth, before their beloved teacher; and now, I trust, are rejoicing with her in the blissful presence of God and the Lamb. Nearly all, of those who survive, regard her as having been the chief instrument employed by God, in conducting them from nature's darkness, to the marvellous light of the everlasting gospel. May a double portion of her spirit ever rest upon them.

A private record, dated April 25, 1831, shows the low estimate she formed of her own attainments, and how little she saw in herself, that could be acceptable to God.

"I have this day been renewedly impressed with the sacredness of my obligations, to live to God and to him alone. In view of all that rests upon me, I am constrained to cry, Who is sufficient for these things? I feel, most sensibly, my utter helplessness, and my constant need of divine grace, to think a good thought, or perform a good action. Two years have rolled away, since I assumed the vows of the everlasting covenant. It is painful to think of the many changes, that have transpired. But after a few more, if my name is written in the Lamb's book of life, I shall be removed to a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"A review of the past two years, convinces me, that I ought to lie low before God. My unprofitableness in his service, is truly humiliating; and yet pride retains a place in my heart. Oh, my unbelief, my blindness. Lord, thou knowest it all; enable me as a poor helpless sinner, to come to Christ, the Infinite Fountain, and receive that supply which he alone can give.

"Almighty and everlasting God, I would yield myself entirely to thee; thou hast a right to all. Elevate my affections, and fix them upon thyself. Shouldst thou leave me to the counselling of my own heart, I should dishonor thee, and bring ruin upon my soul. Help me to live to thy glory. Keep me from whatever is offensive in thy sight; and let me lean upon thy Almighty arm. May I sit with humility at the Saviour's feet; and may the Holy Spirit cleanse me from all iniquity. Oh, my Father, strengthen me for duty, lead me in the path of holiness, and accept my imperfect services for the Redeemer's sake."

"April 28.

"I have great reason to mourn over my inconsistency;—yet, if I know my own heart, I desire to be kept from presumptuous sins, and from secret faults. How often do vain imaginations interrupt my seasons of retirement, and render my devotions unprofitable. I clearly perceive that my best performances are polluted with sin, and need the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. If ever I join the circle of the redeemed in a brighter world, how wonderful the change! May I cherish that living faith, which purifies the heart, and overcomes the world, which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

The last days of her beloved sister drew near. Jerusha had so far recovered from her first attack, that early in the spring, she came to New York, with the hope of joining Sarah in her school. But the Lord in his Providence had otherwise ordered. She arrived an invalid, and was scarcely able to leave her room, during the few weeks, that she remained here. These sisters were tenderly attached to each other, and nothing seemed wanting to perfect their union, but evidence that the younger, had chosen the Lord for her portion. She appreciated her sister's kindness and solicitude, sought an interest in her prayers; frankly confessing that her heart was alienated from God.

Writing to Sarah, a few months previous, in reply to a former letter, she thus expresses herself:—"Your letter was perused with mingled feelings of pleasure and remorse; pleasure at being remembered so affectionately by my ever kind sister, and remorse for having so long neglected advice, dictated by the purest of motives,—a sincere desire for my future welfare, and the glory of that Being, to whom you have dedicated yourself for time, and for eternity.

"Sincerely do I wish, that your feelings were mine, that our hearts beat in unison, that we could participate in the same pleasures. I am *indeed alone;* with no friend on earth, to whom I can impart those feelings, which all must have, who, like me, have slighted the calls of mercy; and no friend in heaven to whom I can go; for I have neglected to secure that friendship, which I now feel to be of infinitely more importance than the wealth of worlds. Pray for me, dear sister, that I may truly repent,—come out from the world, and embrace, with faith, that Saviour, through whom alone my sins can be forgiven, and I be prepared for happiness beyond the grave."

Here was a case that enlisted all her sympathies. The afflicted friend was her sister. The disease was evidently gaining ground, and must soon terminate her earthly career. Who, with the feelings of a sister, and a christian, could be unconcerned? A few lines to one of her friends, express her solicitude on the occasion.

"You know that I have a sister very ill,—in all human probability, on the confines of eternity,—you believe that the prayer of faith prevails with God. Think of the 'value of her priceless soul,'—think of her present situation,—and then draw near, with boldness, to that throne of grace, to which we may have free access, through a Mediator. May you find daily, that your 'closet is indeed an awfully solemn place.' 'There may you address the Father through the Son.' There may you indeed hold sweet communion with the Lord our God, and draw down the blessings for which you plead."

The Rev. Mr. Clark was requested to visit Jerusha. He unfolded, with his accustomed clearness and fidelity, the way of salvation through faith in a crucified Saviour, and the alarming consequences of withholding from the Lord, the affections of the heart. He was listened to with every expression of interest. The patient sufferer felt, that she could no longer persevere with impunity, in the neglect of proffered mercy. She saw the futility of every false hope on which she had previously relied, and resolved to devote herself, in earnest, to the attainment of those things, which belonged to her everlasting peace. Sarah spent with her many anxious days, and sleepless nights, but those days were soon numbered, though not until she had returned to her paternal home, and found peace and joy in believing.

A letter to Miss S. presents before us the concluding scene. It was written from Connecticut;—Sarah having arrived there, a short time before her sister's death.

"MIDDLE HADDAM, June 20th, 1831.

"The conflict is over, my Catharine;—her spirit is disembodied;—without a groan or struggle, she left her weeping friends, and her load of sin and suffering, and entered, I trust, the presence, the blissful presence, of her Saviour. Have you ever seen a dear relative die? It was a solemn, trying, hour. Oh, for entire submission to the righteous dispensations of Jehovah! She said to me last night, 'Can you not resign me into the hands of my Saviour, and feel happy in doing so? My bursting heart could not, without difficulty, make a reply. Previous to this, I had asked, upon whom her thoughts chiefly rested? She replied, 'my Saviour.' How does he appear to you? 'The one altogether lovely.' She then requested me to pray with her. Two young —— were present, and mamma, and sister H. I was overcome by the request, though I had longed to engage in this holy exercise with her, once more; after giving vent to my feelings in tears, I knelt by her side, and commended her spirit into the hands of her God and Saviour. She kissed me good night. Her last words to me this morning were, do pray for me once more,—pray with me, my sister. To the inquiry respecting the state of her mind, she said, 'All is well. I place my trust in an all sufficient Saviour.'

"Can it be, that I shall ever again be unmindful of death, and forget that eternity is before me? Will the Lord seal this truth, upon my hardened and rebellious heart. Wherever I go, may I bear in mind the utter uncertainty of every thing below the skies.

* * * * * * *

"Our passage across the sound was delightful;—as I looked upon the broad expanse of waters, brightened by Luna's silver rays, and gazed upon the cloudless sky, and then at the foaming wake, left by our boat, as the divided current met and passed away; how could I express my emotions! Oh, C., it was a beautiful, a glorious scene. You would have admired, and to admiration you would have joined adoration. I mused and moralized—looked back to childhood's happy days, and then reviewed some later periods.—Who could forget a beloved sister? or refrain from asking, shall I no more hear her cheerful voice? no more be welcomed by her to my home, after a long absence? I cannot realize it. My mother and sisters, were almost inconsolable.

"Remember our afflicted circle, at the twilight hour, and oh, at your precious family altar, remember her, who would rejoice to kneel with you once more.

"Your own friend,
SARAH."

The following lines, written by Miss Foote, soon after the death of her sister, disclose the feelings by which she was supported on the mournful occasion.

"She's gone! nor sighs, nor tears, nor earnest prayer
Availed, to save from the grim tyrant's power!
The heart that lately throbbed so high with feeling,
No longer hath pulsation, and the eyes
Which beamed with love so sweetly on us all,
In death's deep slumber are forever closed.
Her body tenants now the grave—cold bed!
But where's her nobler part—the deathless soul?
Is that confined to the dark prison house?
Can that which wastes the mortal, there annoy
The immortal too, with sense of loathsomeness,
Of foul corruption, and the crawling worm?
No, no, the king of terrors dares not claim
The Spirit as his prey! The body, frail,
Enslaved to sin, and subject to disease,
And pain, and sure decay, is all his own.
On that the worm may riot; o'er its bed

The summer flower may sweetest fragrance breathe,
Or the drear winter's storm may rudely sweep—
It boots not to the quiet slumberer there.
For Christ, death's mighty conqueror, hath burst
The chains of bondage ! Risen from the grave,
He hath become the first and glorious fruit
Of all that sleep, sealing to faith the hope
That they who sleep in him shall with him rise.
To such, death has no sting, and the dark grave,
Drear as it is, no victory can boast. m
O'er such, though we may weep, we sorrow not
As those who see no hope beyond ;—for oh !
'Tis consolation deep, to feel that, while
' An angel's hand can't snatch her from the grave,
' Legions of angels can't confine her there.'
We may rejoice, too, in the blessed hope
That, her frail mortal now put off, she's clothed
With immortality, and that the song
Of heaven's pure harps, of which the untiring theme
Is Jesus' dying love and saving grace,
Bursts from her lips, and swells her golden lyre.
A few more evil days, a few more rounds
Of weary years, and this declining sun
Will shed bright beams upon our lowly bed,
And warm to life the flowers that love shall plant
To deck our graves. Then let us patient wait,
Until the time of our deliverance comes,
And then, forever re-united there,
Where sickness, sorrow, sin, or fear of death,
Or thought of separation, never comes—
We'll reign with her—we'll reign with all the host

Of Christ's redeemed, and, ever at his feet
Casting our blood-bought crowns, raise high the song—
'Worthy the Lamb.'

"June 21st, 1830."

Though wonderfully sustained in the hour of conflict, she returned to her duties with a heavy heart. One after another, had been called away, around whom her affections were entwined. Yet she was enabled to perceive, and acknowledge, that it was the Lord, who had done it. These events led her to an anxious enquiry respecting her future course. Her great desire was, to be in that sphere, where she could most effectully subserve the interests of Christ's kingdom. She reflected much on the benighted condition of heathen nations;—and was solicitous to aid in extending the gospel among them.

On a particular occasion, she writes to her friend. "Dear C., we may yet be united in closer bonds, in a nobler cause, even on missionary ground. I feel a desire to live for God, to live so that my conduct and conversation shall have a direct tendency to advance the cause of Emmanuel. May my example be holy, and consistent."

Alluding to the same subject in another letter, she evinces the strong hold it had of her feelings.

"At our teachers' meeting we sung Heber's Missionary Hymn. My ardent feelings rose so high, to enter into the glorious work, that I had to struggle with them. I can only banish such thoughts, by reflecting that I am now, in one sense, on missionary ground. Do we fully realize the meaning of the words, ‘Lord, I give myself to thee?’

“July 24, 1831.

“How easy it is to converse upon a subject, and imagine we are willing to do much, when we should shrink in the hour of trial. How can I duly feel the necessity of self-denial,—prayer,—and continual trust, in an ever present, ever strengthening Saviour! When the millions of perishing heathen were presented before me to-day,—the language of my heart was, Lord, if an unworthy being, like myself, can do any thing to advance their spiritual welfare; make me willing, however great the sacrifice; banish every sinful fear; and let me count it my highest honor, to devote all that has been lent me, and for the use, or abuse of which, I am accountable, to thy service.

“This morning, I was gazing upon the solar rays, and thinking how powerful they were, when scattered; and yet converge them by means of a lens to a focus, and how quickly, heat, and even fire, is elicited. So, when our affections are divided between religion, and the world, fixed steadily upon no object, our efforts will be fruitless; but let Christ be the centre of attraction, and all our feelings and affections united in him; light will be diffused in our hearts, our souls will kindle with a holy ardor for the promotion of his glory. I desire to love God supremely—to exercise childlike confidence in him—to call him Father, and to feel so submissive to his will, that, under the most afflictive dispensations, yes, in gloom, darkness, and distress, I may believe, and implicitly trust."

With the feelings just described, she closed her school about the middle of August, to engage, in a similar employment, with her friend in Paterson. This was a severe struggle to her affectionate heart. She loved her scholars, and they were ardently attached to her. The blessing of Heaven had rested on her exertions. But the labors of the school had become too exhausting for her strength. She anticipated decided advantages, from the country air, and a division of responsibility.

The following letter was written after she had taken leave of the 'lovely group.'

"Middle Haddam, Aug. 19, 1831.

"My dear Catharine, I have been home only a few hours. * * My first steps led me to Jerusha's grave. Oh! what unbroken silence reigns around her narrow resting place. I was alone, and my previously suppressed feelings now had vent. The sentences repeated by the Rev. Mr. Jarvis, as we, in sad procession, walked the narrow path through the yard, to her grave, sounded loudly in my ears. 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die,' &c. The turf, which was so carefully laid over her, is 'withered and sear,'—but, no doubt, spring will see it green and bright—an emblem faint of the coming season, when she, and all who are prisoned in the grave's dark confines, shall put on immortality and incorruption."

"Wednesday, A. M., Aug. 24.

"Oh dear C., why have you not dispatched a letter for me. Only think how long, since I have heard from you. Though so many things are around me to occupy my mind, and so many friends to share my attention, yet you are *there*, and are *here*. I had hardly received a welcome, before I found myself saying, if C. was only here, all my enjoyment would be more than doubled. When I climb yonder hill, and gaze upon the extensive prospect from its summit, I want you at my side to help me admire. When I see the 'powerful king of day' first manifest the signs of his appearing, and 'rejoicing in the east;' or when at day's decline, I behold him sinking silently beneath the western horizon, and shedding forth his milder glories over this rich and varied landscape ;—then I want you with me to contemplate ;—and as the twilight hour arrives, to praise in heartfelt melody, and to adore, the Author of all ; —*all*—that we have now to enjoy, and all that we expect to realize, when 'hope is changed to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise.'

" Sometimes, I look out of my window at evening, when the stillness is unbroken, save by the murmuring of the gentle stream, that borders our garden ;— and oh ! the cloudless sky, and the bright moon, and the towering, drooping elm tree, which dear Jerusha, so much admired ! A view like this is enough to drive away sleep—even from such a drowsy mortal as your friend. It is enough to raise one's thoughts, to that bright world, where dwells Infinite Purity ;—where worship the heavenly hosts.

" Would not an habitual contemplation of the holiness of God, have a decidedly practical and deep influence upon our whole character ? Our own vileness in his sight, the aggravated nature of our repeated offences, our inability of ourselves to think a good thought or perform a good action, our entire dependence upon Christ for pardon and acceptance, and his preciousness as our only mediator and righteousness ; are some of the abiding views we might thus obtain. Would they not lead us scrupulously and perseveringly 'to avoid every appearance of evil ;' and to hunger and thirst after that, which will assimilate us to the character of Him, whom not having seen, we desire to love? We profess to be christians; why are we so grovelling? Why do we so seldom look with the eye of faith, to things unseen and eternal?

"Remember to pray for her, who soon hopes to be one with you in your present employment; and, oh, glorious prospect! to be united with you in a better state of existence.

"Ever, your SARAH."

"NEW-YORK, Sept.

"Is it not true that christians every where live far, very far, below their precious privileges? Why is it, that those, who have enjoyed sweet intercourse with the Father of their spirits, ever suffer their thoughts and affections to be so engrossed with earthly things, as almost to exclude the Saviour from their hearts?

"In going to church this morning, I thought with pleasure of the time, now near, when we shall take sweet counsel together and walk to the house of God in company. The Lord has been better to me than all my fears. May I never forget to praise him for his unmerited kindness. Let us pray more and more, that he may be glorified in us and by us.

"In haste, your affectionate
SARAH."

The preceding letter was probably the last she wrote before removing to New-Jersey. In her new situation, she found much that contributed to her comfort, and diminished her care. To human appearance, she seemed likely to enjoy as great a degree of happiness, as is usually allotted to the christian on this side the grave.

Several extracts from her letters while at Paterson, will acquaint the reader with the most interesting circumstances connected with her residence there.

"PATERSON, Sept. 26, 1831.

"Have we not, in the case of your brother, an illustration of the truth—'Man sees not through the thin partition of an hour?' I can form some idea of your feelings, as you watch by his bedside—away from those parental friends, whose tender kindness can never be supplied, even by the most assiduous attention from strangers. I can imagine too, the anguish of your spirit, should your fears concerning him be realized. What an unfailing refuge is our God! How sure are his promises! Whether in prosperity, or bowed down with adversity, that person is blessed, who can leave all in the hands of that Being, who is, 'too good to be unkind, too wise to err.' May this consolation be yours. And should you be called to resign your brother, may you be enabled to see the hand of an all wise and merciful Parent, who 'doth not willingly afflict or grieve.' And, however mysterious his dealings appear, may you be submissive, and believe that though clouds and darkness are round about him, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. May you rejoice that the Lord reigns, and dwell with confidence on the thought, he *will do right.*

"With regard to my own concerns, blessings flow to me in one continued stream. My home is delightful,—its inmates are a happy little group. Here we sit 'under our own vine,' none molesting, or making us afraid.

"Believe me, as I am in sincerity, your true friend,

SARAH."

CHAPTER IX:

Sanctified afflictions—Renewed ardor in the performance of duty—Death regarded as near—Cheerful acquiescence in the divine will—Increase of strength—Return to the city—Gratitude for past mercies—Winter spent in retirement—Preparation for new duties—High estimate of missionary services.

SHE, who was ever prompt in administering consolation to others, soon needed it herself. The next letter before me, affords no doubtful evidence that her health was impaired, and that without the most watchful care, her prospect of usefulness would be blasted, and her labors on earth terminated. It is gratifying, however, to perceive, that her spiritual energies did not slumber, that she sought the Lord for her refuge, and could calmly repose on his everlasting arm.

"PATERSON, Oct. 3, 1831.

"Detained from the sanctuary yesterday, by indisposition, and prevented from uniting with the friends of Christ in commemorating his dying love, I was still privileged in the retirement of my own room, to plead that He, who is the master of assemblies, would condescend to gladden me with his presence, —to warm my heart, and enliven my languid feelings; by granting me new supplies of that grace, without which, I have only a name to live, while spiritually dead.

"The past week was to me, on many accounts, one of peculiar interest. Though I felt myself in a land of strangers, yet the hope of enjoying christian communion in a holy ordinance, gave me pleasure. I looked forward with earnest expectation to the Lord's day, as a season of refreshing from on high.

"I endeavored to examine myself, and, superficially as the duty was performed, it led me to see something of my blindness and guilt. I sought to commune with my heart in the watches of the night, and asked myself, what progress am I making in the way of holiness? Am I in reality doing any thing in the cause of Him, to whom I have publicly consecrated all the powers of my soul? Can I make the words of the Psalmist, the *language of my heart?* 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth, that I desire besides thee.'

"I had a clearer perception than usual of the attainments, required of the christian, and of the course proper to be pursued; though I saw much to lament in my neglect, or lifeless performance, of duty, and in my want of an adequate sense of the aggravation of my guilt.

"Do we, I would appeal to your own conscience, walk worthy of our high vocation? Do we not often trifle with our obligations, by living too much as though we had no duties to perform for ourselves, —our associates, and a world lying in wickedness? Why is it so? We know that the course of the christian is onward, that he should continually aim at an entire conformity to the standard of the gospel. These remarks are made from 'the abundance of the heart,' would that I could say a 'broken and contrite heart.'

"While I believe that we ought to 'forget the things that are behind,' and that reviews of the past can only profit, as they serve to humble us, I would ask, shall we not, sensible as we must be of our perfect weakness, set out anew in the strength of Christ? and with the benefit of past experience resolve to be more watchful, and to demean ourselves in all respects, as the children of God?

"Though my health is far from good, yet I have so many unmerited comforts, and such freedom from the labors and cares, which have hitherto rested with their full weight upon me alone, that I have cause daily to offer praise and thanksgiving. That God may be glorified in us, and by us, shall ever be the heartfelt prayer.

"Of ——— SARAH."

The christian never enjoys sweeter consolation than when enabled, by the grace of God, to regard the dearest objects of earth in subserviency to the divine will. It is, as experience abundantly testifies, no small attainment, to love strongly without idolizing. Earthly attachments, where the heart is peculiarly susceptible of the tender emotions, are ever liable to withdraw individuals from that single reliance upon God, so essential to advancement in the divine life. Miss Foote often expresses an apprehension lest her affection for her intimate friends, though sanctified by religious feeling and principle, should keep her from the everlasting fountain of truth and holiness.

Her intercourse with the friend with whom she was now associated, was mutually delightful; yet she says, "Perhaps I am in danger of a species of idolatry. I frequently think, that such enjoyment as is now granted us, cannot be of long continuance. But I would have my regard for her, and all who are dear to me, controlled by that Spirit, under whose dominion, it is my prayer, that all our feelings may be brought."

A further extract from one of her letters unfolds the state of mind, with which she engaged in her duties, and the deep sense she cherished of her responsibility.

"PATERSON, Oct. 10, 1831.

"Does it rain incessantly in the great city? It has poured down here for more than two days. But though it is so dreary and comfortless without; all within is bright and cheerful. We are indeed a favored little family, and this has been a peculiarly pleasant day with us. We rose early, and before our minds were filled with care, or engrossed by other objects, cast ourselves upon Him, (who has said, if any lack wisdom, let them ask of God,) for grace and strength to engage in duty with new vigor and more faithfulness. Every task has been easy, and every duty pleasant.

"Have you ever thought of the great responsibility resting upon me, of the number who are daily looking to me for instruction, and who will be influenced by my example, and receive from me abiding impressions? Have you, in connexion with this, remembered my inexperience—my liability to be influenced by momentary feeling, rather than by permanent and holy principles? Then you have prayed that I may be supported, and made an instrument of great good. If I realized, in its true light, the connexion between my present labors, and eternal realities, how could I endure the responsibility?"

It is always trying to relinquish scenes, where we had fondly hoped to enjoy much happiness.

Miss Foote had anticipated great satisfaction from mingling in the circle with which she was now connected. A portion of her former scholars had accompanied her; and her prospects at the commencement fully equalled her anticipations. The situation was comparatively retired, and her time seemed more at her own command. Her plans were formed, with reference to the judgment of the great day; and every thing arranged in that manner, which would keep her heart most effectually alive to divine truth.

Her seasons for retirement and devotional exercises were inestimably precious. They raised her affections to the Lord, and wonderfully strengthened her for the duties of the day. But she almost forgot, that the ardor of her soul and the amount of her labors, might exhaust her physical energies, and shorten that life which she was so anxious to devote to the glory of God.

She continued in her school, until wholly unable any longer to perform its duties. Though accustomed to watch and sympathize with others, when they were deprived of health, she was extremely solicitous to avoid giving trouble to her friends, and only consented to receive their attentions and kind offices, when they became indispensable.

A short notice of the state of her mind during her sickness, has been kindly furnished by her friend and associate, from a record made at the time.

"Oct. 18. My dear Sarah's health is seriously impaired. I fear she is not long for this world. She seems to be fast ripening for the Paradise of God."

"Oct. 20. Watched with dear S. last night. We had much sweet and solemn conversation. She remarked that, believing the time of her departure near, she wished to leave a message for some of those friends in whom she had taken a special interest.

"To a band of young ladies, who were engaged under her direction, in raising by the avails of their needle work, a small sum to educate a young man for the ministry, she expressed the hope, that they would not neglect the object in view; for there would be no actions of their lives, to which they could look back from a bed of sickness, with any satisfaction, except such as had for their end the glory of God, and the good of souls. She trusted that this would be their motive—adding, 'There is nothing else worth living for.'

"To my class in the Sunday School, she desired me to say, 'that Sunday School instructions, if misimproved, would stand in dreadful array against them at the bar of God.'

"With reference to death, which she considered near, she said she had been endeavoring, all day, to set her house in order. When she first contemplated it, as at hand, she felt a reluctance to die; but now, she could look forward to it as a sweet release from the bondage of sin, and an admission to eternal glory. 'How delightful,' she said, 'to think of that progression in knowledge and holiness, which, the saint in heaven is permitted to make. This contemplation at times fills my soul with joy unutterable.'"

She revived from this severe attack, and not long after wrote a few lines to a friend.

"Oct. 1831.

"Recently I have thought that my continuance here would be very short. Though the ties which bind me to earth are strong, yet my great desire is to cast myself unreservedly upon Him, 'who is able and willing to keep the trust committed to him, until the last great day.' When I think of death and the grave, the glories of the unseen world are at times so presented to the eye of faith, as to exclude all the terrors of the 'dark valley.' Since the commencement of my ill health, I have prayed for entire submission to the will of my heavenly Father, and rather desired, that this light affliction might be sanctified, than removed.

"During a season of peculiar agony, I found it in my heart to say, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me,' but I trust I added with equal sincerity, 'not my will but thine be done.' Will you not pray that the life God sees fit to prolong, and the health he seems willing to restore, may be devoted to his honor and glory? My life hitherto has been full of mercies. I have been almost a stranger to afflictive dispensations. Should the Lord order that the remainder of my pilgrimage be attended with trials and sufferings; if they only work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, I shall ever have reason to regard them as blessings.

"Of one thing I am sure, if kindness and attention will make me well, I shall soon be in perfect health. My dear scholars are continually sending me tokens of remembrance. How mercifully all my wants are supplied. May my heart ever be filled with gratitude."

Though all apprehension of immediate danger was removed, Miss Foote was unable to resume her duties. Her physician expressed the opinion, that it would be imprudent for her to engage in teaching during the winter. This advice, with the approbation of her friends, induced her, in November to return to New-York. She was less fatigued by the journey than might reasonably have been expected. Her eldest sister, Mary, had taken charge of the school in the city which she left, when she went to Paterson. The two sisters now became inmates in the same family. The elder felt it a privilege as well as a duty, to promote the comfort of the younger. They passed the winter very pleasantly together.

To persons of active habits, who delight in exerting themselves for the benefit of others, it is no small trial to be confined to the house, and apparently excluded from the most important spheres of benevolent action. But when they can realize, that it is an allotment of their Heavenly Father, designed to aid them in living above the world, and preparing for an eternal state of existence, they submit, without repining, and feel a comforting assurance, that the Lord will do all things right.

On the 30th of November, Miss Foote wrote from New York, to her sister H., at Middle Haddam, giving expression to the grateful emotions of her heart, for the numerous kind offices, she had received from her friends. She spoke in an affecting manner of the merciful goodness of the Lord. He had drawn near to her in the hours of suffering, and enabled her to stay her affections upon him.

"I often think that no person on earth was ever provided for so comfortably. My friends spared no sacrifices. I have been very ill, and in daily expectation of making an exchange of worlds; yet in the midst of great bodily distress, I had no inclination to murmur. God appeared merciful in all his ways; and my communion with him was sweet.

"I wanted to see you all once more. Every other wish of my heart seemed to be gratified. I am now much better, but very weak. If I could comfortably cross the Sound, you would quickly see me. But I fear the consequences of the eastern air, at this season. Has the snow covered Jerusha's grave? And do you go there, as often as ever? It was my desire to be laid by her side; to rest among my own kindred, and to mingle with my *native* dust. But I did not expect it, and, considering my distance from you, could not wish it; though when I recurred to my friends, the thought was a pleasant one.

"Your ever affectionate sister,

SARAH."

Miss Foote commenced the year 1832, feeling deeply conscious of the uncertainty that attended all her earthly prospects. The last year she had closed the eyes of a beloved sister in death; for a considerable time, she seemed herself at the point to die! How could she think of forming plans for the future? Unable to go to the sanctuary, and mingle her voice in its hallowed services; she directed her thoughts to that house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and to the ennobling employment of those, who magnify the riches of redeeming grace, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

In the seclusion of her apartment, her affections rose to God, she dwelt on his infinite and exalted perfections, and retraced his dealings with her, through the short span of her pilgrimage. By these reviews and meditations, her faith was strengthened. This period seemed to be a season of quiet and repose, mercifully allotted her, to prepare for the new duties on which she was to enter. A few lines written to her friend, may convey some idea of the general state of her mind.

"Jan. 22, P. M.

"All alone, dear C., in my room. Were you here, we might once more enjoy a season similar to those we frequently knew, when permitted, in union of heart and desire, to make our requests known unto Him, who has said, 'Ask what ye will, in my name, and it shall be given you.' Are you still desponding? We do, dear C., deserve judgments,—but in reviewing the past, how manifold have been our mercies! With reference to the future, oh, let us plead still more earnestly, to be enabled to leave it all with God, and meekly bow to his holy will. Who, that has known the privilege of seeking direction, and gaining all needful supplies from a Heavenly Parent, can ever think of resorting to other sources?

"I desire to love God supremely, to have every idol in my heart dethroned, and to live a life of faith in the Son of God. Why this intrusion of worldly thoughts, this regard for the opinions and remarks of others? May I but know 'my God is mine;' and, with that confidence, which every christian is at all times privileged to exercise, say, Abba, Father; what more can I desire? Neither the smiles, nor the frowns of the world, would then interrupt my enjoyment.

"While I was reflecting upon this subject, yesterday, the course of Mrs. Judson rose to my recollection. What an example she set of disregard to self! What an ascendency she gained over the flesh, with its affections and lusts! We may pursue a similar course, and through faith in Christ, obtain a victory over our besetting sins. But we must be watchful, constant in prayer, active in duty,—in a word, self-denying.

"Ever your affectionate and interested friend,

SARAH L——."

Our next intelligence from her, gives additional evidence of returning strength, and a heart profitably affected by the sufferings she had experienced.

"Feb. 19, 1832.

"My dear sister,

"You will rejoice at the improvement of my health. Yesterday I went out of doors for the first time this winter, and walked a short distance. I still find great difficulty in going up stairs; and begin to be somewhat sensible, how extremely ill I have been; and how thankful I ought to be, for restoring mercies. If it is true that afflictions have a most powerful effect upon the heart, how earnestly should those, 'who are exercised thereby,' pray that they may be sanctified.

"The greater part of the time, during my sickness, I felt resigned to the will of God, and willing to die. My mind went forward to future days; and I asked myself, shall I probably ever have less to bind me to the world? fewer ties to be sundered? or be more willing to enter upon another state of existence? But *one* answer was returned to all these enquiries, and yet, at times, I had a desire to live. Why was it? I well knew that there is no substantial good here,—and that to depart, and be with Christ, is far, far better. I trusted that the world would never again hold that place in my affections, which it had hitherto occupied. Very soon experience proved, that I knew not 'what manner of spirit I was of.' I saw that my heart still enthroned idols, and that my soul was cleaving to the dust.

"Pray for me, that I may be preserved from an undue attachment to any of the objects of time, and live habitually in view of that day, when Jesus shall appear, to judge the quick and the dead.

"Your affectionate sister,
SARAH LOUISA."

Who can fail to see the need of constant watchfulness and increasing prayer, lest the affections be withdrawn from the Lord, and placed upon inferior objects? After the christian has enjoyed great fredom of access to the throne of grace, and seemed to live on heavenly food, how often is he constrained to acknowledge, that his enjoyment is diminished, and in some instances, his peace destroyed, by leaning too much on an earthly arm! Though he knows in whom he has trusted, and where his great strength lies, how often does a deceitful heart turn him aside, and render him unfruitful in the vineyard of the Lord. When placed on the dubious confines of two worlds, 'suspended almost in mid air,' uncertain, whether he shall be let down to earth, or raised up to heaven, how great appears the contrast between the vanities of the former, and the glories of the latter! He thinks that it cannot be possible, he shall ever forget the glowing views, which fill the prospect before him; or that, he can live, should his days be prolonged, without unceasingly meditating on that rest, reserved for the people of God. Would that his subsequent experience always verified these convictions; that, on recovering from a dangerous illness, his vows were faithfully performed.

The only remedy against the world's ensnaring power, is found in the grace of the gospel. To this, the subject of our memoir resorted; and she could truly testify that, she was never sent empty away. She had many trials, but the Lord was with her, and conducted her, by a way she had not anticipated, to her journey's end.

In tracing her onward path, few materials are furnished by her own pen; yet sufficient it is hoped, to testify of the grace by which she was sustained, and the sanctifying power, and comforting influence of the Holy Ghost.

"Feb. 22, 1832.

"Is there a heaven, dear Catharine? And is it true, that if once admitted there, we shall not only participate in joys of which we cannot now fully conceive; but that we shall be forever free, from every approach of sin,—that we shall be *holy?* Can this be true, and we still cling to life,—with the continuance of its struggles, and its conflicts?

"We live in a period when all christians,—even those of the weakest capacity, and the most limited influence, may do something, yes very much, for the cause of God, and the salvation of perishing souls. We have become so accustomed to the great truths, which are continually reiterated in our hearing, that we do not suitably reflect upon them.

"Have you read the recent letters from Robertson, Hill, and King, in Greece, and from Brewer, in Turkey. When perusing such accounts, unless I am greatly deceived I feel, that it would be the noblest privilege that can be enjoyed on earth, to engage, like these devoted servants of God, in teaching, the ignorant, and benighted. In comparison with their situation, cheerless as it is in many respects,—and self-denying as they must live, what has earth to offer? I know of no employment so desirable as that of a faithful missionary of the humble Jesus.

"Lately, I have heard much said, against the ostentatious expressions of some, who were candidates for this noble work, but ignorant in a great degree of its nature, and of the duties and dispositions it requires. It does not become those, who are preparing for the field, to speak, as if they had already won its laurels. The loudest in profession are often the feeblest in action. You will understand my meaning. I love to see the manifestation of a missionary spirit, but I think this may be done *practically* in our families. Surely to think much of those far distant, not too far, however, (if the case be possible,) to be assisted by our charities, or strengthened by our prayers, has a tendency to overcome our selfish feelings, and to enlist those sympathies, the exercise of which, is beneficial to ourselves as well as others.

"Believe me, now, as ever, your affectionate

SARAH."

CHAPTER X.

Marriage—Solicitude for divine guidance—Cholera—Death of Mrs. Tillotson—Adopted daughter—Family of the christian—Vicissitudes of life—Commencement of the author's acquaintance with Mrs. Taylor.

The reference, in the preceding letter, to what may be done in families for the promotion of the missionary enterprise, will remind the reader, that the thoughts of Miss Foote were directed to the duties of those who preside over the domestic circle, and produce a willingness to accompany her, in the new relation upon which she was preparing to enter.

On the 7th of April, she was married to Mr. John S. Taylor, of this city, and on the first of May commenced house-keeping.

From the conscientious manner in which she had hitherto performed all her duties, we naturally expect that her future course will reflect credit on any station she may fill. She had been in the school of affliction, and evidently taught of God. Her principles of action were fixed on a basis too firm to be shaken. She had no desire, but to live for the divine glory.

Alluding to the contemplated change in her condition, several months before it took place, she said, "I fear not temporal evils,—my prayer to God is, give us thy blessing, which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow. If we are numbered among those, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit, all will be well."

She could not assume her new responsibilities without devout supplication, that she might at all times rely upon an everlasting arm. Fully conscious of her entire dependence; she earnestly endeavored to live, each day, in view of the awful circumstances attending her final account. Her recent sickness, and present occasional suffering, taught her, that she could not anticipate a long residence on earth; that she must be diligent while the day lasted, for soon the sun of her pilgrimage would go down. Writing to her sister, she refers to the time of her union, and glances forward to the period, when that, and all other earthly relations would cease.

"I hope I may never forget the solemnities of that hour. It is not a light thing to take such vows and obligations upon one's self.

"My health is in every respect improving, though I am very far from being well, and am confident that a slight thing would lay me again upon a bed of sickness.

"I am in the hands of a kind and ever watchful

Parent, and desire to be resigned to whatever he shall choose for me.—Do you not think it strange that we ever shrink from death, the necessary prelude to eternal blessedness? If that blessedness consists in being admitted into the presence of God and the Lamb, should we not rejoice in view of it? and welcome the hour which gives us a passport thither?"

In July she had the satisfaction of again visiting her parental home; a privilege, which, for a long time, she never expected to enjoy. Her song was still of mercy. She recounted to her relatives the conflicts through which the Lord had carried her; dwelling with especial interest on the consolations of his grace. Her close view of the eternal world, had changed the aspect of surrounding objects.—She felt that she was indeed a pilgrim upon earth, and, that, whether her days here, were few or many, they should all be given to the Lord.

In this beloved domestic circle, time passed pleasantly away; she was cheered, refreshed, and strengthened; and would have prolonged her stay but for a Providential dispensation, which awakened painful solicitude through the length and breadth of our land. The cholera was already making its ravages in New-York.—A large number had fallen victims, and no human foresight could predict when its work would be completed. The desire to spend the summer with her connexions, would be increased, on account of the danger attending a return to the city. But there were other feelings more powerful, which influenced her determination. Circumstances rendered it necessary for her husband to remain in New-York. Knowing the danger to which he would be exposed, she thought not of her own health or comfort; but made arrangements for an immediate return. "As the boat drew near the city" she says, "instead of the usual bustle and din of business, a scene of desolation was presented, the wharves and streets seemed to be deserted.—It made my heart sicken; until I reached home, and found all as when I left them. I then felt calm again, and have suffered far less from anxiety than I did in Middle Haddam.

"You will perceive from the papers, that the disease is advancing rapidly in every quarter. On Friday there were 311 new cases reported, and 104 deaths. Never was there such a time known here. May the Great Ruler and Disposer of events, in mercy grant, that this season of severe visitation be shortened,—the sword of the destroying angel stayed, and health restored to our afflicted country."

Many will long remember the suffering produced by this afflictive visitation. He must be a stranger to the sorrows of the destitute and the orphan, who has not often heard the affecting statement; "My mother died of the cholera." Mrs. Taylor was mercifully preserved. But before the disease had ceased its ravages, it became her painful duty to watch by the dying bed of a long tried friend and relative.—Her strong attachment to Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson has already been mentioned.* Her grief at the death of Mr. T. was like that of a child, at the loss of a beloved parent. Mrs. T. assumed the obligations of the Christian covenant on the same day with herself. They were much together, and each cherished for the other a warm and affectionate regard. The youngest child of Mrs. Tillotson bore the name of her cousin, Sarah L.—Both mother and child were attacked by this fatal disease about the same time, and for several days seemed equally on the borders of the eternal world. The child survived, while the spirit of the mother returned to God, who gave it. Mrs. T. in writing to Middle Haddam, thus alludes to the mournful event.

"Sept. 10, 1832.

"My dear friends,

"Be not surprised at the unexpected appearance of this? We are both well to-day—but, to-morrow we may be in our graves.—Our dear cousin Mary is reunited to her long mourned husband; and her children are orphans indeed. She spent an afternoon with me a few days since, and took Sarah with her. Her health had not been so good for months. On Thursday she was taken sick, and Saturday afternoon breathed her last. Sarah lay on the same bed, apparently dying. I cannot describe their appearance or sufferings. I have *heard* of distressing scenes that made my heart ache; but my own eyes have seen more than I can tell you. May the Lord help us to cast ourselves upon him, and to live in a constant preparation for our great change.

---

* See page 38.

"You may depend upon hearing again soon, from your affectionate,

SARAH."

It devolved upon Mrs. Taylor to close the eyes of her cousin in death, to receive her last message, and to be entrusted with the care of the dear child who bore her name. On the 14th day of Sept., the tender orphan, then about four years and a half old, was received at her new home, and admitted to all the privileges of a daughter. Mrs. T. was ardently attached to her, and omitted no efforts to train her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The little child seemed to her as a connecting link between the living, and the dead. In a letter bearing date the 6th of December, she remarks, "When I look at Sarah, I feel that she is one of the strongest ties which bind me to earth. Besides my love for her, I have a kind of unaccountable feeling, mingled with the remembrance of her departed parents. May she be the Lord's forever."

Mrs. Taylor habitually realized the importance of presenting such an example before the members of her family, as to recommend the religion of Jesus. She knew its transforming power and heavenly consolation, and was desirous, that others also, should be enabled to testify, from heartfelt experience, that the Lord was good and gracious, that his loving kindness was extended to all the works of his hands. She delighted to contemplate the family of the Christian on earth as an emblem, faint indeed, of the family of the Redeemed in heaven. Unless the lineaments of the Saviour's character were impressed on the soul, she was persuaded, there could be no permanent, substantial enjoyment.

All with whom she was associated were borne on her heart, when she bowed before the Lord in supplication. Often would she return from her private devotions, deeply penetrated with the consciousness of the presence of Him, whom mortal eye hath never seen. She knew what it was to be alone with her God, and derived from this hallowed intercourse strength to perform the duties of the day. No person could long be an inmate of her family, without feeling an assurance, that her heart was the residence of the Holy Spirit, and that it was her greatest pleasure to do the will of her Heavenly Father,

In the summer of 1833, Mrs. Taylor had the pleasure of introducing her children to her parents, and passing several months at their beloved home. Grateful as this was to her feelings, she was continually reminded, by reflecting on the past and the present, that her hold on terrestrial things was feeble. She had frequently seen her fondly cherished plans frustrated, and was admonished to live in constant readiness for another world. The vicissitudes of life forcibly taught her, that, "those build too low who build beneath the skies." Thus God, by a species of moral discipline, carries on the work of grace in the hearts of his children, and makes their sufferings an important means of preparing them for future glory. An extract from a letter to an afflicted friend, will show the state of her mind at this time.

To Mrs. C. T.

"Middle Haddam, Aug. 6, 1833.

"My dear Catharine,

"You will see from the date of this, that I am once more at my own dear home, among 'friends beloved.' Every thing here is as pleasant as ever ; my friends are unwearied in their efforts to entertain and show kindness,—but all is changed. I look around and see the same lovely landscape, gilded by the same sun, and enlivened by the same beautiful river,—yet as I gaze, my mind will involuntarily recur to the past,—my heart rises, and deep sighs relieve my aching breast. I am a mere skeleton. But it is all right. I can see the Lord's doings in these changes; and bless his name for these afflictions. You know it is only 'through much tribulation, that we can enter the kingdom of heaven.'

"Little Sarah is a comfort to me. Pray for me, that I may have that grace and wisdom, which I need, to train up my children for the Lord. My religious enjoyment, is just in proportion to the time I spend in communion with God.

"When that 'faith, which works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world,' is in vigorous exercise, we may exclaim, (not because our streams of earthly comfort have failed, but because eternal things rise above all the joys of earth,) how empty, how unsatisfying, are all things here below!

"I rejoice, that in your bereavement, you have that consolation, which the world cannot give. May you have much of the presence of Him, whom, not having seen, you love,—may you go on from grace to grace, until grace is perfected in glory.

"Your affectionate friend,
SARAH."

Mrs. Taylor returned to the city with renovated health, and actively engaged in all the duties of her station. Her exertions for the benefit of others, were not confined to the domestic circle. When time and health would permit, she was a frequent and welcome visiter to the abode of sickness and suffering, and by her winning and persuasive manner, directed the thoughts of the afflicted to the rest, reserved for the people of God.

My acquaintance with her, commenced in the latter part of this year, under circumstances, which made a strong impression on my mind, and clearly developed some of the lovely traits of her character. In September, I removed to the vicinity of her residence, and within a short period, several members of my family were visited with sickness, and brought to the borders of the grave. Mrs. Taylor's kindness and sympathy greatly endeared her to the sufferers, and was the means of cementing a friendship terminating only with life. The recollection of those interviews cannot easily be effaced. Her whole countenance beamed with benevolent feelings. It was impossible to be much in her society, without the sure conviction, that her piety was of an unusually elevated character. When the subject of religion was introduced, she spoke from the deep fountains of her soul. Her remarks were happy and pertinent. She knew how to adapt herself to circumstances, and to turn the facilities she enjoyed for doing good, to the best advantage. Whatever pertained to the extension of the gospel enlisted her sympathies, and called forth her energies. You felt, while conversing with her, on this and kindred subjects, that you were communing with a spirit, that had a high relish for communion with God, and whose daily prayer was for the advancement of his glory, and the salvation of souls. Piety with her was a deep-seated principle. Its influence was seen in all the employments and vicissitudes of life.

Distinguished as she was by errands of mercy, for the comfort and relief of the distressed; her christian graces shone with equal lustre, when the hand of affliction pressed heavily upon her, and offices of kindness were rendered by others. A great portion of the remainder of her life was spent in suffering; yet a repining word was never known to escape from her lips. Her eye was fixed on her eternal home, and though for a little while its vision might be obscured for the trial of her faith, she evinced, under all circumstances, an humble acquiescence in the will of God, and a cheerful reliance on the merits of the Saviour.

CHAPTER XI.

Severe illness—Consolations of the gospel—Importance of maternal duties—Care of a family relinquished—Temporary separation from her children—Journey to Philadelphia—Summer residence in New-Jersey—Correspondence—Advice to a candidate for the ministry—Continued indisposition—Trust in God.

The incidents of 1834, in the life of Mrs. T., were comparatively few. She presented an interesting example of patient endurance, in the midst of much affliction. But her personal sufferings did not divert her mind from the interests of the church of God. She rejoiced in every instance of the display of divine grace, whether in our own land, or among distant nations. Rarely, would she speak of herself except to a few of her most intimate friends. Her prevailing desire, apparent at all times, was to do the work appointed for her, by her Heavenly Father.

In the performance of her daily duties, she almost forgot that exhausted nature needed repose. She thought not of favoring herself, nor of the limits to human exertion, but considering every moment precious, passed from one sphere of action to another, determined to spare no efforts for promoting the comfort of her family, or for guiding the minds of her children in God's holy ways. With a constitution enfeebled, a relief from care was indispensable. She yielded to the entreaty of others, and made trial of a change of air. The effect was salutary ; and induced her to cherish the hope, that all unfavorable symptoms were removed. Much as her friends desired to arrive at the same conclusion, they were constrained to take a less favorable view of the state of her health. The subsequent winter showed, that their fears were well founded. Disease, in its insidious forms, had too firmly lodged itself in her system, to yield to the ordinary remedies. The patient sufferer became sensible of the fact, and felt that she might soon be summoned to leave her frail tenement. Her mind was raised above the joys and employments of earth,—her faith in the promises gathered fresh strength,—her conversation was spiritual and edifying.

It was the privilege of the writer, to visit her repeatedly at this period. She seemed to him, like one whom the Lord had carried through deep waters, yet they had not overflowed her. Her room was cheered by a holy radiance. The transient observer could not but remark, that she was prepared for any vicissitude. Life and its enjoyments presented few attractions. The light of another world had shone into her apartment, and communicated its cheering influences to her soul. Knowing that her home was beyond the bounds of earth, she could not cherish a strong desire to continue here. She sought continually to be prepared to enter that city, which hath foundations, whose builder is the Lord our God; and spoke in the most humble and affecting manner of the sustaining influence of divine grace. "The Lord," she says, "has been with me, and sustained my soul through the whole of my sickness. Why should I desire to live, if he should think proper to remove me hence? My heart has often wandered from him; and I see within me great need of contrition of soul, and an humble trust in the all-sufficiency of the Saviour."

Being asked if she had enjoyed communion with God, she said, "I have had many precious seasons; and felt willing to leave my dearest interests in the Lord's hand, rejoicing that they are at his disposal. How could I be otherwise than resigned and happy, when I thought of what Jesus had endured for me?" It being suggested, that his sympathy in our conflicts and sufferings, was a rich source of comfort, she broke forth with peculiar animation, "Oh, yes! the thought, that he, who was equal with the Father, and possessed of every perfection, should humble himself to assume our nature, and be moved with a sense of our infirmities, is almost too much for human conception. It gives us such elevated views of the surpassing riches of divine grace, that we are lost in the contemplation. Could we suitably realize all that has been done to procure our salvation, every day would be spent to the glory of God.

"The world appears very different when eternity is bursting upon our view, from what it does, when we are engaged in the usual pursuits of life. It is in hours like these, we perceive the inestimable value of the gospel. What cheering hope! what ardent love! what holy confidence! it inspires. Can any thing be more refreshing, than to feel in the time of our greatest sufferings, that the Lord is by our side, that he will never forsake us?"

On another occasion, when she had acquired sufficient strength to walk about the room, her attention being arrested by the beauties of the firmament, she remarked, "If the sun in this lower world, shines forth so gloriously, how exalted must be the privilege to behold the ineffable glories of the sun of righteousness. May we not look forward with joy, to the time, when this mortal shall put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in life. What a life, that must be, in which the Saviour is eternally present; when all sorrow shall be removed, and tears be wiped from every eye! Who would not rejoice in these afflictions, which aid in preparing for so blissful a state?"

By the advice of her physician, on the first of May, three years after she first took her place as the head of a family, she relinquished it, and passed the remaining portion of her life with some of her friends. This change was attended with much sacrifice of feeling, more especially on account of her children. She knew the value of a mother's counsel, and the throbbings of a mother's heart. Children may be with others who love them, who are anxious to supply their recurring wants; but none can supply the place of a christian mother. Her feelings cannot be transferred to other hearts. Her solicitude cannot be awakened in other breasts. Remove the mother from the child, and you remove the dearest earthly friend; you break the strongest hold upon the infant mind. Kindness and sympathy may be manifested by others,—real affection may exist, may be fondly cherished; but the ardent promptings, the yearning anxiety, the personal sacrifices, the sleepless nights, of the mother, will be wanting.

Mrs. T. was admirably qualified by nature and education, for the performance of a mother's duties. Her tender sensibility, quick perception, and discriminating judgment, enabled her to act with discretion, and to accomplish, with unusual ease, the object she had in view. Above all, the great controlling principle of her life, love to God, and a regard for his requirements, eminently prepared her for every sphere of action, and to bow submissive to every allotment of Providence. In the midst of trials, she could say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good." "He presides over all our deliberations, and will restore health, or remove to the other world, as shall be most conformable to the purposes of Infinite Wisdom. What are we, that we should reply against his visitations, or desire to stay his uplifted arm?"

She passed several weeks, in May, at Philadelphia. The journey was considered beneficial. She greatly enjoyed the interview with christian friends there; and seemed almost to forget that she was an invalid. Hope whispered, that with prudent care, she might resume her maternal duties, and have the satisfaction of seeing her beloved children, reared by her side. To those around her a far different train of thought was suggested. They saw the flush in her cheek, her oppressed respiration, and how entirely prostrate, a small effort would often leave her. Their kind assiduities were cheerfully rendered to promote her comfort. Philadelphia was associated in her mind, with the recollection of those, who acted a mother's and a sister's part. Shortly after her return, she visited her children, (who were taken to Conn. the last of April,) with the intention of spending the summer with them. But her disease assuming a more unfavorable appearance it became evident, that a milder air was essential to the preservation of her life. Orange, in New Jersey, was selected as affording a pleasant retreat, in the vicinity of the city. She was conveyed there the 29th of June.

It is painful to think of a sufferer going from place to place, in pursuit of health, and disease steadily advancing. Yet these afflictions, while they show, in a touching light, the consequences of sin; when sanctified by divine grace, exhibit those who endure them, in an attitude of peculiar interest. "Religion is most powerful in affliction. It is powerful, because it shows that even affliction itself, can make man nobler than he was; and that there is a gracious eye that marks the conflict, and is ever ready to smile with more than approbation on the victor. To the indigent, to the oppressed, to the diseased, while life has still a single sorrow to be borne, it flings on the short twilight, a portion of the splendor of that immortality into which it is almost dawning; and when life is closing, it is itself the first joy of that immortality which begins."

A few extracts from Mrs. Taylor's correspondence, will illustrate this sentiment.

To Mrs. A. D. S., Colchester, Conn.

"ORANGE, July 1, 1835.

"My ever dear friend,

"It seems to me a *long while* since we exchanged the parting salutation; and time, my dear Rebecca, as he has made his repeated circuits, has written many pages in the volume of my experience, which were then blank. I have been repeatedly on the borders of another world,—and supposed that eternity and its realities, were opening before me.

"Do you ask how I felt in view of these things? I saw nothing of the gloom of the 'dark valley.' Only the brightness and glory of the world beyond, rose to my view. I was ready continually to sing,

'Oh, glorious hour! oh, blessed abode!' &c.

"But the Lord restored me to a comfortable degree of health. I had previously been obliged to give up my children, housekeeping, and every care. My physician said, 'my case was hopeless, unless I would relinquish all these, and travel whenever my strength would allow.' We went to Philadelphia the last of May. I had a very pleasant visit, and felt so much benefited, that immediately after my return, I proceeded to Conn. to see my children; but found myself too feeble to inhale the pure air of my native hills without injury. My health continuing to fail, I took a hasty leave, and returned to the city. I fainted at every attempt to exert myself,—until my arrival here. You will perceive from the trembling of my hand in writing, that I am still feeble. Were you to meet me unexpectedly, you would not recognize me. Sickness has changed my whole appearance. Will you not pray for me, dear R., that these repeated chastenings of my Heavenly Father may be truly sanctified to me; that these warnings may lead me to live in constant preparation for the last summons.

"Ever your affectionate friend,
S. L. Taylor."

Having received information that her children were sick, she writes thus to her sister.

"Orange, July 6, 1835.

"My dear sister,

"I have one comfort in this case, I can confidently commend them, and you, to Him who sees us all continually,—whose watchful care is ever over us for good. Day and night, they are under his protection, without whose notice not a sparrow falls to the ground. I have given my children to God for life and for death,—and I know that he is able to keep whatever I commit to him. Should he see fit to remove them from our embrace, we know that the dispensation would be wise, however trying it might be for us to bear it. We cannot doubt, that stronger love than mortal ever knew, even the love that led to the redemption of guilty man, would be the theme of their praises, in that world where sin and sorrow can never enter, where there is neither sickness, nor separation. When I think of heaven as it must be,—as the Bible describes it,—death is nothing,—life is nothing,—compared to the glory that awaits those to whom it is promised.

"Yours affectionately,
SARAH."

To a brother of her husband who was preparing for the ministry, she thus writes.

"ORANGE, July 6, 1835.

"My dear brother Warren,

"Since my return from Conn. I have had another season of suffering; but am now comparatively well. Were I relieved from this cough, I might hope for the enjoyment of health;—and once more have around me, in my home, my little loved ones, and others, who are dear to me. In regard to all these things, I desire to have no will of my own. 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.' He has promised, that 'all things shall work together for good to those that love him.'

"We are bound by many strong ties to those with whom we are connected in the endearing relations of life; but we may so attend to our various duties as to appropriate to ourselves, in a certain sense, the language of the Psalmist, 'I have set the Lord always before me.' I think Christians allow themselves to look too much at present difficulties and trials, without casting 'an eye of faith' forward to the completion of this probationary state. True, we have present duties to perform, but these are lightened, and sweetened, by the anticipation of that state, in which we shall serve him who redeemed us, without weariness, fear, or sin.

"I am gratified in learning, that you are pleased with your situation, and hope you will persevere, until you are 'thoroughly furnished' for the high and holy vocation to which you aspire. Were you near me, it would be my delight to do many things for you, which only mothers, or sisters, feel interested about. I need not say, that in all your hopes, prospects, and success, I am deeply concerned. You speak of gaining a year by studying during the vacation ;—I would not advise, nor dictate, but I hope you will not. Such a course can rarely be pursued with permanent advantage. Suppose thereby, you enter the ministry a year sooner, will you be as well qualified for your arduous and highly responsible duties as by devoting more time to preparatory studies? It also deserves to be considered, that by the plan proposed, you may, like many others, ruin your health, and bring yourself to a premature grave. Make these things matters of conscience ; endeavor to judge impartially; and do not undertake more than you have ability to accomplish.

"I would fill my sheet, but writing fatigues me very much. In your prayers remember your

sincerely affectionate sister,

SARAH."

In the latter part of this month, she spent a few hours with her children. An account of the visit with the affecting circumstances, shall be given in her own language.

To Mrs. C. H., Buffalo, New York.

"ORANGE, N. J., July 31, 1835.

"My dear Mrs. H.,

"I have a very pleasant home, and am as agreeably situated as I can be while separated from my dear children. Last week I left here, thinking as the weather was settled and very warm, I might spend at least a few days at Middle Haddam. But our friends consented only on condition of my returning the following day. We reached there late in the afternoon, and left early the next morning; I had no sooner taken my babe in my arms, than unmindful of any one else around me, I gave vent to my long suppressed feelings. Presently my dear mother's affectionate voice recalled me to myself. 'Think my child,' she said, 'what cause you have for gratitude. You find them well and happy;—why give way to tears?' I felt the justness of her mild rebuke, and tried to subdue my almost uncontrollable emotions. Since I parted with them, early in June, I have considered it very doubtful whether I should ever see them again; and when I did press them once more to my bosom,—knowing I could only see them a few short hours,—you will understand my feelings.

"Last winter I often asked myself, what would become of them, in case of my death, which was apparently near at hand. But, now, I find that I can live, and commit the whole care of them to others. How few, who are obliged to give up children, have so comfortable a home for them! Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

"My cough is still troublesome. I can walk a short distance, but am unable to take any other exercise. May I feel that this visitation is from the Lord. 'Let him do what seemeth to him good.' What is this life compared with the next? In a few short years, it will be of little moment, whether we now suffer affliction, or are tried by prosperity. Oh, it is much easier to give up the world, and cleave to the Saviour, as our all and in all, when bowed down with sorrow, than when all around is bright, and the heart beams with health and hope.

"Ever yours,
S. L. Taylor."

In writing to Mr. Taylor's mother, under date of Aug. 1, after relating several particulars contained in the preceding letter, she proceeds, "I have, indeed, my dear mother, been brought to the very verge of the invisible world, and in view of the change, apparently so near, I felt willing to resign whatever I held most dear on earth, and trust all to Him, who has promised to 'keep that which is committed to him.' I am now relieved from immediate apprehension, and hope patiently to wait my appointed time.

"My home, though among strangers, is very pleasant. I am surrounded with comforts, and every day brings new mercies. Brother R. will tell you many things which I am too feeble to write. I hope, if possible, you will visit us this season. By no one will you be more cordially received, than by your affectionate daughter.

SARAH L———."

CHAPTER XII.

Consultation of physicians—Hope of life relinquished—Final parting with her children—Letters written on the trying occasion—A mother's advice to her children—Depression of spirits—Importance of keeping the Saviour steadily in view.

Mrs. Taylor returned to the city the last of September, indulging the fond hope, that at no distant period she might be reunited with her dear children. She did meet them, but that meeting was only preparatory to a final separation. They were with her for a few days, and she saw them no more. It has already been mentioned, that she had committed them temporarily to the charge of her sister at M. H. Conn. Here she would gladly have had them remain; but the failure of the health of that sister, rendered it impossible for her to retain the care of them.

Mrs. T. addressed a few lines to her sister by the person who went for the babe. Her eldest child had been previously taken to the city.

"Thursday, P. M. October 8, 1835.

"My dear sister,

"A thousand thoughts float across my mind, and

I know not which to express first. All this was so unexpected, that I should not feel reconciled to it, were I not persuaded of its necessity. Do not fear for the dear child; God will provide for him. How gladly would I have gone for him, if I could have done so without injury to my own health. Few things have tried me more than your present sickness.

"My dear sister, I look at all these circumstances, at our sickness and inability to be of service, the one to the other, and could I look no further, my heart would burst. But 'the Lord reigns.' I have felt the meaning of this little sentence within a few days, and can rejoice in the assurance it conveys. I would comfort you, if it were in my power to impart consolation. I can only direct you to a high and unfailing source, from which you may draw a rich supply.

"Your affectionate sister,

SARAH."

This was a period full of anxiety to Mrs. Taylor, and her sympathizing friends. Several physicians were consulted, who gave no encouragement to expect her recovery. A speedy dissolution was apprehended. What should be done with the dear children, was a question of deep interest to the parental heart! The decision involved much, in which all her feelings were enlisted. She acquiesced in it, when made, though not without a most severe struggle. They were entrusted to the care of their grandmother, in the western part of New-York. The following note was written by their mother the evening before their departure, introducing them to their new home.

"New-York, Oct. 18, 1835.

"My dear mother,

"Before you read this, you will doubtless have embraced my precious little treasures. You know a mother's duty, responsibility, and affection; and can well imagine what it would cost me to give them up, even with the hope of seeing them again on earth. But when I think that we may meet no more—my feelings rise, and did I not see my duty clearly marked out, I should shrink back. They have been given to God in baptism, and I trust dedicated to him on the altar of our hearts. That they may early love him, and be taught to feel that the advancement of his glory should be the great aim of their lives, is my sincere prayer for them.

"If they but get safely to your arms, I know you will love them for their father's sake, and may I not hope for mine too? Think of the dear babe,* he has never seen me enough to know me, and yet how kindly an ever watchful Providence has dealt with him. His looks show that he has never suffered for want of good care. Perhaps he is sent to you to fill the vacancy that death has made in your group of little ones. Take them—love them—but do not indulge them unreasonably; for they will soon discover and take advantage of it.

---

* He was taken from her to Conn., when only two months old

"My thoughts will be often with you, and I need not say, my prayers will be daily offered for you all. Remember me when you draw near the Mercy Seat, and let us be comforted by the assurance that,

"Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, oh! how pleasant,
The conqueror's song."

"Your affectionate daughter,
SARAH."

A letter to Mrs. C. H., Buffalo, N. Y., commenced on the same day with the preceding, makes us still further acquainted with her feelings, when the trying moment of separation had arrived.

"NEW-YORK, Oct. 18, 1835.

"My very dear friend,

"That man sees not through the thin partition of an hour; how true! how fully verified in the experience of every day! If we are indeed christians, we see in the changes of this ever varying world, abundant reason to rejoice, not only that it is not our 'continuing city or abiding place,' but that 'The Lord reigns.' This truth has recently been very comforting to me, and reconciled me to what at first seemed more than I could bear. How cheering the reflection ; 'He knows our frame, He remembers that we are but dust, and 'as our day is, so will our strength be.'

" The increasing and alarming nature of sister H's indisposition, made it necessary to remove my babe from home. My cough returned with all its attendant sufferings. I have lost what I had gained in strength ; and though I am at present very comfortable, it is not considered prudent for me to keep either of my children with me. Probably I shall never claim them as mine again. I am thankful that such a home is provided for them. Dear little helpless ones ! They have been given to God. He 'loves his own, and loves them unto the end.' That they may glorify him, whether they live or die, is my continual prayer for them.

"Wednesday evening.

" They have gone, my dear Mrs. H. I have imprinted on their little cheeks, probably my last kiss. Oh ! it was trying to see them, so smiling and unconscious, borne away from me—so far away ! The bitterness was in the thought, that with reference to time they are gone from me for ever.

" It is very solemn work to bring death in our own case, near at hand. But it must be done; and why should the christian wish to avert the summons, which is to call him to his Saviour—free him from sin and suffering—and place him in possession of glory and joy, unspeakable and eternal? 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' If we overcome, it will be of grace—grace—because Christ has died—yea, has risen again and sits on the right hand of God.—Through him we may hope for victory even over the last enemy.

"My past life seems a blank—except in regard to sin. I cannot remember one action performed from purity of motive, at least without some selfishness, or other sinful principle, being associated with it. Oh! there is nothing naturally in the human heart, but enmity to God. Whatever of an opposite nature exists there, is implanted by him, who created light out of darkness. Could I see E. and S., I would say to them.—Live in readiness for death; for after death comes the judgment.

"It fatigues my chest exceedingly to write, but with a full heart, how can I stop? Will you pray for me, for my babes, and for Sarah? It is cheering to know that I am remembered before God by christian friends. *We shall meet again.* That it may be in that world, where we shall be clothed with a Saviour's righteousness, and washed in his atoning blood, may our heavenly Father grant for his son's sake.

"Ever yours sincerely,
SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR."

A few days later, she wrote to her sister, giving some additional particulars respecting the children and herself at this trying season.

"New-York, Oct. 29, 1835.

"My dear sister Harriet,

"You must have been very anxious to hear from our dear babe, and all the rest of us. I delayed writing for a week that I might tell you, they are comfortably settled. They left on the 19th instant, for Albion, near Buffalo, in charge of their father and Mrs. Tyler. They reached there on Saturday, and were cordially welcomed by their grandmother and all the members of the family. They were as well and happy as possible, when Mr. T. came away.

"In a world where every hour produces changes, not only in the face of nature, and in circumstances around us, but in our whole frame, we ought to be prepared for unexpected occurrences and trials. My health is such, that it was considered advisable to send dear little C. away with the babe. Oh! the trying moments it has cost me to give them up, and they so unconscious, affectionate, and happy. While I weep as I think of them, I can rejoice that such a home is provided for them. Could I hear that you are recovering, and have a prospect of enjoying comfortable health again, I should have another great cause for thankfulness. Were my strength sufficient, there is much in my heart I would gladly communicate to you and my dear mother. Probably we shall meet no more in time. To one and all of you I would say, "Be ye also ready." Contrast time with eternity, and what is it? What are all the pleasures and delights of earth, compared with the joys which God has prepared for those who love him? I think much of you, and have shed many tears while writing this, tears of affection and gratitude. I know I am dear to you, and you may feel that it cannot, must not be. Oh! remember, the Lord will do 'all things well.' I suffer but little comparatively, and receive every necessary attention, and kindness, from those around me. Nothing, that can contribute to my comfort is withheld. Do not delay writing a single mail.

"Ever your affectionate sister,
SARAH."

Though separated from her children, she could not forget them, nor cease to devise means for the promotion of their happiness. Knowing they were too young to remember her, she thought a written testimony of her regard and anxiety for them, might speak effectually to their hearts in maturer years, should their lives be prolonged. With this object in view, and to inspire them with reverence for sacred truth, she procured for each of them a Testament, to be presented at some future time, in which she wrote what she then considered her last advice. For her eldest son she selected the following lines, as expressing a mother's feelings and wishes.

" Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,
When she who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home!
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift, to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son,
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one.
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again,
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in that, would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne;
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she had loved him best

A parent's blessing on her son,
Goes with this holy thing;
The heart that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—remember, boy!"
"October, 1, 1835.

To this she afterwards added a direct address in her own language.

" My dear Cornelius,

" Do you remember with how much interest and attention, I listened to your innocent prattle? Do you remember how often you climbed the easy chair, in which I sat, an invalid, and clasping your arms around me, would say, ' Dear mama, I do love you.' That your affection for me was fully returned, you cannot doubt; and now that he who loves you more than father or mother, and knows infinitely better than either of us, what is for our good, seems about to take me from you, I wish to leave something, which shall be to you convincing proof of the nature of my regard for you. I have chosen this little volume. Value it as the gift of your dying mother; as the word of God sent down from heaven. Esteem it above all price. Treasure in your mind, believe in your heart, and practice in your life, the truths this precious book contains; and the great end of your existence, to glorify God, and secure the salvation of your immortal soul, will be attained.

" You will, if you live, be surrounded by temptations of various kinds. Let the gospel of Christ be your defence. Take it, my son, as a light to your feet, a lamp to your path,—and it will never fail you;—you will be thoroughly furnished for every good work. Make it your daily study, and ever pray, that the Spirit, which taught holy men of old to write, may lead you to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Remember, if you at last fail of the grace of eternal life, your guilt will be great and aggravated, in proportion to the light and knowledge you have enjoyed. Oh, my son, make God your friend through Christ your Saviour. Even in your infancy, you can love him. To him, as a covenant keeping God, I commend you. May you be kept by his power, through faith. A brief period then, and we shall be united for a blissful eternity. Farewell.

"Your affectionate mother,
S. L. Taylor."

"Make God your friend in youthful years;
He will your footsteps guide,
Through all your pilgrimage of tears,
Till all your tears are dried."

In the Testament of her youngest son, then about eight months old, she wrote the following letter.

"My dear son George,

"In heaven, the world of light and glory, where God reigns, there is no parting, no farewell. And when those whom death separates on earth, are reunited there, the union lasts forever. How shall I address you! What language shall I use, to convey to you an idea of my desires for you; my ardent, heart-felt desires, that you may be a 'son brought home to glory,'—that we may eternally praise *him* together, who redeemed us with his own precious blood? Before you can, in any degree, appreciate these desires, I shall, in all probability, have been long silent in death. But he, who is 'a covenant keeping God,' ever lives, ever keeps that which is committed to his charge, in kind remembrance.

"To Him, my son, you have been dedicated in solemn baptism. Will you not, in your early years, as soon as you can understand your duty, ratify yourself this covenant, and give your soul and body for time and for eternity, to Christ the Saviour? It is your reasonable service. It is the design of your creation, and you may believe the testimony of one who stands on the borders of another world,—one who loves you as another never can. There is nothing but the service of God worth living for, and nothing but his promise in Christ Jesus can support the soul, in the near prospect of that hour, when heart and flesh shall fail us. Better to possess this book, without any other earthly portion, than to command millions of wealth, and be destitute of the knowledge of its precious truths. Better to be left an infant orphan, consecrated by prayers and tears to God, than to have all the care and affection of parents, who have not the fear of God before their eyes.

"Keep this little volume, as the last gift of an affectionate mother, whom you have never known.

I have prayed that a blessing may accompany it, and if you read it with a prayerful disposition, it will prove to you a rich legacy, and will point out plainly the way by which you may secure ‘a crown of glory, an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Then may you hope to meet me in that world, where love shall fill our hearts, and tune our harps to praise, throughout eternity!

"Your MOTHER.

"New York, Oct., 1835."

Her adopted child, who remained with her when the babes were removed, shared largely in her affections, and received a similar token of maternal solicitude.

"My dear child,

"You are an immortal being. That means, you must live forever. Not here, in this changing, unsatisfying, sinful state; but in another world, in heaven with Christ, and saints, and angels, and be continually increasing in holiness, knowledge, and happiness; or be banished from the presence of God, and left to endure the gnawings of the worm that never dies. You have been dedicated to God in baptism, and renewedly consecrated to him by an affectionate mother, now in glory.

"Soon I expect to meet her there, and I leave for you this precious little volume, enjoining upon you, that when you have no mother to watch over, to counsel, and pray with you, you will *daily* read a portion of it, and pray to Christ for yourself. *Never neglect it.* Always ask of God to enlighten the eyes of your understanding, that you may behold wondrous things out of his law.

"May the Holy Spirit apply the truths of the gospel, with clear and convincing power, to your heart may you see and feel your ruined condition, and cast yourself unreservedly upon Christ, as your only hope of salvation.

> "Now that your journey's just begun,
> Your road so little trod,
> *Come, now*, before you farther run,
> And *give yourself to God.*

"Then, though left twice 'an orphan, you will not be alone or comfortless;' but will have such enjoyment as 'earth can neither give nor take away.' Every sorrow will be sanctified, every pleasure enhanced, and while you seek to glorify God, in whatever sphere he may place you, you may hope to *meet in heaven*, those who so dearly loved you while on earth, and unite with them in ascriptions of praise to him, 'who so loved us all, as to give himself a ransom for us, and who washed us from our sins in his own blood.'

"New York, Oct. 30, 1835.

While her thoughts were fixed on others, they were necessarily, in some degree, diverted from herself. The separation from her children, the endeavor to leave a record of her wishes respecting them, which might be recurred to with profit in after years, exhausted her strength, and, for the time, affected her spirits. Who will be surprised to learn, that this excitement of her whole frame, rendered special exertion necessary, to regain her former enjoyment, and stay herself upon the Saviour of sinners?

On the 30th of October, I was sent for to visit her. The interview was peculiarly affecting. She seemed to realize that the hand of death was upon her, and disclosed, with her accustomed frankness, the state of her mind. She expressed her firm, unwavering conviction of the ability and willingness of Jesus to save all who trust in him; and her difficulty in appropriating to herself the comforts of the gospel.

A free conversation ensued respecting the peculiarities of the gospel plan, for the salvation of a guilty world; how infinitely it exceeded in wisdom any thing that man could devise,—how every feature of it was stamped with the holiness, and loveliness, of its author, and displayed the glories of redeeming love. The dealings of the Lord with his suffering and afflicted children, were referred to, and the remarkable manner in which he often interposes in their behalf, and causes light to arise in the midst of darkness.

When her own experience in past trials and conflicts, was mentioned, she gratefully acknowledged that the Lord had been with her in them, verified all his precious promises, and sustained her in a way, that appeared truly astonishing. She was then asked whether in view of all these things, she could, for a moment, relinquish her hold upon him ? Her reply evinced that, though her hope was feeble, her confidence in the Lord remained. " I can truly say, ' I know that my Redeemer liveth.' God has been gracious to me, far beyond what I had the least reason to expect ; but my heart appears so sinful, so many unholy thoughts have place there, that it can hardly be right for me to indulge a hope of salvation."

The following question was then proposed to her. Should you meet with a person greatly distressed on account of sin, what would you say to him ? "I would point him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. I would plead with him not to yield himself the victim of despair, but to throw himself entirely upon the merits of Christ." Could you not also remind him of what you have enjoyed of the love and peace of God, and of the strength which has been imparted to you in seasons of tribulation ? " Oh ! yes, it seems to me that my heart could sing of the goodness of the Lord. I would urge all that are out of

Christ to flee to him, as a sure defence." I then asked her, how she could allow herself to cherish apprehensions respecting the future? She replied, "I ought not, but the Saviour has done so much for me, and I have been so ungrateful, and made such poor returns, that I have felt as though it was scarcely possible that he could receive me as his own." Do you hope to be saved on account of any merit, or inherent holiness that you possess? "Oh! no, grace, free unmerited grace, is the ground of all my hope. Jesus is a complete Saviour. He pitied me when I was wandering from him, and kindly brought me to his fold." Will he ever refuse to own those who trust themselves in his hands, looking to him, and him only, for salvation? "It cannot be, but I need continually to pray. Lord increase my faith."

This interview has been particularly noticed, because it exhibits Mrs. Taylor suffering from a source but too common among christians; and though in her case the trial was but temporary, yet should the mention of it, arrest the eye of any reader of this memoir, who is suffering from a similar cause, and be the means of fixing the attention exclusively upon Jesus Christ, as our great atoning sacrifice, the result will not fail to be salutary.

An extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Winslow, though suggested by an earlier portion of Mrs. Taylor's history, has so important a bearing on this subject, that I cannnot deny myself the satisfaction of introducing it here.

"I have remarked, that her spiritual sky was not always cloudless. This can be easily traced to its true cause, a removal of faith's eye from off the finished work of the blessed Emmanuel. Here was the grand secret of all the spiritual darkness of which she complained. Yes, and may I not add, of all the spiritual darkness which ever settles upon the mind of a child of God. How much to be regretted, that this evil, so common, is yet so much overlooked. Led as the believer has been, in the commencement of his christian course, to despair of all hope springing from himself, and to rest as a helpless sinner, in Christ, and in Christ alone, he experiences the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. Yet in the successive stages of his pilgrimage, into what seasons of darkness and doubt is he brought, from a forgetfulness of the truth, that the view of Christ upon which he first ventured to hope in God's mercy, must be the view that is to sustain and cheer him every step of his future journeyings. Looking within himself for evidences, perhaps certain indefinable impressions of which he knows neither the nature nor the origin—and removing the eye from off the cross, the believer is all his lifetime in bondage through fear of condemnation.

"It is this reversing the order observed in the economy of redemption,—this placing the spirit's work in the position of Christ's work, which is the cause of such leanness in the soul. Great and precious as is the work of the Holy Spirit,—happy and holy as he is, who partakes largely of his influence, yet we should be cautious lest we make him a *substitute* for Christ. If, then, we look to the work of the spirit within us, as the source of our evidence and comfort, while we close the eye upon what Christ is in himself, what he has accomplished, and what he now is doing on his mediatorial throne ; what is this but to substitute the effect for the cause, to turn our face from the sun, and complain that we see not its lustre, to veil it from the earth, and wonder, the seed does not vegetate, and the plants do not bloom ?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Renewal of enjoyment—Memento of a beloved friend—Duty of Christians to live near to God—Value of sympathy—Observance of the Lord's day—Gratifying exhibition of faith and love—Claims of the heathen.

Mrs. Taylor emerged from the darkness which had shrouded her vision, and derived, if possible, more than her accustomed enjoyment from the contemplation of the divine character and perfections. Even hours of comparative gloom, trying at the time, were sanctified to her, and became the means of elevating her affections, increasing her faith, and binding her more firmly to the Lord. Her own reference to the subject in a letter to her mother-in-law, evinces the beautiful simplicity of her character, and the lovely spirit by which she was animated.

"New-York, Nov. 3, 1835.

"My dear mother,

"Again I am permitted to address you in the only way in which we shall, probably, ever have intercourse on earth. Even this is to me a great privilege. For I feel that I am no more a stranger, when I can make known to you things concerning me and mine, in which you too are interested. Since I last wrote, I have looked upon death as very near ; and though my mind has been clouded, and the sin of unbelief cherished to my own distress, yet I can now cast my soul, my all, for time and eternity upon Christ, the only refuge for lost sinners. Will you not make it a subject of special prayer, that all my confidence may be in Jesus, in the satisfaction he has given, and the atonement he has made ? I am not anxious as to the result of my sickness—'may I but know that Christ is mine.' I ask no more. Come then life or death, all things shall work together for my good.

" I suffer but little. God is indeed dealing very gently with me ; and if he is about to dissolve the earthly house, this tabernacle, he is doing it in a way of mercy.

" That you all love the dear children well enough, I have no doubt. Should they live, will you not endeavor to impress upon their minds, that they have been *especially consecrated to God ?* May he grant them desires to glorify him, even in their earliest years. How short the time—and we, and those we love, if the friends of Christ, shall be beyond the influence of change or sin !

" To dear brother W., I would say, what he already knows, and I hope feels, that there is nothing on earth for which we should desire to live, but the glory of God.

"Remember me most affectionately to every member of the family. Say to them that my prayer, and I trust my heart's desire, is, that we may meet in heaven. Tell my father, that I thank him for his kindness and affection to my dear babes, and feel more than I can express. Kiss them for their mother, and little Sarah, who loves them dearly.

"Believe me, your affectionate daughter,

S. L. TAYLOR."

Several days after the last date, Mrs. Taylor addressed a few lines to a dear friend, as a memento, when she was gone, of her feelings and wishes.

"When morning gilds the eastern skies,
And I from peaceful slumbers rise,
To pay my early sacrifice,
And make my earnest plea;
And when amid my worldly care,
I lift my heart in silent prayer,
And to my God my burdens bear,
Then I remember thee.

And when at noontide I retire,
To breath in secret my desire,
That I may more and more aspire,
For holiness and love.
Then do I plead that thou may'st know
While wand'ring in this vale of woe,
The pure exalted joys that flow,
From intercourse above.

And when I 'steal awhile away,'
From 'cumbering care' at 'closing day,'
Thankful for mercies past—to pray
    That blessings new be given,
Then do I supplicate for thee,
That thou may'st labor faithfully,
And *live alone to God*,—and be
    Prepared for bliss in heaven.

And when at midnight's solemn hour,
On faith's strong pinions borne, I soar
To realms on high—with saints adore,
    Impatient to lay down
This tenement of clay, and rise
From earth's ensnaring vanities,
To join the ransomed in the skies,
    And wear their glorious crown;

Then do I plead, that those, who here,
Are to my warm affections dear,
May meet me in that blessed sphere,
    And with the Saviour reign;
Where through the lapse of endless days,
Harmonious voices we may raise,
Not in *weak prayer*, but *joyful praise*,
    To him for sinners slain."

"New York, Nov. 7, 1835."

Nov. 8. She writes to her sister.

"I can only look at mercies on every side. My greatest trial is, that I feel no more gratitude, and do not make a more suitable return. God is indeed leading me in a dubious path, to human vision; but he has a good design concerning me, and will glorify himself, whatever may be the result of all this training. Should I live, I hope I may never lose sight of a dying hour."

Few subjects awakened more interest in the mind of Mrs. Taylor, during her protracted illness, than the importance of christians living near to God. Withdrawn from the world herself, she looked, as from an elevated position, on what was transpiring around her. She felt, that the whole of life was compressed within a very narrow compass, that on the influence which the followers of Jesus exerted, by the holiness of their lives, and their supreme devotedness to spiritual things, the progress of religion in the community, and the world, essentially depended. "If christians," she said, "become secular in their feelings, engrossed by the business and passing events of the present life, how can they let their light shine before men! Must they not feel reproved by the question,—'What do ye more than others?' If the gospel is not at all times their standard of action, they will be insensibly drawn into sinful compliances,—the life of religion will be lost. They may have a name among the living, but for every valuable purpose, they will be dead."

It was her daily prayer, that the Lord would, in tender mercy, " cleanse and defend his church, and preserve it evermore by his help and goodness;" that he would " grant his people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil; and with pure minds and hearts, to follow Him, the only God, through Jesus Christ their Lord." She endeavored to impress upon all with whom she conversed, the necessity of greater conformity to the will of God, and increased efforts for the salvation of a world lying in wickedness. When her strength would admit the use of her pen, these subjects were urged in her letters. To Mrs. M., a christian friend, who manifested for her great sympathy, she thus writes.

" Monday, P. M., Dec. 7, 1835.

" To say that I was extremely gratified, will not express what I felt, as I read, again and again, your affectionate letter. It comforted me, and I could say, with new confidence, ' I know that I love the children of God,' that I delight in holding intercourse with his people. It led me to a train of thought which was encouraging and strengthening. To be assured that those, who commune with Jesus, remember me in their intercessions before the mercy seat, is always cheering to my heart. How precious the promise, ' the prayer of the righteous prevails with God!'

"But I am a mystery to myself. Again I am gaining strength. My life may yet be prolonged. It is the desire of my heart to keep eternity, and its realities, ever before me, so to 'live, as I shall wish I had done, when I come to die.'

"You, my dear friend, have the wisdom gained by experience; will you then tell me, why christians are so inconsistent? Is it true, that all human beings around us, are immortal?—that they are going rapidly forward to eternal happiness, or endless misery? And is this life, the only state of probation? the only time to secure the salvation of the undying spirit? Can we believe these things, and yet live as though they do not concern us?

"When I reflect on these subjects, I desire to make some effort for the benefit of others,—to see christians living less in conformity to the world, and thus removing the 'stumbling blocks' which so often lie in the way of the unconverted. I feel that they ought to be, in deed and in truth, a separate people, known as such by their *works* and *conversation.*

"Your obliged and affectionate,

S. L. TAYLOR."

She often alluded to the neglect of a suitable observance of the Lord's day,—particularly by those who are called by the christian name, and commemorate the Saviour's dying love. Regarding such as designed, in an important sense, to be lights in the world, she was grieved at witnessing an indifference to the cultivation of those feelings, which the special consecration of the day demands. "How can they enjoy," she asked, "the services of the sanctuary, when, at their own homes, they converse about their worldly business, or the news of the day? It seems to me, that every indulgence of this kind, serves to lower the standard of piety, and to produce a state of feeling extremely unfavorable to the influence of the gospel. Are not six days in the week sufficient for attention to temporal concerns? Must the hallowed services of that day, which is an emblem of eternal rest, be desecrated, by allowing the intrusion of uncongenial subjects?

"I would not hurt the feelings of others, but I desire that all would lay this subject to heart, and ask themselves whether they honor God in a becoming manner, when they allow their thoughts to be enlisted on this holy day, by those things, which pertain to a fleeting world? Some, no doubt, have inconsiderately fallen into the habit, or have indulged it on account of their associates. Is it right for them to keep up intercourse, particularly on Sunday, with those who are unwilling to converse on religious subjects, and have no relish for devout meditation; or who spend their time in reading books of a secular character?"

These remarks were prompted by a strong desire that christians should do every thing to the glory of God. She knew from sad experience the temptations that surround their path, and wished to leave some testimony to which her friends might recur, when she was gone, respecting the light in which this subject appeared to her, in the seclusion of a sick chamber.

Affliction had made her intimately acquainted with God, she trusted in him as a tender Father, and evinced the childlike spirit of one long instructed in the school of Christ. The nearer she drew to the eternal world, the more her heart expanded with love to the members of the human family. Her confidence in the efficacy of prayer, acquired fresh strength. All the christian graces were in lively exercise. She looked out from her clayey tenement, with the eye of faith, upon the unseen things of God's universal dominion. To her enlarged and comprehensive vision, the whole world seemed but a point. Yet she rejoiced in the thought, that here, Jehovah had displayed his effulgent glory. Here, the Son of God became incarnate,—and here, his precious blood was shed for the salvation of sinful men.

While her thoughts soared to heaven, and her heart bowed before the mediatorial throne, she looked down the vista of ages on earth, and beheld, by the light of revelation, the events of predicted time. She saw the gospel extending its sway from country to country, until the whole world was converted unto God. "How glorious," she exclaimed, "will be that day, when the 'knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.' When streams of living water shall flow forth to every nation, making 'glad the city of God!' Who would not think it a privilege to live at such a period? May we not, even in heaven, rejoice in the fulfilment of these prophecies? If there be joy in heaven, when one sinner repenteth, who can describe the joy, which will fill the hearts of the redeemed, when by the preaching of the gospel, whole nations shall repent and turn to God? Ought any to be deterred, through fear of personal sacrifice, or sufferings, from contributing some humble part to the production of so blessed a result?"

I have listened, with silent astonishment, to the outpourings of her heart, on this noble theme. Never was eloquence more touching. Often have I wished, that those who hesitate respecting their obligation to aid in sending the gospel to pagan lands, might view the subject as it arose before her, during the last year of her pilgrimage. Could they realize the influence of a just apprehension of the duty, upon their own religious character, all doubts would be removed. It is impossible to dwell on the revealed will of Jehovah respecting heathen nations, and enter fully into the spirit of the missionary enterprise, without feeling a more affectionate interest in the welfare of all the members of the human family. The delight in every department of christian duty will be increased. Faith will take a firmer hold of the promises. The unhallowed effect of secular pursuits will be diminished. The heart will be drawn out in fervent prayer, that "the kingdoms of the world may become the kingdoms of our Lord," that the Gentile nations may "be brought home with the remnant of the true Israelites, and made one fold under one shepherd."

Writing to a friend, who had under consideration the question of joining one of the mission stations among the Indians, she remarks,—"I do at times feel, that it is of little moment to the real disciple of the Lord Jesus, in what part of 'this dim speck, which men call earth,' he spends his transient life. If he but live to God, his warfare is soon ended, and his crown given. Situated as you are, you may be very useful, and ought to rejoice in the privilege of sowing good seed in tender minds, which may bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

"May your efforts to do good be increased, and abundantly blessed; till your labors and prayers shall give place to joy and praise, in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb."

CHAPTER XIV.

Christian character as seen the last year of her life—Circulation of tracts—Foretaste of the happiness of the redeemed—Death of her sister Mary—Lines addressed to her eldest son—To her youngest son on his birthday—To her adopted daughter—Parental solicitude—Utility of Sunday schools.

On the 1st of January, 1836, Mrs. Taylor thus writes to her sister. "Two months ago, I did not expect to be here now. When I review all the way that God hath led me, my heart is full. How another year may close with me I cannot tell. I would leave all with Him, who has ever dealt kindly with me, and whose promises never fail. I I find comfort in reflecting that as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. He knoweth our frame, he remembereth we are but dust. Amidst these bodily ills, it is pleasant to think the period near, when, released from all the hindrances of mortality, I too, through grace, rich free, and unmerited grace, may sing the song of victory, and go out from the immediate presence of God no more forever."

In this lovely frame of mind, she entered on the last year of her life. While she lingered here, the desire to advance the kingdom of Christ, prevailed over every other. Her daily walk afforded a beautiful illustration of the spirit of the petition—" thy kingdom come." Though deprived for many months of intercourse with others, except in her own chamber ; yet all who were admitted to this consecrated apartment, felt that it was indeed a Bethel. They saw a delightful exhibition of the christian character, and seemed to breathe a new and heavenly atmosphere, often retiring with the strong assurance, that such a scene was enough to melt the heart of the stoutest opposer of the gospel. They beheld in her a combination of grace, dignity, and loveliness. Every feature had received the softening touches of a master's hand. Qualities in themselves attractive, and blended together in admirable proportion, had been thoroughly imbued with a sanctifying influence. Her ever speaking eye riveted attention, while her beaming countenance seemed irradiated with celestial light. Her sweetly flowing periods charmed the ear, and the spirit that pervaded them reached the heart. No subject could be introduced, pertaining to the welfare of the immortal soul, of which she did not evince a deep and practical knowledge.

The chief regret of the writer, is, that so few of her remarks have been transferred to paper, and those few, so inadequate to convey a just idea of the impression produced. The train of reflection she excited, was too absorbing for the language to be remembered, in which her sentiments were clothed.

In an early period of her religious history, she became convinced of the great benefit to be derived from the circulation of religious tracts. These "winged messengers" often enlist the feelings of those, who would not think of sitting down to a larger work. Important subjects are presented before the mind,—access is gained to the heart. Alluding to some of the effects she had witnessed, Mrs. Taylor remarked, "How evidently we see the hand of God, in leading his people to adopt this mode of bringing religious truth to bear upon the thoughtless. I have seen an individual, weeping over the pages of a tract, who had never before listened to serious conversation. This person was induced to attend public worship, and brought into the fold of Christ; giving gratifying evidence of a change of heart. In my visits among the destitute and afflicted, some aids of this kind were almost indispensable. They often suggested topics for remark, enabled me more readily to gain attention, and, in several instances, I trust, to make a salutary impression. If christians would always keep on hand, books and tracts, adapted to the condition of those with whom they have intercourse, they might employ them in a profitable manner."

Mrs. Taylor took pleasure in practising what she recommended. No person could be long in her society, without receiving the kind offer of a book or tract for perusal. In this way she was instrumental in diffusing an excellent spirit around her. Those whom she had occasion to employ in any little services, were sure to be remembered. She would sometimes say, "I cannot talk much now; this book will remind you of many things of inestimable value. Pray to God that he will make it a blessing to you." If the persons could not conveniently find time to read a larger work, one of her small tokens of love would be presented, with the request, that they would "read it with prayer, and think of what it contained."

The history of Mrs. Taylor from this period is associated with few events on which it is necessary to dwell. Too feeble to see much company, she enjoyed peculiar facilities for that intercourse, in which she so much delighted—communion with God. The result was seen in the elevated and heavenly feelings, by which she was animated. She ever spoke with gratitude of the mercies she experienced, and of the preciousness of the love of God, her Saviour. "How," she says, "could I have passed through these trying scenes, if the Lord had not been my ever present help! He deals with me so gently, and orders all my ways in so kind a manner, that I can never cease speaking forth his praises. Once I should have thought it impossible, that I could have endured the sufferings and conflicts of the past year; now I wonder, my heart does not always rise in gratitude. The design of God in these afflictions is so evident, I desire continually to magnify his goodness. Blessed be his name, that he has had compassion upon me, and permitted me to rejoice in hope of eternal blessedness. This morning I had a delightful foretaste of the happiness of the redeemed. The world and all its concerns, receded from my view. Oh, for more holy love, for a more contrite spirit."

These rich consolations were admirably adapted to preserve her from that depression of feeling, to which at times one of her temperament was liable. The power of divine grace triumphed over every obstacle. Each new affliction rendered more apparent the strength of her faith, and ripened her for everlasting habitations. Her sympathies, about this time, were enlisted in behalf of her eldest sister. This sister on a former occasion,* watched by her side during a long sickness, and contributed essentially to her comfort. Now the hand of disease pressed heavily upon her,—her days on earth were nearly numbered. Mrs. Taylor would fain have gone to her relief, and administered the balm of heavenly consolation. Denied the enjoyment of this privilege, she traced with her pencil, the thoughts, which kindness and experience suggested. Mary was not insensible to her affection, or her anxiety to know the state of her soul at this critical period. To the enquiry "how does the Saviour now appear to you?" she replied, "He is my only hope. I fully realize, that nothing short of a firm reliance on his atoning sacrifice, can support me in the approaching conflict. Jesus is my all. Pray for me, that my faith fail not." A friend who was with her writes: "She was composed, as her last hour drew near, and experienced the consolation of the religion she professed. She died at her father's house, after a lingering illness, Feb. 7, 1836."

---

* Vide p. 201.

All a mother's sensibilities were awakened by the slightest allusion to her children. She made a further effort to testify her anxious solicitude, hoping, the time might come, when they would appreciate her feelings, and choose for themselves the path, which she had marked out for them. To her eldest son, then about three years old, she addressed the following touching lines.

"To Cornelius Stewart Taylor.

"When first upon thy tiny cheek, my lips with joy were press'd,
And a mother's deep and changeless love, first filled this throbbing breast,

E'en then I prayed, that He who called thy being into birth,
Might seal thee his in infancy, to serve Him while on earth.

"And when, at midnight's solemn hour, we watched thy struggling breath,
While cold upon thy infant brow seemed laid the hand of death,
And there, in blest baptismal rite, we offered thee to God,
I prayed, Lord let him live to thee ! and he removed the rod.

"And still I pray, Lord, seal him thine, Lord, help him live to thee !
But soon this heart, now filled with care, will from all care be free,
Soon shall this prisoned spirit rise, upon my God to gaze
Where faith is changed to cheering sight, and prayer to ceaseless praise.

"SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR."

Her youngest son received a similar token of her affectionate regard, on the first anniversary of his natal day. It was written in a Bible, presented to him by the beloved friend after whom he was called.

"To George Tracy Taylor

"My son, a friendly hand has traced,
Thy name, in this blest book ;
O, may it stand there, uneffaced !—
And if thou e'er shalt look

"Upon this page, when he who gave
This best of gifts to thee,
Is sleeping in the silent grave ;
Think what thy course should be !

"Shall he whose name is thine to bear,
Be honored by my son?
Wilt thou not strive by faith and prayer,
The christian race to run?

"Wilt thou not make this book thy guide,
E'en from thy earliest youth?
That God may o'er thy ways preside,
And lead thee by his truth.

"Then the blest Lamb, thy precious name,
In life's fair book will trace,
And thou shalt all his love proclaim,
A monument of grace.

"SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR."

"Feb. 15, 1836."

Mrs. Taylor was ever mindful of her little orphan, and wished to make such an impression on her mind, as would never be effaced. While time rolled on, and the end of her probation drew near, she gathered strength, to sketch with her pencil, a few lines, as an additional memento of her love, when the grave should close over her. They were never finished. Breaking off abruptly, they seem like the remains of a fallen column. Some opinion may be formed of the design, from the fragment preserved.

"My dear child,

"You are yet a 'little one,' but God has already marked your course with striking changes and bereavements, afflictions and mercies. Your own father you never knew, and while an infant, you wept in anguish, because your dear mother was called to heaven. Many little children thus left, are cast 'orphans indeed' upon the world. But your Heavenly Father raised up those, who have endeavored to discharge the duty of parents toward you. We have numbered you with our other dear ones, and with them, you have shared our warmest affection. Now, my dear Sarah, God, in his infinite wisdom, seems about to remove me from you,—again to leave you motherless, ere you can fully appreciate a mother's love, or solicitude. The time may come, when you will know your loss. Never, unless placed by divine Providence in similar circumstances, can you imagine, what a trial this anticipated separation from you has been. God, however, has enabled me to resign you to his keeping.

"My dear child, make the Lord your trust, commit your way to him, and he will direct your steps. Think nothing too trifling to be laid before him. You have been accustomed to make known your griefs and troubles to me; go to your Heavenly Parent with still stronger confidence. Spread before Him all your sins and cares. Do this daily. Live much in prayer. Be assured, prayer is your greatest safeguard against sin and temptation." * * *

The feelings of Mrs. Taylor, when she thought of her children, were those of a christian parent. She believed that God entrusted them to her care, for the glorious purpose, of training them up, while on earth, in such a manner, that, hereafter, they might enjoy him forever. She felt that no subject could be selected, within the range of social duties, possessing higher claims to devout observance. The obligation is apparent, and irresistible. It can scarcely be urged, without receiving the spontaneous acknowledgement of every heart. When the parent fixes his eye upon his child, the thought is suggested, that within the frail clayey tenement is an immortal soul, whose destiny, through eternal ages, may be at his disposal. Shall that child be left untutored, to the chilling and polluting influence of a world lying in wickedness; or be instructed in divine truth, and warmed by the genial beams of the sun of righteousness?

Mrs. Taylor spoke, and acted, with these sentiments indelibly impressed on her mind. She knew that children were affected by every object around them. The works of nature, and the employments of society, greet their eyes, but their hearts are softened by a mother's tear. They are excited by the sufferings of others, even before they know the cause of those sufferings. Who gave them this susceptibility, but the Former of their bodies, and the Father of their spirits? To parents, in their behalf, the appeal is addressed,—Will you lead their affections to an ever during object, or suffer them to rest on something that will quickly decay? You highly value their regard, but shall they love you only, *you*, who cannot sustain them long? What shall employ their thoughts, and receive the warm current of their feelings, when you are slumbering in the dust? In whose bosoms shall they then repose? *You* cannot alleviate their sorrow,—shall they have *none* to whom they can go?

Who will be surprised at the anxiety of a pious mother! She is preparing to bid adieu to the things of earth. Her children are far away. The sounds of her voice fall no more upon their ears. All that she can do, is to awaken others to a just conception of parental responsibility, to induce them, if possible, to remit no exertion, while health remains, and their tender offspring are by their side, to prepare them for future glory.

She had long been convinced, that the youthful mind might receive a decidedly religious impression, at the earliest developement of moral powers. "It is inconceivable," she would say, "to those who have not given the subject serious reflection, how much time is usually lost, by not beginning in season to guide their thoughts in a suitable channel. They are formed by God to hear religion's solemn voice.

The Holy Spirit hovers over them, gently moves their affections, and often sanctifies the heart, before even their teachers suspect his influence. The conscience is then tender, and sometimes tremblingly alive, to whatever is supposed to be wrong, or inconsistent with God's holy laws. If parents, and religious friends, would watch with assiduous care over their infantile years, and lead them to the throne of grace, they might have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing them walk in the paths of wisdom and holiness.

"Who that realizes, that infancy is the spring tide of being, the seed time of eternal being, can suffer himself to remain inactive? Then there is a virgin freshness, and romantic novelty in knowledge received, which compensates, by a deeper effect, for its smaller sphere. Then the heart is comparatively without guile, ever open, unsuspecting, confiding, tender. A year lost here may cast a shadow on all future life. This is the hour of danger, this the power of darkness. While we are sleeping, suspecting no evil, and waiting for the heart to open, the hand of the enemy is with busy and fatal skill, silently and profusely scattering the tares. Let us no longer allow this most malignant foe to gain the advantage: but, as far as we may, let us pre-occupy the field, and grapple with him for the prize, on terms that are less unequal."

By a person cherishing such views, Sunday Schools could not fail to be highly appreciated. Mrs. Taylor knew their value. Her earliest serious impressions were produced there. The holiest energies of her mind had been exerted there. She loved to think of them as a blessed means of bringing the great doctrines of the Bible, to bear on the heart and conscience of the young.

Her sympathies were awakened for the teachers in these schools; and her prayers ascended to Heaven, that they might faithfully perform their duties. She would say to them; "In no employment will you experience, in your own hearts, a more abundant reward. Those children may be your hope and joy, and the crown of your rejoicing, in the presence of the Lord Jesus. You have the exalted privilege of pointing accountable beings to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. They will be grateful for your labours, when they see your devotedness and assiduity in their behalf; and when the song of praise shall flow from their lips, and they shall magnify the riches of redeeming grace, they will not forget the humble instruments by whom these glorious truths were impressed upon their minds."

It has been publicly stated, that, "of all the missionaries from Great Britain to heathen lands, nineteen out of every twenty, received their first religious impressions at Sunday Schools; and of the most devoted ministers in England, under forty years of age, more than two thirds became pious at these schools." Mrs. Taylor frequently alluded to the enjoyment they had afforded her. "There are," she said, "few portions of my life, to which I recur with greater interest, than the time employed in teaching my Sunday scholars. I felt, that I was laboring for God, and though sensible of much infirmity, had great reason for thankfulness."

CHAPTER XV.

Power of the gospel—Deep interest in the condition of the sick and necessitous—Special instance of the benign effect of religion—Mrs. Taylor's last letter from New-York—Departure from the city—Comfortable situation with her relatives—Elevated state of her affections—Closing scene—Letter from Rev. A. L.

It would be difficult to say, whether Mrs. Taylor most excelled in the clearness of her conceptions of divine truth, or in the happy manner by which she illustrated its power in her life. Her mental faculties retained their vigor, when her sufferings were the most acute. She looked upon the great themes of religion, with a glow of zeal and devotion, that threw a charm around whatever fell from her lips. She usually waited for others to touch the chord, but when touched, she was sure to respond with a most delightful and animating spirit. Truths long familiar, appeared in a new light, being associated with the practical influence they produced. There was no mere abstract statement;—all was vivid. You felt that the gospel exerts a life giving efficacy, that such as yield to its sway, enjoy a happiness to which the rest of mankind are strangers.

Those, who have experienced the tediousness of a long confinement, know the exertions that are requisite to keep the mind profitably employed. The kindness of friends may be appreciated, and the heart thankful for favors received; yet seasons will recur, in which, without the aid of divine grace, to counteract the tendency, it will prey upon itself. The imagination will indulge in sickly fancies, and the sufferers become a trial to all their attendants. Could such be induced to look to Jesus, the author, and finisher of their faith, and trace the merciful dealings of Jehovah, their own enjoyment would be increased, and the comfort of their friends. God does not send afflictions in vain, nor does he design that we should be unaffected by them. The christian wishes to regard them as a token of divine compassion—an additional incentive to live above the world, and be zealous in the promotion of glorious objects. All are subject to these trying allotments, and should be making preparation to meet them, that they may be borne with a submissive and cheerful spirit.

The friends of Mrs. Taylor had peculiar cause for thankfulness, in the calm and subdued tone of her feelings, and the support that she found, on the occurrence of severe trials. Nothing seemed to take her unawares. If her days had been devoted to the acquisition of the graces of humility and submission, their exercise would scarcely have appeared more easy and natural. She had her own predilections, her wishes respecting particular things ; but all her desires were cherished in subordination to the will of Jehovah.

While maintaining communion with her God and Saviour, and meditating on the heavenly rest, she did not forget the objects of compassion around her. Her heart bled for human woe. The necessitous, the infirm, and the sick, were much in her thoughts and shared largely in her prayers. Whatever an invalid could do for their relief, she was prompt to perform ; and ever solicitous to learn their situation from those, whom Providence had sent amongst them. Her thoughts were far from resting exclusively on earthly misery. She knew, there was a greater calamity than the mere pressure of want, or physical suffering ;—the dreadful malady of sin.

No intelligence could be more cheering to her, than that some prodigal had returned to his Father's house ; some child of wretchedness and sorrow had been released from his most oppressive burden, by humble trust in the Saviour. If she had visited the sick herself, and watched from day to day the influence of divine truth upon them, her feelings could not have been more deeply enlisted in their condition.

I shall not soon forget her solicitude for several, then more immediately under my care. One of them is now in the enjoyment of comfortable health, and recurs to that visitation, as a season in which the Lord mercifully lifted upon her the light of his countenance, and imparted the rich consolation of his grace. Another, in whose situation Mrs. Taylor felt a special interest, had been nurtured by a pious mother, in the morning of life deeply impressed with sacred obligations, and for a time regarded by his friends, as promising fair, to be an ornament to the religion of Jesus. These early indications of precious fruit, entirely vanished. The snares and temptations of a guilty world, prevailed over a young and inexperienced mind, and drew him into those labyrinths of vice and error, from which, it appears, a miracle of mercy if any are reclaimed. The monitions of his conscience were not immediately silenced; but having commenced a downward course, he required more than an earthly power, to arrest his progress, and induce him to retrace his steps. There were seasons, he said, (before he had proceeded long in an abandoned career,) after a night spent in the society of the dissolute, when his soul was harrowed up with remorse, and he seemed to feel a hell within him: but a repetition of similar indulgences, blunted his sensibilities, hardened his heart, and rendered him nearly past feeling. The house of prayer was deserted, the society of the religious avoided, and every thing done, that the heart of man could devise, to remove all thoughts of God and eternity.

In this situation, the hand of the Almighty was laid upon him. He was attacked with the disease that terminated his days. It became too evident, for him to be insensible of the fact, that his strength was wasting away,—the seat of life invaded, and that at no distant period his earthly course would be finished. Unable to engage in his usual employment, with little to divert his mind, he began to reflect on the manner in which he had squandered his most valuable years. The awakened emotions were painful; he feared that he had sinned away the day of grace, and that the darkness of eternal night was gathering around him. Beloved connexions were by his side, administering to his wants, and doing whatever their anxious solicitude prompted, for the relief of his sufferings. But of his inward grief he had maintained the most perfect silence. There were feelings pent up within, that wanted vent; a heart oppressed with sin and sadness, that had neither unbosomed itself to God, nor man. His friends had even feared that the visit of a clergyman would be unwelcome, and all enquiries of a religious nature repelled.

It was entrusted to the writer, to break this omin·

ous silence on an all important subject. At my first interview, he was alone, seated in his chair, with a countenance indicating, that he was familiar with the deeper shades of human woe. I soon perceived, that, in one particular, the fears of his friends were unfounded. There was a chord in his heart that had not ceased to vibrate, when his relation to God and another world, was suggested. Though he had wandered like the prodigal from his father's house; the Holy Spirit still lingered around his tabernacle. The claims of religion to his immediate regard were presented. The accents of mercy, proclaimed by the cross of Jesus, touched his heart;—his sins were confessed with the ingenuousness of a child. Instead of avoiding the company of the religious, from this time, he wished to seclude himself as much as possible from intercourse with all others. In his extremity he turned to the Lord, with earnest prayer, and plead for mercy on his guilty soul. The Bible was again opened; and became his constant companion.

His affections also yearned towards a beloved mother. He recurred to the instructions of childhood, —thought of her solicitude for him in his wanderings;—and the many things, contained in her letters, which had been passed over without reading. Desirous of making her acquainted with his situation, and receiving from her such counsel, as her experience might suggest, he resumed his pen, and after repeated efforts for several days, succeeded in conveying to her the emotions of his heart. His mother however, had not forgotten him. The intelligence of his sickness had reached her, and before she had received his letter, he was truly made glad, by a further token of maternal regard, in her well known hand, containing a full impress of her feelings and anxiety. The afflicted son was melted into contrition. His mother had been praying for him, when he thought not of it; she now plead with him, as on the borders of another world, to be reconciled to God. His sorrow for sin became deep and pungent. Aroused by a more full and clear view of the gospel plan of salvation, he cast himself upon the Saviour, and embraced with faith the precious promises. The remainder of his days was cheered by that hope, which is as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast.

One more scene must be noted, for next to that in which his spirit took its flight for a better world, it was the most solemn and affecting. He desired to commemorate the dying love of Jesus. A few chosen friends gathered around, and united with him. Rarely has a sick chamber produced more vivid and thrilling sensations, than when the penitent sufferer received the holy sacrament. His countenance glowed with unusual brightness. That little circle deeply felt, that as it was the first time, so it might be, it probably would be, the last, in which they should all, on this side the grave, enjoy together so glorious a privilege. Alluding to the occasion, he subsequently remarked ;—"That day seemed to me a heaven upon earth."

Pointing to his Bible, he observed, "for many years this was a neglected book, now it is my chief delight." The 51st Psalm, in particular, was often wet with his tears. The last sentence he uttered, with an audible voice, was sweetly indicative of the state of his affections, "Jesus is precious."

When the mild weather of Spring approached, it was deemed expedient, that Mrs. Taylor should be removed to the country. Her inclinations, as might be expected, were to her native state. While it remained uncertain, what course would eventually be adopted, she indulged the hope of having her only surviving sister, spend some time with her in the city ; yet she rejoiced in having all her concerns in better hands, than those of feeble mortals. A few extracts from a letter to this sister, written at different times, as her strength would allow, will present a clear view of her feelings and wishes.

"NEW YORK, March 15, 1836.

"My dear sister,

"I am becoming more feeble, and my cough is very troublesome. It has been your allotment to watch by Mary and Jerusha, to comfort them in their sufferings, and receive their last message. Will you come and perform the same kind offices for me? I need constant care, and feel myself sinking down to the grave. Yet I do not desire you to leave home, unless you can do it without anxiety respecting those that remain. Miss C. is very kind, and often reminds me of you; but it will be impossible for her to continue with me much longer. I have unnumbered daily mercies. Give my tenderest love to our father and mother.

"March 30.

"My physician consents to my going home, as soon as the weather will admit of my removal. Should I live till that time, your wishes, and my own, will be gratified. I receive much kindness, have many friends, and enjoy numerous blessings here; but I wish to go home, and die with those, whose affection has been unchanged, from infancy till the present. I desire to bless God for the way in which he has led me. There was a time when I shrunk from the thought of *protracted suffering*. It is not so now.—I have had bitter feelings, when realizing that my children are *mine* no more;—now, though I weep at the remembrance of them, and would fain, once, again, clasp them in my arms and bless them; yet I cheerfully resign them, soul and body, to Him, who is able and willing to keep that which is committed to his care. The cup that my Heavenly Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? These trials, may well he called 'light afflictions,' if they only produce in me the fruit of righteousness.

"Why should I shrink from death,—from early death!
Since dying is the entrance to that world,
Where death, sad spoiler of all human hopes,
Hath no more sway! His dread dominion ends,
When this frail tabernacle, is put off,
Is leveled with its low original,
The dust!"

"Your affectionate sister,

Sarah."

At this period Mrs. Taylor presented a beautiful illustration of the christian character, in full symmetry and proportion. She had for a long time been in constant preparation for death, waiting patiently the will of her Divine Master. There were no extravagant flights of fancy;—all was placid, serene as a summer's morning. Affliction had so chastened her soul, that she regarded all events, in reference to their bearing on another world. The same spirit, which conducted her from the darkness of nature, to the light of the everlasting gospel, was still with her, purifying her desires, giving vigor to her faith, and producing holy acquiescence in the dispensations of Jehovah.

For months, the change in her health had been so gradual as scarcely to be apparent. When the time assigned for her removal approached; she maintained the entire command of her feelings, and made the requisite preparation for the journey, with the same humble reliance upon God for which she had previously been distinguished. Considering these afflictive allotments as a part of the discipline of her Heavenly Father, she passed through them, in the comforting enjoyment of the divine promises.

My last interview with her, in the hallowed apartment to which she had long been confined, was on the 22d of April. Never had greater uncertainty rested on the future. For aught that appeared, she might again be restored to improved health, or suddenly removed from earthly trials. Our conversation turned chiefly upon the subject of death. It was one familiar to Mrs. Taylor and in which she engaged with the liveliest interest. The state of her mind was evidently that, which is produced by sanctified afflictions. She dwelt much on the compassion of the Saviour, and the comfort to be derived, from the thought of meeting him in glory, and enjoying him forever. Her affections were immoveably fixed upon the only sure foundation of human hope.

April 25th, the day appointed for her removal from the city, dawned upon her with thrilling interest, yet her feelings were controlled by the Great Regulator of human actions. Five years had elapsed that day, since her public recognition of the vows of the christian covenant. She was now to take leave of scenes endeared to her heart by associations the most powerful and touching. Officious memory recurred to the past, and rendered it all vivid before her; but her strength failed not, the benign influence of the gospel was sweetly exhibited.

On arriving at the boat which was to bear her away from these consecrated places, no agitation was visible in her countenance; assisted to the cabin by her friends, she resumed her couch with the most perfect tranquillity. That she felt most deeply, none who knew her could doubt; by the aid of divine grace, she raised her thoughts above all sublunary things, and meditated on the track of the soul through boundless space to realms of ineffable purity. This was to her a part, and the concluding part, of the voyage of life. It contained many traces of former days, when different feelings swayed her breast, and before the graces of the gospel had been so strikingly displayed. The passage through the Sound had often been sketched by her own hand. All the features of the surrounding landscape were fresh in her recollection. While time had produced changes in her, the face of nature remained the same. She realized the truth of the sentiment.

——" God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy."

During the night her distress was so great from sea sickness, as to render it doubtful whether she could continue till morning. Her friends assembled around her, with the painful expectation that each breath would be her last. The Lord mercifully interposed, and, by a kind providence, conducted her to the place of her destination. At an early hour she was landed at her father's in Middle Haddam, and though much exhausted, truly thankful for the watchful care of the Great Shepherd.

Mrs. Taylor considered it an unspeakable privilege, to be once more encircled by those dear friends, "whose affection for her," to adopt her own language, "had been unchanged from infancy to the present moment," nor did they place a less value, upon the privilege of watching over her, and administering to her wants. Nothing was left undone, that could alleviate her pain, or render the concluding days of her pilgrimage comfortable and happy. For a time she gathered fresh strength ;—it seemed not improbable that her life might be prolonged. At this season of the year, all nature was reviving; she sympathized with it, and appeared to feel the influence of the same vivifying power. A few lines are lying before me, written with a pencil on the 14th of May, showing her sensibility to the renovated appearance around her, and her wish to console her absent friend.

"The country is beautiful; all speak of God but those to whom he has given the faculty of speech. The trees are in bloom;—*every thing* seems full of life and loveliness.—In reference to your lonely situation, I need not say how joyfully I would be with you, and administer those domestic comforts, which constitute the sweets of earth.—My prayer is, Lord, raise me not from this bed of sickness, unless to be specially useful. Let us remember, that however trying or mysterious, the dispensations of Providence now appear, all will be made plain hereafter.

"The blessing of the Lord be yours,

SARAH."

Only a few weeks elapsed, before all were convinced that her disease was too firmly seated, to yield to human skill. Her sufferings were at times very acute, yet she was never heard to utter the language of complaint. She felt for her children all a mother's tenderness, but committed them with confidence to Him, who could do far better for them than any earthly parent. With similar feelings, she commended to His care, the little orphan, her adopted child; earnestly beseeching the Lord to preserve her, from the paths of sin.

She was cheerful and happy in her greatest distress; never troubling her friends with the recital of her sufferings. To their affectionate enquiries she usually replied. "I have nothing but mercies to speak of, blessings attend me on every side." The most trifling favor or attention, called forth her gratitude. At every allusion to her previous trials and sufferings, she spoke of the kindness she had received, and the comfort she had found in drawing near to God. Her strong affection for christian friends, was clearly exhibited. Their presence and conversation were always animating. She dwelt with delight on the thought of their reunion, in those blessed abodes, where sin and sorrow will be forever excluded.

In the latter part of July, her strength failed rapidly? She fully believed that the hour of her release was approaching. Her reliance upon an Everlasting Arm was brought to a new test; and if for a moment a cloud flitted across her path, it seemed only to render more vivid, the beams of celestial light and comfort, which the Lord imparted. On the 30th of July, the change in her symptoms was so strongly marked, that her husband was sent for, In the meantime her faith was unwavering, the promises of the gospel seemed clothed with peculiar attractions. Monday afternoon, the 1st of August, the sun after having been obscured by a dark cloud, burst forth with increased splendor. Her sister asked her if she saw the beautiful appearance. "Oh! yes," she replied, " and just so I believe the Sun of Righteousness will shine upon my soul." This conviction was fully verified before her departure. Tuesday morning she remarked, "I have a new assurance to day." " All before me is luminous; what more can I desire?"

Her husband being detained longer than was anticipated, she had felt some solicitude, lest he should not arrive before the close of her life. The Lord graciously answered her request. He arrived in season to receive her last message, and witness the elevation of her faith. At her request the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel, and the third of his first Epistle were read, and prayers offered. She then took an affectionate leave of her relatives, beseeching them all to live in continual preparation for a better world;—and spoke of the comfort of the believer in a dying hour, when supported by the Saviour's love.—" How often" she says " I have repeated without suitable reflection;"

'Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the waves of trouble roll,
  While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
  O, receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
  All my hope from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of thy wing.

"Now I feel the sentiment, in all its strength and consolation. The everlasting arms of my Redeemer are underneath me ; 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me : thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'" Alluding to her absent friends, she said, "give my love to all, tell them Jesus is precious." Turning to her husband, and looking him full in the face, she said, "*My children*,"——but was unable to proceed. These were her last words ; —reclining again on the bed, she fell into a sweet sleep, and soon after awaking, about 1 o'clock P.M. Aug. 2, 1836, her immortal spirit was released from its frail tenement, and entered, upon the enjoyment of eternal happiness.

In conformity with a desire expressed during a former sickness,* Mrs. Taylor was interred along with her "dear kindred." The "passing traveller," who shall turn aside to meditate, will find in a secluded part of the yard, by the side of each other, the graves of the three sisters, with the "enduring marble" at the head of each, of equal height. Standing by these affecting mementos of the departed, he will have before him the same delightful prospect, concerning which the lamented James B. Taylor remarked;† "The lover of scenery will never tire here, but always find enough to feast his love of the beautiful, amid so much enchantment of nature."

Here reposes all that was mortal of SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR. But no dear connexions are now there to bedew her grave. That domestic circle she so fondly loved, has since her death removed to a distant part of the country. Yet strangers will visit the place, and while they pause in solemn thought, will raise to Heaven the prayer, that her spirit may be enkindled in many hearts. Even as they ascend the Connecticut, they will mark the spot, and call to mind the loveliness of her character,—the graces with which she was endowed.

The testimony, of a clergyman residing in the vicinity of her father's, who visited her repeatedly, will form an interesting and appropriate conclusion to the present chapter.

---

* See page 203.

† See "A new Tribute to the memory of James Brainerd Taylor," p. 264.

"Middle Haddam, Feb. 22. 1837.

"Dear Sir,

"To me it is matter of much regret that I did not more frequently commune with Mrs. Taylor, on those high and holy themes, which obviously occupied most of her thoughts, during her last illness, and which imparted heavenly consolation and joy to her heart. I sincerely regret this, both because I cannot doubt that such christian intercourse would have been pleasant and refreshing to her, and because I am sure that the eloquence of her dying words, would have been most instructive and profitable to me. Brief, however, as was my acquaintance with her, it will long be remembered with deep and melancholy interest.

"I shall not be able to relate particularly the conversation which occurred between us, as I took no notes, and much of it has escaped from a too treacherous memory. But while her words have passed away, the impressions which they made are deep and enduring.

"Having incidently alluded to her children, who were absent, and whom she never expected to see again in this world, I found that I had touched a tender chord, and regretted the indiscretion. She placed her emaciated and trembling hand over her eyes, as if to conceal a starting tear, and gather strength to repress the strong emotions which were rising in her bosom.

"After a short pause, resuming her wonted calmness and composure, she said—'I took a final leave of my children some months since. It was trying to a mother's heart—but I have given them up—I have committed them to the keeping of my heavenly Father. I have resigned those whom I most love on earth, and now I am willing to go whenever it shall please my Saviour to call me hence.'

"I recited the following passage of the Psalmist; —'My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.' She said she had often meditated on that precious truth, and now, that she was placed upon a sick and dying bed, it afforded her unspeakable encouragement and consolation.—She conversed with great interest and animation on the sublime doctrine of the resurrection, and especially concerning Him who is 'the Resurrection and the Life,' whom she evidently esteemed as 'the chiefest among ten thousand,' and on whose merits alone she depended for salvation.

"Having spoken in terms somewhat laudatory of the spirit and style of a little book which lay upon the table before me, she replied, 'Yes, it contains very many excellent and pious thoughts,' and then added an expression of regret, that it said little or nothing about the Holy Spirit, or *the doctrine of divine influence,* in connexion with religious experience. It struck me as being a very just criticism, and the few observations which she made in this connexion respecting the agency of the Holy Spirit, in the renovation and sanctification of the soul, were at once scriptural and edifying.

"In her conversation and deportment, there was a manifestation of the most unaffected humility;—there was evidence that she possessed some good measure of that feeling which prompted an Apostle to exclaim;—'*By the grace of God I am what I am*;'—there was an exemplification of that truly *christian temper*, which would abase self in the dust, and exalt God and His grace.

"While sitting by her sick bed, listening to her pious discourse, her brightening countenance indicated that all within was *peace*, and her eye seemed to beam with immortal hope. I felt impressed with the conviction that a dying *saint* was there—one who had indeed been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and baptized by the Holy Ghost. I could not doubt that she was a disciple ; for, as I looked upon her, I was sure I saw the Lord's image and superscription. She exhibited such specimens of christian feeling—such proofs of meekness and patience, calmness and resignation, faith and hope, as do strikingly and beautifully illustrate the redeeming efficacy, and the transforming power of our holy religion. I felt the force of the Poet's sentiment—

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

"And she has gone. Consumption, that mighty destroyer, marked her as his victim, and no earthly power could save her from an early grave. Neither the skill of physicians, nor the tears of friends, nor the prayers of the pious, could avail to detain her on these mortal shores. They did what they could to prolong life—

> ——"But they sought to stay
> An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
> For heaven."——

"Your affectionate friend,
"STEPHEN ALONZO LOPER."

CHAPTER XVI.

Review of Mrs. Taylor's Character.—Qualities as a Teacher—Admiration of the works of nature—Fervor and consistency of her piety and friendship, by Rev. C. H.—Letter from Dr. J. A. Mc V.—Her christian character, by Rev. O. W.—The mother taking leave of her children, by W. C.—The Missionary's Prayer—Sketch in miniature—Conclusion.

We have now traced some of the leading circumstances, in the life and death of a beloved member of the christian fold. Much has been seen in her example, to awaken the slumbering energies of those who are reposing in the field of labor, before their work is completed. In the early period of her christian course, the engrossing duties of a school were not permitted to divert her attention from the cultivation of personal religion. She loved the hour of retirement and prayer, and felt the necessity of keeping her own lamp trimmed and burning, in order to guide in a proper manner those who were entrusted to her charge.

Her character, as a teacher, is beautifully delineated, by one who for years enjoyed her confidence and friendship, and was, for a short time, associated with her in the charge of a school.

"As a teacher, Mrs. Taylor was pre-eminently successful. She loved mind, young, unprejudiced mind, and delighted to watch its expansion, and on each opening leaf, to stamp some impress, bright with promise of future usefulness and eternal glory. She was not of the number who bestow most labor on the fairest exterior, or the child whose parents stand highest in the scale of society. It was sufficient for her to know that there was a mind susceptible of cultivation, and all her energies were devoted to the work.

"She deeply regretted the disposition mothers often manifest, to give their daughters, a showy, superficial education, to the almost entire neglect, of solid branches. She would say, 'it is trifling with immortality, and sacrificing the powers which God has given for usefulness, to the opinion of a vain world ; my conscience condemns me, when I do not warn them of the danger of the course.' Were but a measure of Mrs. T's spirit communicated to the female teachers of our country, we should soon have such a community of wives, and mothers, as would make our land a praise among all lands.

"Her mind shone with the greatest brilliancy, when with a friend she walked abroad to contemplate nature's works, and in them nature's God. She was a close observer, and discovered a thousand beauties, hidden from the common gaze; and as she turned page after page of the great volume, would often exclaim, 'wisdom! boundless, unerring wisdom!' It was not the wild broken ledges, gaping chasms, and unceasing roar of the cataract of Passaic, or the lofty prominences, and stupendous palisades, of the far famed Hudson, alone, which inspired her with feelings of adoration. She could contemplate the formation of an acorn, or the texture and tints of the humblest flower, until her mind seemed filled with the infinitude of God's wisdom."

Though the heart naturally seeks for some object to which it may cling, and around which it may entwine itself; yet on no subject is caution more requisite than in the selection of intimate friends. They will in an almost imperceptible manner, control our thoughts and affections, and become a part of ourselves. In this particular, Mrs. Taylor was peculiarly guarded. She highly appreciated that friendship which is based on christian principles, and availed herself of its advantages, to strengthen her faith, and preserve her mind pure and unspotted from the world.

Her uniform and consistent course forcibly recommended a life of piety. Those, destitute of the ennobling spirit by which she was animated, beheld in her those endearing qualities, which touch the sensibilities of the heart, and produce feelings of esteem and respect. These features of her character are clearly illustrated, in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hequembourg to a friend in this city.

"AUBURN, Dec. 23, 1836.

"Dear Friend,

"It afforded me no small pleasure to learn that a memoir of Mrs. Taylor was in preparation. To her many friends it will present a grateful method of renewing those agreeable hours which were passed in her society while she was living—to be again instructed and delighted by her intelligence, and to be quickened in our flagging zeal and drooping graces, by her ever animated and glowing piety.

"The memoir of such a woman must be not only interesting to her friends, who will embalm her in their memory, but useful and instructive to the public.

"If it does not become us to eulogize the dead, it is certainly not piety to forget them. Even the pen of inspiration has not deemed it too humble a task, to record a memorial of the excellencies of the pious dead, for the imitation of future ages. Surely we may make known the worth of the departed, though we should not deify them, as is too often the case with our 'sense—taught affections,' as Young has it. Grace will chasten this natural instinct. Our hearts need not be buried in the graves of our friends. Our blessed Creator is the Great Source of our happiness, and death must first rob us of Him, before it can seriously invade our joys. None of the relations and circumstances in this life, which constitute our happiness, are independent of our Heavenly Father; they are only means accorded by Him for our enjoyment. When one source of happiness is withdrawn from us, are the riches of his goodness all expended? How slow are our hearts in apprehending the delightful truth upon this subject! At the same time, a certain kind of love for the memory of departed excellence, is among the most holy and venerable feelings of our nature. And he who would forbid us to dwell upon the recollection of our friends, even though it be somewhat to the exaggeration of their worth, for it is the province of the heart to magnify what it loves, would rob us of one of the greatest sweeteners and solaces of our toilsome and embittered life; and I may add, one of the greatest conservatives of virtue in the world. Without the sacred joys of friendship, our life would be indeed but a melancholy and dreary waste, a solitude of ills. We may truly say with the poet—

> " But such a friend !—ah, sigh no more !
> 'Tis prudent, but severe :
> Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop
> All sorrow—with this tear."

"There is no one, I believe, my dear sir, who ever had the honor of the society and friendship, of Mrs. Taylor, who did not cordially admire and esteem her; and no one ever casually met with her in society, who did not wish to renew the acquaintance, and ripen it into friendship. I had the pleasure of her acquaintance for about eight years, and I never met with a lady whom I so truly esteemed. She was one of those individuals rarely met with, in whom are happily blended all those soft and amiable susceptibilities that endear the woman, with a remarkable degree of those more noble qualities, which fit for extensive usefulness, and adorn intelligent society.

"Some of her mental productions exhibit more than common marks of genius. But her most excellent trait, and that which will ever endear her memory, was her fervent piety. It was this heavenly grace, the noblest adornment of the soul, that threw a charm over her whole character. How mistaken are those who dread religion as their bitterest enemy; and will not cherish the feelings it awakens, from a fear, lest their charms should be diminished. The cultivation of piety is the cultivation of the heart, and she must needs be lovely who cultivates her heart.

"Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finished duty, limited the day.
How sweet her passing life! what lovely themes
Smiled in her thoughts, and softened all her dreams."

"The influence of religion in refining the manners, and cultivating those qualities which so much sweeten and beautify our life, was not a little conspicuous in Mrs. Taylor. A natural quick sensibility and warm feelings, without the softening influence of religion, might form a blending of qualities, dangerous indeed and unlovely, but united with that, as they were in her, became the source of a glowing, though chastened fancy,

"A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few."

"Yours with regard
"C. L. Hequembourg."

In addition to the preceding sketch, I am gratified in being permitted to lay before the reader an estimate of her character, formed by a physician who enjoyed her confidence, and was for a considerable time an inmate of her family

"LeRoy Place, March, 20, 1838.

"Rev'd. and Dear Sir.

"If the length of my acquaintance with Mrs. Taylor were alone considered, it would seem hardly to justify my complying with your request, to contribute to her memoir ; but having been under great obligation to her for kindness and attention to my comfort, while an inmate in her family; I regard this as a privilege which I cannot in justice to my own feelings allow to pass unimproved.

"In reviewing the character of our friend, it would be difficult to say whether she excelled most in the good qualities of head or heart, so pre-eminent was she for both; possessed of a heart always alive to the dictates of humanity and affection; she was also gifted with powers of intellect of a high order. To a casual observer, and in her every day intercourse with society, there was perhaps nothing particularly striking, though even in the most trifling things, there was a something in her manner, which could not fail to leave a favorable impression. She was dignified, and at the same time courteous and affable; in disposition, cheerful, kind, and considerate; with a mind clear and philosophic, free from conceit or vulgar prejudice. She was open to conviction, but always firm in maintaining her opinions, when formed, upon subjects which she considered worthy of decision.

"My acquaintance with Mrs. Taylor commenced in the fall of 1834, and during the four following months, I was daily in her society. She was in good health, and the enjoyment of every thing which seemed necessary to her happiness. But these blessings were continued to her only for a short time; and one of my first visits to her, after I removed from her house, which I did in January, found her confined to a sick room. This might be considered as the beginning of her trials; from this time they were many and grievous; in the midst of them, I saw her occasionally, and she was always the same, the resigned and humble christian. I never can forget one of the last visits I paid her. She was speaking of having taken her final leave of her children, they had been removed to a distant part of the state, and she was not to embrace them again, though she should live for months. Her cup of trials was now full; and like gold seven times purified by the furnace, she appeared perfected for that state of enjoyment, for which she truly regarded this life as only preparatory.

"Though during life her sphere of usefulness was comparatively limited; I trust her memoir will be the means of benefiting many, leading them to improve their opportunities, and to consider that though retired, their duty is as plain and important as that of the most prominent in public life; while it will encourage them to bear their trials with meekness, feeling that all things are wisely ordered.

"With sincere interest in its success,
I am, yours with great regard.
"JNO. AUG. MCVICKAR.

The religious experience of Mrs. Taylor, presents so much, which may be recurred to with profit, that no reader of her memoir, who is alive to the importance of clear views on the subject, will regret to see it further developed. In a letter of the Rev. Mr. Winslow, from which an extract* has already been furnished; this duty is happily performed.

"Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1837.

"Rev. and dear sir,

"Having perused the manuscript letters, and literary remains of the late Mrs. Taylor, I cheerfully comply with your request, to state the impression of her christian and intellectual character, which that perusal left upon my mind.

"The first feature of her christian character which particularly interested and impressed me, was her *deep and thorough views of sin.* I was rejoiced to recognize this, believing, as I do, that in modern conversions, attributable, perhaps, in a great degree, to the rapid ingathering of converts to the faith, allowing but little time for a close scrutiny of the evidences of conversion,—we too much overlook this important feature, essential as it must ever be regarded to the due and proper formation of the christian character. An experience of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, must necessarily precede an experience of sin's great sacrifice. The deep wound must be felt, be-

---

See page 254.

fore the precious balm will be sought. Are we not in danger, from the cause I have assigned, of substituting a slight and transient alarm of the conscience, for what the Scotch divines, of other days, quaintly, but strikingly termed, 'the law work of the soul?' Mrs. Taylor's views of sin did not rest upon the surface. They were deep and thorough, springing from her scriptural conceptions of the law of God, its spirituality, and its extent. The successive stages of her christian experience, evinced the value of this early discipline; for when brought by God the Holy Ghost, to view Christ's obedience and death as a full and all-sufficient atonement for sin, and to receive Him by faith, as her only righteousness, she emerged from the tempest of her convictions, into the clear sunlight of God's free and entire forgiveness. In lingering around this happy and important period of her history,—from which may be dated a new era in her life,—how forcibly are we reminded of the beautiful pencillings of the poet, for which she might have sat as the original, so vivid is the resemblance.

"Lo! from the fearful depths of guilt and woe,
Incumbent on her Saviour's arm ascends
A ransomed spirit, filled with one vast thought
Of grateful love;—inhaling from each glance
Of the great conqueror's gracious eye, life's joy,—
The joy of sins forgiven."

" One of the effects of this work of grace upon her heart may, in after life, be traced in the trembling solicitude she evinced, for the *thorough* conversion of those of her friends, in whom she discovered any evidence of a godly sorrow for sin. She dreaded a slight wound, or when deeply wounded, she feared a slight healing. She knew the priceless value of the soul, and the possibility of its awful deception. Blessed lesson this she had learned! High attainment in Christian scholarship! painful though, were the steps by which it was reached. The scene which transpired in the death chamber of an individual, to whose side Providence had guided her steps, presents a most beautiful illustration of this marked trait of her christian character. I may be permitted in this connexion, to allude to the Christ-like yearning she manifested for the salvation of sinners. It appears to have been the one aim of her life,—the ruling passion of her soul. Nor was she left to labor and to pray in vain. God highly distinguished her as the instrument of turning many to righteousness. Let the numerous instances of conversion which took place among the youth, whose moral and intellectual training was entrusted to her care, and in the Sunday School class, of which she was the faithful and unwearied teacher, testify. How many, now singing the praises of God in glory, or who yet on earth, are running for the prize, can point to her as the individual, whose solemn admonitions awakened in them the first serious, holy thought.

"Mrs. Taylor's christian course was not always smooth,—her spiritual sky not always cloudless. She knew what it was to be a pupil in the school of affliction;—and thus disciplined, she was made to experience some of the choicest blessings of her life. Who, as he surveys the process of refinement through which she passed during some of the early periods of her history, will not acknowledge, that, from the furnace she came forth reflecting back more lustrous the image of the Refiner.

"I have made but a slight allusion to her intellectual endowments. These appear to have been of a superior order; and sanctified as they were by the grace of God, eminently fitted her for the distinguished and responsible station she filled during the early part of her life, as an instructress of youth,—and in later years, for the tender and endearing relations she so honorably sustained, as a *wife* and a *mother*.

"Mrs. Taylor appears to have been a woman of perfect transparency of character. To quote the beautiful observation of the biographer of *Kirke White*, between whom and Mrs. T., there were points of striking resemblance,—she seemed to carry her heart in a vase,—it was frank and open, every one saw it,

—it was generous and affectionate, every one admired it.

" That the Lord may bless you in your ministry, assist you in the preparation of your work, and smile upon it when finished, is, Rev. and dear sir, the unfeigned desire and prayer of

" Your fellow-laborer in the gospel,
" Octavius Winslow.

" The Rev. Lot Jones."

To Mr. Cutter, my early friend and class-mate, I am greatly indebted, for a beautiful and touching description of the feelings and sentiments of Mrs. Taylor, when taking leave of her children. None familiar with the circumstances, or present with her at the time, will question its correctness. The suggestions contained in the letter accompanying it, are too valuable to be omitted.

" Astor House, March 1, 1838.

" My dear friend,

" The subject of the narrative, which you placed in my hands, was certainly a very eminent and lovely example of that true, deep, active, living piety, which ' adorns the doctrines of the gospel of Christ.' However it may be to others, it is to me a more interesting exhibition of religious character, from the fact, that it does not, like the far greater number of valuable memoirs, which it is our privilege to possess, derive any of its prominence or power from the peculiarly important duties or public relations, of the subject. It shows what true christianity may be,—nay, what she always will be, in the more private walks of life, if not marred by unhallowed connexions. Like the memoir of Harlan Page, it shows how one may be *eminently good and useful* in the world, without the usual outward accompaniments of eminence, high station, and acknowledged celebrity. In this view, it appears to me it cannot fail to be useful, as I am quite sure it must be highly interesting, to all that class of readers, who love truth better than fiction, and respect the plain garb of a pure and intelligent piety, more than all the outward adornments of a showy, but heartless profession.

"Some of the scenes affected me very deeply; and none more so, than that, in which the infant children are brought into the chamber of the dying mother, to receive her final blessing and farewell, on the eve of their removal to a distant place. My reflections upon that scene, and the probable feelings of the mother, in so trying an hour, gave rise to the accompanying lines, which I send you, as the best mode of expressing the real interest I have felt in your manuscript.

"Yours, very truly,

WILLIAM CUTTER."

"Farewell!
Oh! who the bitterness can tell
Of that brief word, when on a mother's heart,
Called from her helpless babes so soon to part,
Its lingering tones of sadness swell!

Farewell!
Warm gushing from the inmost cell
Of the heart's yearning tenderness, that knows
No measure for its fulness—thus o'erflows
Love's parting benison—Farewell!

Adieu!
Again, my darling babes, on you
I may not fondly look. I may not more
Over your precious heads low bending, pour
My prayer, as I was wont to do.

Adieu!
Not from my *heart* to sever you,
Dear precious pledges of an earnest love
That soon shall know its counterpart above—
Oh! no—but only from my view.

Sweet Flowers!
Gathered in love's terrestrial bowers,
A few brief mornings fondly cherished there,
Oh! with what yearning tenderness and care
I would have watched your opening powers

But go—
Heaven calls me hence—I may not know
Your blooming or your blight—to them who ne'er

Can feel a mother's yearnings, be the care
To watch you, as ye fade or grow.

Ye smile,
Sweet babes! unconscious all the while
Of sorrow, fear, or parting. Life to you
Has neither past nor future. All seems true
That can the present thought beguile.

Smile on!
Smile on! And oh! when I am gone,
May God in kindness so direct your ways,
That love and hope may gladden all your days,
And heaven upon their evening drawn.

Go now—
Upon each placid infant brow
I've looked my last and fondest—on each cheek
Imprinted my last kiss—and now I seek
To breathe a dying mother's vow.

O Thou!
To whose behest I meekly bow,
And leave these tender infants motherless—
Take them to thine, from my too weak embrace—
O Father, smile upon them now.

They're thine—
No longer may I call them mine!—
Baptized into thy blessed mystic name,
And bound to thee by that most precious claim—
Thine, Father, they are wholly thine!"

I find among the papers of Mrs. Taylor, a letter written to her mother-in-law, in which allusion is made to a dangerous illness of her eldest son, in the winter of 1834. She says, "I have not indeed seen my babe in the cold embrace of death, but I have watched hours to see him die, and think I can in some degree sympathize with you, in your bereavement." In her last address* to this child she refers to the same trying season. The presence of a devoted missionary,† now laboring in the south eastern part of Asia, was peculiarly grateful, and consolatory. Should this notice ever meet his eye, he will call to mind the affecting scene, and the strong faith with which the mother consecrated that child, so far as a parent could do it, to be the Lord's forever. The feelings of this friend, and the spirit of his prayer at the time, are embodied in the following lines presented to afflicted parents, under similar circumstances.

"Our Father, God, who dost chastise
Thy children but in love,
To teach our earth-born souls to rise
To purer joys above—

Oh! let the past suffice, we pray,
Of agony and fear!
O gently take thy rod away,
And spare this infant dear!

---

*See p. 271, 2d Stanza.

† Dr. Bradley.

O teach the smitten parents now
  With meekness, love, and prayer,
Before thy holy throne to bow,
  And lay their offering there.

And let the anxious hearts that bend
  In silent grief around,
Look up to Thee, the mourner's friend,
  Where only hope is found.

O then, for Jesus' sake, forgive,
  And hear our humble prayer!
O let the darling sufferer live—
  From further suffering spare.

While thus, all gracious Lord! we pray
  For this beloved one,
We still would learn to bow, and say
  Father, thy will be done!"

"W. C."

One further tribute to her memory, and I bring this memoir to a close. It is the testimony of a friend who had rare opportunities for forming a correct judgment, and consists in a grouping together of qualities,—a sketch of character in miniature,—a copy from nature, in which those who knew her, will recognize at once the likeness of the original.

"Mrs. Taylor was distinguished for the mildness and general evenness of her temper. Her language was elegant and persuasive. There was a dignity in all that she said or did, combined with a peculiar modesty and sweetness of expression. Benevolent almost to a fault, she could not look upon human suffering, without making an effort to relieve the sufferer,—in her compassion for the woes of others she seemed to forget herself. As a friend, she was confiding, faithful, prudent, steadfast. As a wife, discreet, affectionate, cheerful, *contented.* As a mother, it is impossible for language to convey a complete idea of that love, that strong, and enduring affection which she constantly manifested for her children, or her intense solicitude, for their eternal well-being. As a christian, she was active, persevering, rich in faith, abounding in the fruits of the spirit. She adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour in her daily walk and conversation,—and died, as might be expected, looking to Him, who was the author and finisher of her faith. She knew in whom she had believed, and was fully persuaded, yea, certain, that he would keep that which she had entrusted to him, until the day of his appearing."

The influence of such a woman does not cease, when the brittle thread of life is severed. She sustained important, social relations, and though dead, yet speaketh. To the teachers in our Sunday Schools, she presents a lovely example of fidelity and unwearied self-devotion. If it be cheering, to glance occasionally at the results, which flow from persevering and well-directed labors, they will derive from her success, great cause for encouragement. None have acted under a higher sense of responsibility, or been more solicitous for divine assistance. Unmindful of personal sacrifices, and patient in communicating instruction, she evinced an ardent attachment to her scholars, and strongly enlisted all their feelings. To her surviving associates, and all engaged in the same delightful employment, she would say, " Your labors are for the advancement of a noble object. Be faithful, and, through divine grace, you may be the honored instruments of preparing many, for the rich blessings of eternal life."

Children too will feel that they had in her a friend of no common value. When they reflect on the exertions she made, to guide their minds in the way of truth and holiness, they may ask, what motive prompted her to these self-denying efforts? Why did she derive so much satisfaction from directing their attention to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world? The simple answer to these enquiries will be, that the love of God, which dwelt in her heart, was the great inspiring motive. The same holy feeling will impart to all, support in trials, and unfeigned pleasure in the discharge of duty. Would you, beloved youth, enjoy that comfort in view of the eternal world, which it was her privilege to possess, your early years must be devoted to the service of God. If you choose the Saviour for your friend, in the morning of your days, he will be your solace in every period of life. Reflect on the advice of Mrs. Taylor to her children; and regard it, as addressed to yourselves. May it excite you to study the Holy Scriptures with earnest prayer, that you may in such wise, "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them;" that the truths they contain, may be indelibly impressed upon your hearts, and bring forth fruit in your lives, to the honor and glory of God.

The manner in which Mrs. Taylor performed her maternal duties, cannot fail to awaken a deep interest in the minds of parents. It should lead them to consider the precarious tenure, of the relation subsisting between them, and their children, and to regard these dear pledges of their affection, as lent to them, it may be, only for a short period.

Who can be uninterested in the enquiry,—" Parents, are you living for God, and training your children for his everlasting kingdom? Can you, at any moment, cheerfully resign them into his hands, and close their eyes in death, should such be his all-wise allotment? or, should he remove you first, have you given them to him, and do you feel the comforting assurance that he will take care of them?" These questions will be presented to every parent who contemplates the life of Mrs. Taylor. She loved her children with all a mother's tenderness, yet felt happy in committing them to the Lord's hands. Are you not exposed to the same vicissitudes? How powerful are the motives which prompt you, to consecrate all that you hold most dear, to an Eternal Friend, and live in habitual preparation for your last change!

Reader, whatever may be your station in life, you have an immortal spirit, and are hastening onward to the judgment. The impress now made on your heart is for *eternity*. You have contemplated a fellow being, released, through the Saviour's blood, from the oppressive weight of sin, rising above the vanities of time, and preparing to unite with the redeemed in glory. Her probation was similar to your own; the same mansions to which she aspired, are open before you. Those sinful affections, over which she mourned, and which once filled her soul with anguish, have a place in your breast. That Saviour to whom she fled for refuge, kindly offers himself to you. He claims you as his own, by the payment of a price more valuable than worlds. Can you trifle with his offers, and trample his blood beneath your feet, reckless of the consequences?

Religion, to the subject of this memoir, was an unfailing source of comfort; it sustained her in severe trials, protracted afflictions, and heart rending separations ;—will it not confer the same blessings upon you? If God out of Christ, be a consuming fire, how will you appear in the day which tries men's souls? Allow these solemn and awakening considerations a place in your heart. Raise your thoughts to that bright world, which she has entered, to that God and Saviour into whose presence she is admitted; and in life's latest hour, may the same glorious beams illumine your path, and "with angels, and archangels, and all the company of heaven," may you ascribe to Him, that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, thanksgiving and praise for ever and ever.

THE END.

3477

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 037 934 7